

THE
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VOL. XLII.

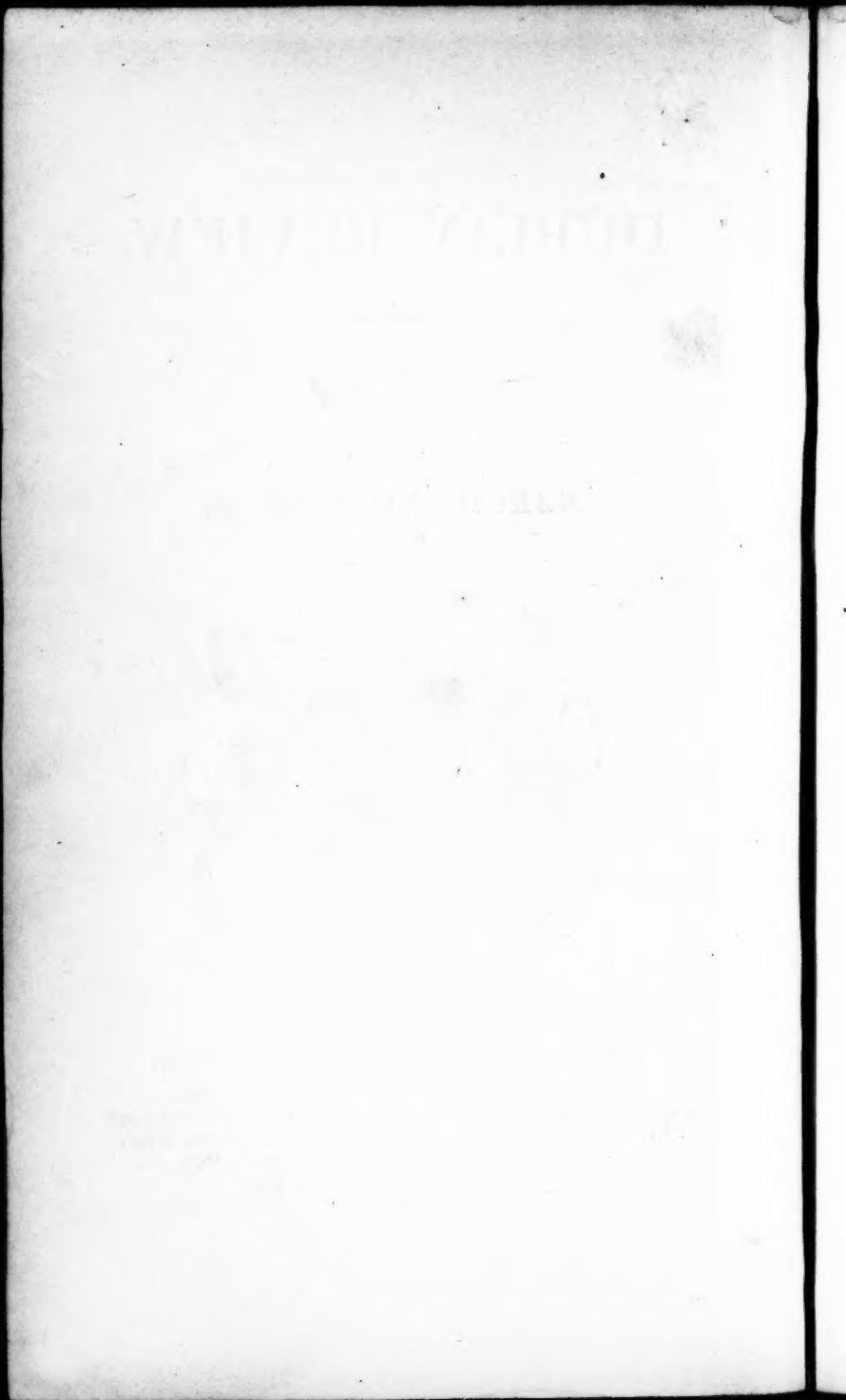
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6. *The French Grammar of Grammars*. *Veneronis' Italian Grammar*, *Tiarke's German Grammar*.

THIRTY years ago French was the only modern language which formed an indispensable part of an ordinarily good education in these countries. Girls sometimes, and boys more rarely, were instructed in Italian. But the German language was seldom or never thought of. It was ridiculed as an inharmonious, unsettled, and almost barbarous jargon, which could not be acquired in less than half-a-dozen years, and which, when acquired, was worth nothing. Some parents took up the opinion at second-hand that a knowledge of German was a positive evil, and they guarded their children against it as jealously as they

would have kept them from the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge. Others were led to believe that the study of so difficult a language would interfere with the more essential parts of a good education. It would distract the boy from his Latin and Greek, and the girl from her music and French, and so it was excluded from the curriculum of studies.

Such pretexts, happily, are no longer tolerated. The old saw, *quod ignoro sperno*, has had its day in this as well as in other branches of knowledge. No scholar would now question the copiousness and grandeur of the German tongue. It can boast of a vast number of noble works in literature, science, and philology, and though its philosophy and theology are dimmed by many wild and wicked speculations, yet even these departments are illustrated by many splendid productions, and many of the prodigals who have wandered farthest away from the sublime truths of Christianity, and have squandered the riches of their genius in building up worthless systems, have at length found peace and happiness in the bosom of the Catholic Church. But it is in the great field of philology that the Germans have most eminently excelled. Our most esteemed works on Hebrew and other oriental languages, as well as on Greek and Latin, are little more than translations from the German; and surely a language filled with such rich and varied treasures is well worthy of being studied. It is true that persons who are ignorant of the language are enabled to avail themselves of many of its learned works by means of translations. But then they must wait for the translation, and trust to its fidelity, both of which are serious evils. Besides, all the beauties of the language and all its splendid literature are lost—these cannot be translated. The translator is often a mere drudge, incapable of appreciating the works which he translates, and at best he can only represent the body, he cannot animate his likeness with the spirit which gave life to the original.

It is quite a mistake to imagine that the German is a peculiarly difficult language, as far at least as those are concerned who understand English. There are wonderful stories current in all countries regarding individuals who could pick up a strange language in an incredibly short time. St. Jerome, according to some ancient legends, learned Hebrew in three days. But although Hebrew is a very easy language, and the genius of St. Jerome

undoubtedly, the space is too short for human powers. Nothing but supernatural inspiration could teach a language in so short a space. But undoubtedly some persons have the "gift of languages," and can master them with an ease and rapidity which is quite astonishing. We venture, however, to affirm that all those individuals possessed great energy of character, and that their application to whatever they took in hand was intense and unwearied. Amongst sovereigns, Mithridates of old, and more recently Queen Mary of England, and her relative, Charles V., were celebrated for their proficiency in languages. Mithridates could converse with each of his subjects in his native tongue, although this required a knowledge of twenty-two languages. Charles V., although he became king of Spain before he was sixteen, and Emperor before he was twenty, had added to his knowledge of ancient classics a familiar acquaintance with most of the European languages, which he spoke with fluency. His estimate of the English spoken in the sixteenth century was not more flattering than that which we have been in the habit of forming regarding the German. He used to say that we should speak Spanish with the gods, Italian with ladies, French with our friends, German with soldiers, English with geese, Hungarian with horses, and Bohemian with the devil. But Cardinal Metzzofante was certainly the greatest linguist of whom we have any authentic history. He was able to converse familiarly in more than seventy languages, more than forty of which he spoke like a native.

Persons, however, of ordinary capacity must not expect to master a language except by diligent application. Even the greatest genius must be assisted by industry, for there is no royal road to knowledge. But it is vastly easier to learn a language now than in the days of Queen Mary and Charles V., some of the most eminent men in this country, as well as in Germany, have devoted their lives to the preparation of elementary books, by which they have greatly simplified and facilitated the acquisition of languages. A knowledge of French, Italian, and German, can now be acquired by every young lady and gentleman during an ordinary course of education, without at all interfering with their other studies; and without a competent knowledge of these three languages no person can be now said to be well educated. This state of feeling is to be attri-

buted in a great measure to the steam-boat and the railroad. We can travel to Germany or Italy now in far less time, and with infinitely more comfort, than it would have cost us thirty years ago to have gone from London to Scotland or to Ireland. The result is, that everybody travels on the continent. We are thus constantly brought into contact with foreigners, vast numbers of whom speak our language as correctly as we do ourselves. The French, indeed, are not much greater proficient in languages than we are, for outside of Paris, and a few of the principal towns, nothing but French is spoken or understood. But in Belgium and Germany not only the educated classes, but the common attendants in the hotels, and even the porters and guards connected with the railways, speak English. We have heard an Englishman, who said he made it a point to know no language but his own, ask a railway guard in the very heart of Germany, "How long does the train stop here?" and he was answered without hesitation, "Ten minutes." By constantly witnessing this state of things on the continent, we have at length been made ashamed of our ignorance, and have been forced to get our children instructed in the languages of the nations with which we hold such familiar intercourse. The late war has opened our eyes to the grossly defective education of our officers in this as well as in other important particulars. Almost all the Russian officers spoke German, Italian, French, and English. They could address their antagonists in their native tongue, whilst a little indifferent French was the highest effort of our officers. Indeed, most of them were as slow at this as the German burgomaster who attempted to address Charles V. in Spanish. "Alexander the Great," said the burgomaster, "Alexander the Great," and there he stuck. "My friend," said the young Emperor, in excellent German, "Alexander the Great had dined, and I have not tasted food for fourteen hours; see, dinner is on the table." Saying this he walked into the banqueting hall. The ignorance of the burgomaster was much more excusable than that of our officers. It is, in fact, very discreditable, and must be remedied. We must no longer verify the story of the shoemaker's widow, who begged that her son might not be taken away to be made a soldier. "Oh," said the Prince, "my own son is a soldier." "True," replied the widow,

"but your son has learnt nothing, and mine has learnt his trade."

It is not our object to recommend elementary books. The labours of Tiarke, Ollendorff, and many others, are too well known to need our commendation. But it is not so easy to find a reading book fitted in all respects to be put into the hands of young persons. The tales of Andersen, of which we propose to give a few specimens, are admirably suited to this purpose. Their style is perfect, easy, lucid, and flowing; the tales are brief, moral, and interesting. In fact we do not know any language which can supply young persons with so delightful and at the same time so perfectly unobjectionable a volume as this. It has, we need scarcely say, considering its great popularity, "been done into English." But the translation, though by no means inferior to the ordinary run of translations, preserves little of the sweet childlike simplicity and quaint humour which are the characteristics of the original. We have not proposed to ourselves to examine the translation in detail—indeed we have read very little of it—but wherever we opened it we found that the construction was unnecessarily changed, that suppressions and additions were frequent, and that the charm of simplicity was often lost in pompous phraseology. The title of the second story is, "*Der Schweinhirt*, the Swineherd, which is translated, "*The Prince in Disguise*." This story is the only one in which anything that could offend the most fastidious delicacy is introduced, but even here it is done in such a way as to render it perfectly innocent. The following is the story of

THE SWINEHERD.

There was once a poor prince; he had a kingdom which was very small, but it was yet large enough to marry on, and to marry he was resolved. Now it was undoubtedly somewhat presumptuous of him to say to the emperor's daughter, "*Wilt thou have me?*" but he did venture notwithstanding, for his name was celebrated far and wide; there were hundreds,* of princesses who would gladly have said Yes, but would she do so?

* Hunderte is translated scores, for what reason we cannot see.

Now we shall see.*

On the grave of the prince's father was a rosebush, such a beautiful rosebush!† which bloomed only every fifth year, and even then it bore only a single rose; but such a rose! It emitted so sweet a fragrance that when a person smelt it he forgot all his care and all his sorrow. And then he had a nightingale which sang as if all beautiful melodies‡ dwelt in her little throat. This rose and this nightingale should the princess have, and therefore they were both placed in large silver shrines and sent to her.

The emperor had them brought into the great hall where the princess was, and was playing "There comes a visiting,"§ with her court ladies; and when she beheld the large shrines which contained the presents she clapped her hands for joy.

"Oh if it should be a little pussy cat," said she; but straightway came forth the rosebush with the beautiful rose.

"Oh how prettily it is formed!" said all the court ladies.

"It is more than pretty," said the emperor, "it is charming." But the princess felt it and was thereupon ready to weep.

"Fie papa!" said she, "it is not artificial, it is natural!"

"Fie!" said all the court ladies, "it is natural."

Let us first see what is in the other repository before we

* The word "presently" is added in the translation.

† This passage is totally mistranslated. The rosebush (*rosenstrauch*) which grew upon (*auf*) the grave, and bore but one only rose every fifth year, is transformed into a *tree* which grew *over* the grave. And the climax "a rosebush, such a beautiful rosebush" is completely lost, for it is translated "a rose tree, and a beautiful rose tree it was."

‡ Instead of this literal translation, the English version has, "as if all the lovely melodies *in the world* had been assembled in her little throat." There is not a word about the world in the original, which is certainly far more simple and beautiful than the English.

§ Translated, "there came a knight a wooing," which is neither the meaning of the words, nor does such a thought seem to have troubled the silly head of the princess.

get angry, thought* the emperor, and then out came the nightingale; it sang so beautifully that no one could find the least fault with it.

"*Superbe ! charmant !*" said the court ladies, for they all chattered French, one always worse than another.

"How the bird does remind me of the late emperor's musical box," said an old cavalier,† "ah that is exactly the same tone, the same execution !"

"Yes," said the emperor, and then he wept like a little child.

"But it is to be hoped that it is not a natural bird," said the princess.

"Yes, it is a natural bird," said those who had brought it.

"Then let the bird fly away," said the princess, and she would by no means permit the prince to come.

But he did not allow himself to be discouraged, he daubed his countenance brown and black, pulled his cap over his brows, and knocked.

"Good day, emperor," said he, "can't I get service here in the palace ?"

"Really," said the emperor, "there are so many begging places, that I do not know if we can make out one ; but I will think of you ; stay, it just strikes me that I am in need of some one to look after the swine, for of these I have many, very many."

And the prince was appointed imperial swineherd. He got a miserable little room below, along side of the pigsty, and here he must stay ; but he sat and worked the whole day, and when evening came he had made, a beautiful little pot, round about it were bells, and as soon as the pot boiled, they tinkled most beautifully and played the old melody,

"Ah thou dearest Augustine
All's away, away, away !"

But the most ingenious thing was, that a person, if he held his finger in the steam of the pot, could immediately smell what dinner was cooking on every hearth in the

* Falsely translated "said," the emperor was too wise to tell his thought.

† The old cavalier is magnified into a lord in waiting, and the whole passage spoiled !

town. That was indeed quite a different thing from the rose.

Now the princess happened to be walking out with all her court ladies, and when she heard the melody, she stood still, and appeared quite delighted, for she also could play, "Ah thou dearest Augustine;" it was the only melody she knew, but this she played with one finger.

"That is the thing which I know!" said she, "he must be a very clever swineherd. Hark, go down and ask him what is the price of the instrument."

And so one of the court ladies was obliged to go down; but she put on pattens.

"What wilt thou take for the pot?" asked the court lady.

"I will take ten kisses from the princess," said the swineherd.

"God forbid," said the court lady.

"Certainly I will not give it for less," said the swineherd.

"Now what did he say?" asked the princess.

"I could by no means mention it," said the court lady.

"Indeed, then you can whisper it into my ear."

"He is naughty," said the princess, and then she went on. But when she had gone a little way the bells rang so lovely,

"Ah dearest Augustine
All's away, away, away!"

"I say," said the princess, "ask him if he will take ten kisses from my court ladies."

"I am much obliged," said the swineherd; "ten kisses from the princess or I keep my pot."

"Was there ever such a tiresome thing," said the princess, "but then you must stand before me so that no one may see."

And the court ladies placed themselves before her, and then spread out their clothes, and the swineherd got ten kisses, and she received the pot.

Yes, that was an enjoyment! The pot must boil the whole evening, and all the day long; there was not a hearth in the whole town of which they did not know what was cooked upon it,* as well in the Lord Chamberlain's as in

* *Stadt* is here translated kingdom, and the whole passage is incorrect.

the shoemaker's. The court ladies danced and clapped their hands.

"We know who will eat sweet porridge and omelet, who get groats and griskins—how interesting that is!"

"Mighty interesting!" said the governess of the princess.*

"Yes, but be secret, for I am the emperor's daughter."

"Oh surely; that is a matter of course," said all.

The swineherd—so the prince was called, but they knew no better than that he was a real swineherd—allowed no day to pass without doing something, and so he made a rattle, if one swung it round, all the waltzes, galopes and polkas, which have been known since the creation of the world, resounded on it.

"Oh that is superb!" said the princess, as she was passing by. "I have never heard a more delightful composition. Hark, go in and ask him what he will take for that instrument; but I kiss not any more."

"He will take a hundred kisses from the princess," said the court lady who had gone in to inquire.

"I think he is mad," said the princess, and then she went on; but when she had gone a little way she stopped.

"One must encourage art," said she. "I am the emperor's daughter. Tell him he shall have ten kisses as before. He can take the rest from my court ladies."

"Ah, but we do it so unwillingly," said the court ladies.†

"That is prattle," said the princess; "if I can kiss him, so can you also. Remember I give you board and wages!" And so the court ladies were obliged to go again to him.

"A hundred kisses from the princess," said he, "or each one keeps his own."

* *Oberhofmeisterin*, the governess of the princess, is raised to the dignity of mistress of the robes in the English translation.

† In the same spirit which transformed the governess into the mistress of the robes, the princess now becomes Her Royal Highness, the court ladies, ladies-in-waiting, and not only the naïveté, but the meaning of their declaration *Ach, aber wir thun es so ungern!* is lost in the cockney version, "Nay, but we should not much relish that." The literal meaning word for word, is that given in the text. Ah, but we do it so unwillingly.

"Place yourselves before me, then," said she, and so all the court ladies placed themselves before her, and then he kissed the princess.

"What means that concourse at the pig-sty?" said the emperor, who had stepped out on the balcony. He rubbed his eyes and put on his spectacles. "Those are surely the court ladies who are engaged in their frolics; I must go down to them;" so he raised the heels of his slippers, for they were shoes which he had put down at heel.

Zounds, how he sped along!

As soon as he reached the court beneath, he went quite softly, and the court ladies were so engaged in counting the kisses, that the thing might be done honestly, that they did not perceive the emperor at all. He stood upon his toes.

"What is that?" said he, as he saw that they were kissing, and he struck them on the head with his slipper, just as the swineherd received the eighty-sixth kiss.

"Be off with you!" said the emperor, for he was angry, and the princess, as well as the swineherd, were pushed out of his empire.

She stood now and wept; the swineherd scolded, and the rain streamed down.

"Alas, I am a wretched creature!" said the princess; "would that I had taken the beautiful prince. Ah, how unhappy I am!"

Then the swineherd went behind a tree, wiped the black and brown off his face, flung away from him the mean clothes, and now stepped forth in his princely garb, so beautiful, that the princess could not help courtesying to him.

"I have now learnt to despise thee!" said he. "Thou wouldst not have a decent prince; thou couldst not appreciate the rose and the nightingale; but thou couldst kiss the swineherd for a toy; thou now hast thy deserts."

And then he went into his kingdom, and shut the door upon her. There she may stand outside and sing,

"Ah, thou dearest Augustine,
All's away, away, away!"

In the English translation, the second person singular, "thou" is invariably changed into the complimentary plural, "you;" this shows exceedingly bad taste, for it greatly impairs the simplicity of the stories. When the

emperor says, "Be off with ye! for he was angry," the translator is not content with changing the form of expression, but must also insert an adverb, which is not in the German, and which certainly is no improvement. Then we are told that both the princess and the swine-herd were *turned out* of his empire. The word is "*hinausgestossen*," which means that they were thrust or pushed out. The expression implies that the thing was done by a physical action. The English version gives us no idea of the extent of the empire of this emperor, whose slippers were old shoes, down at heel, and who kept the piggery within the precincts of the palace. The German leaves us in no doubt on this point. The extent of the empire may be easily inferred from the fact that it only required a shove to drive a person from the piggery outside of his imperial majesty's dominions. The kingdom of the prince was still smaller than the empire. The smallness of its dimensions is beautifully insinuated in the original, for the prince, after rebuking the princess, went into his kingdom, and shut the door upon her. It is clear, therefore, that it was just at hand, and the only entrance to it was by a single door. To have expressed these things in this plain way would have spoilt the story; the artful way in which they are implied constitutes one of its greatest charms. And it must be remembered that the chief charm of all stories—but especially of these little tales—consists in the manner of telling them. The insertion of a single word in the English version changes the whole narrative. We are told that the prince went *back* into his kingdom. This word *back*, gives us the idea that he had a journey to make, that the empire and kingdom were far separated from each other, and we should be inclined to infer that the dominions of the emperor and prince were of considerable extent. In the German we are simply told that he went into his kingdom, and shut the door on the princess.

We do not mean to say that purely idiomatic expressions should be literally translated, but as a general rule the translation should be literal whenever such rendering makes pure and perspicuous English. A departure from this rule is the great fault, not only of translations, but of the countless conversation books which are intended to enable us to converse in foreign languages. These latter

always select the most peculiar and intricate phraseology in each language. The result is that the English is not a literal translation of the French, Italian, or German. Words are chosen which are used in a metaphorical sense, and whose meaning depends entirely on the context. The construction also of the various languages is completely different, and all this is done when words might be used in their literal meaning, and a uniformity of construction might be preserved without the least violation of propriety. Murray's *Hand Book of Conversation in French, German, and Italian*, is a complete failure, for the reasons we have mentioned. The Conversations, we are told, were drawn up by several learned professors, the object of each of whom seems to have been, to make his own language as unlike any other in form and construction as possible. The result is that the learner derives but little help from his knowledge of the words and grammar. He may express himself quite correctly, but when he looks to his conversation book, he finds the same ideas expressed in a totally different manner. He must, therefore, either abandon the conversation book, or get each phrase by heart, a task which he could not accomplish in a lifetime.

We shall now present our readers with a few of the little tales in the volume before us, without wearying either ourselves or the reader with frequent references to the English translation. We shall select some that are appropriate to the season.

THE LITTLE MAIDEN WITH THE MATCHES.

It was terribly cold; it snowed, and was almost quite dark, and evening; the last evening of the year.

Amid this cold and darkness, a poor little maiden went through the streets, with bare head and naked feet. When she left the house, she had indeed slippers on; but of what use was that? They were very large slippers, which her mother had used until now, so large were they. But the little one lost them, as she hurried across the street, because two carriages rolled by with frightful rapidity. One of the slippers could not be found again, a lad had picked up the other and ran away with it; he thought it would serve right well for a cradle, when he should have children himself.

There now went the little maiden with her tiny naked feet, which were quite red and blue with cold. In an old apron she carried a large number of matches, and a bundle of them in her hand. No person had bought any from her during the entire long day. No person had given her a penny. Shivering with cold and hunger she crept along, a picture of misery, the poor little one!

The snow-flakes covered her long, fair hair, that fell in beautiful ringlets on her neck; but now, indeed, she thought not of that.

Out of all the windows shone the lights, and there was a delicious smell of roast goose; it was indeed the evening of the feast of Saint Sylvester; yes, she thought of that!

In a corner, formed by two houses, one of which projected a little beyond the other, she sat down, cowering closely. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she became still more frozen, and she dare not go home; she had sold no matches, and had not received a penny of money.

From her father she would certainly receive a beating, and at home it was also cold; they had only the roof over them, through which the wind blew, although the largest openings were stuffed with straw and rags.

Her little hands were almost benumbed with cold.

Ah! a match might do her good, if she might draw only a single one out of the bundle, rub it against the wall, and warm her fingers. She drew one out. Fizz! how it sparkled, how it burned! It was a warm, bright flame, like a little candle, as she held her hands over it; it was a wonderful little candle! It really appeared to the little maiden as if she were sitting before a large iron stove, with polished brass feet, and a brazen ornament.* The fire burnt so blessedly, it warmed so delightfully; the little one already stretched out her feet, in order to warm these also. Oh! the little blaze went out, the stove vanished, she had only the little fragments of the burnt-out match in her hand.

A second was rubbed against the wall; it lighted, and

* In the English version "Aufsatze" is absurdly translated "shovel and tongs!" The allusion is to the large brass ball on the top of the stove.

where the light fell upon the wall, this became as transparent as a veil; she could see into the room.

On the table was spread a snow-white table-cloth, on which stood dazzling china-ware, and delightfully steamed the roast goose, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more enchanting to behold, the goose hopped down from the dish, and waddled across the floor, with knife and fork in its breast, until it came to the poor little maiden.

Then the match went out, and there remained behind only the thick, cold, damp wall.

She ignited another match. There, she sat now under the most beautiful Christmas tree; it was even larger and more splendidly decorated than the one she had seen through the glass door, at the rich merchant's house. Thousands of little lights burned on its green branches, and variegated pictures, such as are to be seen in show windows,* looked down on her. The little one stretched out her hands towards them: there the match went out.

The Christmas lights ascend higher and higher: she saw them now like stars in heaven; one of them fell down, and formed a long fire-streak,

"Now some one dies!" thought the little maiden, for her old grandmother, the only one who had loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that, when a star falls down a soul flies up to God.

She again rubbed a match against the wall, it became again bright, and in the splendour stood her old grandmother, so bright and shining, so mild and loving.

"Grandmother!" cried the little one, "oh, take me with thee! I know thou wilt go away, when the match goes out; thou wilt vanish like the warm stove, like the delicious roast goose, and the large magnificent Christmas tree!"

And she rubbed quickly the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to hold her grandmother right fast.

And the matches burst into such a blaze, that it became clearer than mid-day; the grandmother had never before been so beautiful, so large; she took the little maiden in her arms, and both flew in brightness and joy,

* Schaufenster, in the English version, "target!"

so high—so high; and there above was neither cold, nor hunger, nor anguish—they were with God!*

But, in the corner, leant against the wall, sat in the cold morning hour, the poor little maiden, with red cheeks and smiling mouth—frozen on the last evening of the old year.

The new year's sun rose over the little corpse.

There the child sat, stiff, with the matches, of which one bundle was burnt out.

"She wanted to warm herself!" people said.

No one imagined what beautiful things she had seen, in what splendour she, with her grandmother, had entered on the new year's joy.

THE STORY OF A MOTHER.

A mother sat by her little child; she was so sad, so fearful lest it should die. It was so pale; its little eyes were closed. The child breathed as heavily, and sometimes as deeply as if it sighed; and the mother looked still more sadly upon the little creature.

Some one knocked at the door, and a poor old man entered, who was wrapped up in what appeared to be a large horse rug, for that keeps one warm, and he required it. It was indeed cold winter.

Out of doors everything was covered with ice and snow, and the wind blew so sharp, that it cut one's face.

And as the old man shivered with cold, and the little child slept a moment, the mother went and put a little pot of beer on the stove, in order to warm it for him. And the old man sat and rocked the cradle, and the mother sat on a chair near him, looked at her sick child which breathed so painfully, and clasped its little hand.

"Is it not so, thou believest that I shall keep him?" asked she. "The good God will not take him from me."

And the old man—it was death himself—nodded so strangely that it might quite as well mean yes, as no. And the mother cast down her eyes and tears rolled down

* "Sie waren bei Gott," they were with God, becomes, in the English translation, "for it was to the land of the blessed they had flown!"

her cheeks. Her head was so heavy; during three days and three nights she had not closed an eye; and now she slept; but only a minute. Then she raised herself up and shivered with cold. "What is this?" asked she, and *looked round on all sides. But the old man was gone, and the little child was gone: he had taken it with him.* And there in the corner the old clock ticked, and hummed; * the heavy leaden weight fell down on the ground. Whirr! —and then the clock also stopped.

But the poor mother rushed out of the house and called after her child.

Without in the midst of the snow sat a woman in long black clothes, and she said: "Death has been in your room, I saw him hastening away with your little child; he steps† quicker than the wind, and never brings back what he has taken!"

"Tell me only which way he has gone!" said the mother. *"Tell me the way and I will find him."*

"I know it," said the woman in the black dress; "but before I tell thee, thou must sing all the songs for me that thou hast sung for thy child. I love these songs; I have heard them before; I am Night, and I saw thy tears when thou wert singing them."

"I will sing them all, all," said the mother. "But do not detain me, that I may overtake him; that I may recover my child!"

But Night sat silent and still. Then the mother rung her hands, sang and wept. And there were many songs, but still more tears. And then said Night: "Go to the *right into the dark pine forest, thither I saw death take his way with the little child.*"

In the depth of the forest there was a cross way, and she knew no longer which direction she should take. There stood a thorn-bush, that had neither leaves nor flowers; but it was indeed the cold winter season, and icicles hung *on the branches.*

"Hast thou not seen death pass by with my little child?"

* "Schnurrte und furrte," in the English version, began to rattle.

† In the translation the meaning is injured, because it is put in the past tense.

"Yes," said the thorn; "but I will not tell thee, which way he has taken, until thou warmest me on thy bosom! I am freezing to death here, I am becoming pure ice!"

And she pressed the thorn bush quite close to her breast, *that it might thaw perfectly. And the thorns pierced her flesh; and the blood flowed in large drops. But the thorn bush put forth fresh green leaves, and it blossomed in the cold winter night; so warm is the heart of an afflicted mother!*

And the thorn bush told her the way she should go.

! Then she came to a great lake, on which there was neither ship nor boat. The lake was not frozen enough to bear her, neither was it unobstructed* and shallow enough to be waded through—and yet she must pass over it if she would find her child. Then she lay down in order to drink up the lake; and that was impossible for a mortal. But *the afflicted mother thought that perhaps a miracle might take place.*

"No, that will never do!" said the lake. "Let us two rather make a bargain. I love to gather pearls, and thy eyes are the two brightest I ever saw; if thou wilt weep them out into me, then I will carry thee over to the large hothouse where death dwells, and tends flowers and trees; *each one of which is the life of a human being.*"

"Oh, what would I not give in order to reach my child," said the weeping mother. And she wept still more, and her eyes fell down to the bottom of the lake and became two costly pearls. But the lake raised her in the air, as if she sat in a swing, and *with one vibration she flew over to the opposite shore, where stood a wonderful house a mile long. One knew not if it was a hill with woods and caves, or if it was timbered. But the poor mother could not see it, she had indeed wept out her eyes.*

"Where shall I find death, who took away my little child?" asked she.

* The word "open," open, is not translated in the English because it was not understood. It means that the lake was too much frozen to be waded through.

† Hinabhielen, fell down, is translated "dissolved," which is not at all the meaning of the author; for they fell to the bottom of the lake and became two costly pearls.

"He has not arrived here yet," said an old grey-haired woman, who wandered about there and took care of the hothouse of death. "How hast thou found thy way to this place, and who has helped thee?"

"The good God has helped me!" the mother answered. "*He is merciful, and thou wilt be merciful also. Where shall I find my little child?*"

"I do not know it," said the old woman, "and thou canst not see! Many flowers and trees have withered to-night, death will soon come and transplant them. Thou knowest well that every human being has his tree or flower of life, exactly as each one is adapted to it. They look like other plants, but their hearts beat. The hearts of children also beat! Guide thyself by that, perhaps thou knowest the beating of the heart of thy child."

"But what wilt thou give me if I tell thee what thou must yet do?"

"*I have nothing to give,*" said the afflicted mother, "but I will go for thee even to the end of the world."

"There is nothing there that I care for," said the old woman, "but thou canst give me thy long black hair; thou knowest thyself well that it is beautiful; it pleases me; thou mayest receive my white hair in exchange for it; that is still something."

"Dost thou ask nothing more?" said the mother, "that I will give thee with pleasure!" And she gave her beautiful hair to the old woman and received in exchange her snow-white tresses.

And then they went into the large hothouse of death, *where flowers and trees grew strangely mixed together.*

There were tender hyacinths under glass shades, and large robust peonies. There grew water plants, some quite fresh, others half decayed; water serpents lay on them,* and black crawfish clung fast to their stems. There were splendid palm-trees, oaks and planetrees; there was parsley and blooming thyme. Each tree and each flower had its name; each one of them was the life of a human being; these people still lived, some in China, others in Greenland, in all parts of the world.† There were

* *There is here much in the translation which is not in the original.*

† This passage is not correctly translated in the English version.

large trees in little pots, so that they were quite straitened, and were ready to break the pots: there were also many little weak flowers in rich earth, with moss round them, and tended and nursed. But the afflicted mother bent down over all the smallest plants, she heard the beating of a human heart in each, and recognised that of her child out of a million.

"There it is!" cried she, and stretched out her hand over a little crocus, that hung down to one side quite sick.

"Do not touch the flower," said the old woman. "But place yourself here, and when death comes—I expect him every moment—then do not let him pull up the plant, but threaten him, that you will do the same with the other plants; then he will become afraid! He must answer for them to our good God; none must be pulled up before He gives permission to do it."

Then an icy coldness rushed all at once through the hall, and the blind mother felt that it was death who had just arrived.

"How has thou been able to find the way hither?" asked he. "How hast thou been able to come quicker than I did?"

"I am a mother," she answered.

And death stretched out his long hand towards the little tender flower; but she held her hands so fast around it, so close, so close, and yet with such anxious care, that she did not disturb a single leaf. Then death breathed on her hands, and she felt that this was colder than the cold wind, and her hands fell down powerless.

"Against me thou canst accomplish nothing," said death.

"But the good God can," said she.

"I do only what He wills," said death. "I am His gardener. I take all His flowers and trees and transplant them into the vast garden of paradise, in the unknown land. But how they thrive there, and what that place is like; that I dare not tell thee!"

"Give me back my child," said the mother, and she wept and entreated. Suddenly she seized hold of two beautiful flowers, and cried to death, "I will tear up all thy flowers, for I am in despair."

"Do not touch them," said death. "Thou sayest that

thou art so unhappy, and now wouldst thou make another mother quite as miserable?"

"Another mother!" said the poor woman, and she took her hands immediately off the two flowers.

"There thou hast thy eyes," said death, "I fished them up out of the lake; they sparkled so bright; I did not know that they were thine.* Take them back, they are now more brilliant than before; then look down into the deep well close at hand. I will name the two flowers that thou wouldest have torn out, and thou wilt see their whole future, their whole life on earth. Thou wilt see what thou wouldest destroy and ruin!"

And she looked down into the well; and it was delightful to see, how the one became a blessing to the world, to see how much happiness and joy diffused themselves around it. And she saw the life of the other, and it was made up of cares and trouble, sorrow and misery.

"Both are the will of God!" said death.

"Which of them is the flower of misfortune, and which the blessed one?" asked she.

"That I will not tell thee," answered death; "but thou shalt know this from me, that one of these was the flower of thy own child. It was the destiny of thy child that thou sawest, the future life of thy own child."

Then the mother cried aloud from terror. "Which of them is the flower of my child? Tell me that! Set free the innocent child! Deliver my child from all this misery! Oh! I beseech thee, bear him away! bear him away into God's kingdom! Forget my tears, forget my supplications and everything that I have done!"

"I do not understand thee!" said death; "wilt thou have back thy child, or shall I go with him to that place which thou knowest not?"

Then the mother rung her hands, fell on her knees and prayed to the good God. "Hear me not when I ask anything contrary to Thy will, which is at all times best! oh hear me not."

And she let her head sink down on her breast.

* This is falsely translated in the English, they were so bright, that I knew they were yours, whereas death was astonished to find her there before him.

And death went with her child towards the unknown land.

THE LITTLE DAISY.

Now listen once more !

Down in the country, near the highway, a country house was situated ; thou hast certainly seen it thyself sometime. In front of it is a little garden with flowers and a railing which is painted ; close by it at the ditch, in the midst of the most beautiful green grass, grew a little daisy ; the sun shone on her quite as warm and beautiful, as on the large splendid show flowers in the garden, and therefore she grew from hour to hour.

One morning she appeared with her little dazzling white leaves, quite unfolded, which seemed like rays round the little yellow sun in the centre. She never thought that no human-being looked at her here in the grass, and that she was a poor despised flower ; no, she was so contented, she turned herself directly towards the warm sun, looked up to it, and listened to the lark that sang in the air.

The little daisy was as happy as if it were a great holiday, and yet it was a Monday. All the children were in the school ; whilst they sat on their benches and learned something, she sat on her little green stem and learned also from the warm sun and all things round about, how good God is ; and it pleased her greatly that the little lark sang so clearly and beautifully, all that she silently felt. And the daisy regarded with a kind of veneration the happy bird that could sing and fly upwards, but was not at all grieved that she could not do so herself. I see and hear indeed ! thought she ; the sun shines on me and the wind kisses me ! Oh, how richly have I been endowed.

Inside the railing stood so many stiff genteel flowers ; always the less perfume they had, the more shew they made. The peonies blew themselves out in order to be larger than a rose ; but size is not everything ! The tulips had the most beautiful colours, and this they knew well and kept themselves straight as tapers, in order that one might see it better. They paid no regard to the little daisy without, but she looked still more at them and thought ! How rich and beautiful they are ! Yes, surely the splendid bird is flying down here to them to visit them !

God be thanked that I stand near enough to see their splendour!

And directly as she thought that! Quivit!—then the lark flew down; but not down to the peonies, and tulips. *No, down into the grass to the poor daisy.* She was so frightened for pure joy, that she knew not at all what to think.

The little bird danced round her and sang; Oh how soft the grass is! And see, what a lovely little flower with gold in its heart and silver on its dress! The yellow spot in the daisy appeared exactly like gold, and the little leaves round about shone white as silver.

How happy the little daisy was—Oh no one can comprehend that! The bird kissed her with his beak, sang before her and then flew up again into the blue sky. A full quarter of an hour surely passed, before the little daisy could recover herself. Half ashamed and yet inwardly pleased, she looked towards the other flowers in the garden; they had certainly seen the honor and happiness which had befallen her, and they must surely feel what joy it was. But the tulips stood still, as stiff as before; and then they were as sharp and as red in the face as if they had been scandalized. The peonies were quite jolt-headed; it was well that they could not speak or the daisy would have received a regular lecture.

The poor little flower could see well that they were not in good humour, and that pained her heartily. At this very time a maiden came into the garden with a large, sharp, and shining knife; she went directly through the tulips and cut off one after the other. Ah! sighed the little daisy; that is really frightful; now it is all over with them! Then the maid went away with the tulips. The little daisy was glad that she was without in the grass, and that she was a poor little flower; she felt so thankful, and as the sun set she folded her leaves, fell asleep and dreamed the whole night of the sun and of the little bird.

Next morning, as the little flower again joyously stretched out all her white leaves exactly like little arms, towards air and light, she recognized the voice of the bird; but its song was so sad. Indeed the poor lark had good reason for it; he had been taken prisoner and sat now in a cage close by the open window. He sang of the free and happy flying around, sang of the young

green corn in the field, and of the delightful journeys he could make on his wings high up in the air. The poor bird was not in good spirits. He was a prisoner there in the cage.

The little daisy wished so earnestly to help him. But how should she begin that? Indeed it was difficult to imagine. She forgot entirely how beautiful everything round about was, how warmly the sun shone, and how beautifully white her leaves appeared. Oh! she could only think of the imprisoned bird, for whom she was by no means in a situation to do anything.

At the same time two boys came out of the garden; one of them carried a knife in his hands, large and sharp, like that which the maid had used to cut off the tulips. They went straight to the little daisy, who could not at all imagine what they wanted.

"Here we can cut out a splendid sod for the lark!" said one of the boys, and began forthwith to cut a square round the daisy, so that she stood in the middle of the sod.

"Pull up the flower!" said the other boy, and the daisy trembled with fear, as to be plucked off was indeed to lose life, and now she so wished to live, as she was to go with the sod to the imprisoned lark in his cage.

"No, let her remain!" said the other boy; "she looks so pretty;" and so she remained in her place, and came with the sod into the lark's cage.

But the poor bird complained loudly of his lost freedom, and beat his wings against the iron wire of the cage; the little daisy could not speak, could utter no comforting word, however anxiously she wished it. So passed the whole forenoon.

"There is no water here!" said the imprisoned lark, "they have all gone out and have forgotten to give me a drop to drink. My throat is parched and burning! There are fire and ice within me, and the air is so heavy! Ah I must die, I must depart from the warm sunshine, from the fresh green grass, from all the happiness that God has made!"

And then he bored his beak into the cool sod, in order by this means to refresh himself a little. Then his eyes fell on the little daisy, and the bird bowed to her, kissed her with his beak and said: "Thou must here within also dry up, thou poor little flower! Thee and the little spot of green grass have they given me for the whole world which

I had without! Each little stalk of grass must serve me for a green tree, each of thy white leaves, for a perfumed flower! Ah, ye only tell me how much I have lost!"

"Who then can console him?" thought the daisy; but she could not move a single leaf; however the perfume which gushed out from her delicate leaves was far stronger than that which we usually receive from this flower. The bird perceived this also, and although he was fainting away on account of his thirst, and in his anguish tore up the green grass-stalks, yet he did not touch the flower.

It was evening, and still no one came to fetch the poor bird a drop of water; then he stretched out his beautiful wings and shook them convulsively; his song was a mournful "peep-peep;" his little head fell down towards the flower, and want and longing desire broke the bird's heart. Nor could the flower, as on the previous evening, fold up her leaves and sleep; she drooped sick and mournful to the earth.

The boys did not come before the next morning, and when they saw the bird dead they wept, wept many tears and dug him a pretty grave, which was adorned with the leaves of flowers. The corpse of the bird was laid in a beautiful red box; he should be buried royally, the poor bird! Whilst he lived and sang they forgot him, left him to sit in his cage and suffer from want; now he received finery and many tears.

But the sod with the daisy was thrown out into the dust of the highway; nobody thought of her who had felt most for the little bird, and who wished so earnestly to comfort him!

We have lingered so long over these beautiful stories that we have only room for a parting word. No one can appreciate their entire beauty who cannot read them in the original. But they have many charms even in the translation, and though the execution does not please us in many respects, yet to those who do not know German we can recommend it as a highly interesting little volume. We cannot conceive why the translator should have changed the very name of so many of the stories. For instance in the exquisite story of the "Garden of Paradise," the name of Paradise is everywhere changed into the "Garden of the World." A prince is brought into the Garden of

Paradise, he is warned that he will be tempted by a beautiful Fairy, and that if he yields to any sinful thing, if he touches her with his lips, he is lost. His trial is to last for a hundred years—the longest term of human life. He confides too much in his own strength, puts himself in the way of temptation, touches her lips, and Paradise immediately vanishes. He finds himself on the cold earth and can only behold Paradise like a distant star, which he can only regain by a life of penance and holiness.

We find again a beautiful story entitled "The Angel," which the translator transforms into "The Flower Pot!"

One of God's Angels tells a dead child, whom he is carrying to heaven, that the Almighty sends one of His blessed spirits to perform this office to all good children as soon as they die. On their way, in a little lane of a city, the angel sees a broken flower pot lying in the street, with a withered field flower in it. He tells the child whom he is carrying to God to take up that flower, because it had belonged to a poor sickly boy who had been bed-ridden from his childhood, and lived in a poor cellar. All he knew of the beautiful spring, the flowery summer, and the rich autumn, was from a few wild flowers which a neighbour's son used to bring him. One of these happened to have a root, he planted it in a little pot and it blossomed every year. "The boy is now dead," said the angel, "and this is his flower." "How do you know it?" said the child. "Because," replied the angel, "I am that sick boy who could only walk on crutches." And the child fixed his eyes on the beautiful countenance of the Angel, and at the same moment they reached the kingdom of God where all is joy and blessedness. And God pressed the dead child to his heart, and he got wings like the other angels and joined the heavenly quires, some of which are quite near God and some farther off in endless circles around His throne, and from His presence they all derive perfect happiness. It is really provoking to see this beautiful little Angel translated into a "Flower Pot."

ART. II.—1. *Dr. Lingard's History of England*. Sixth edition, vols. ix. and x. London: Dolman.

2. *Macaulay's History of England*. Vols. v. and vi. London: Longmans.

THE "Church of England as by law established," prescribes, for the "Feast of King Charles the Martyr," a prayer, in which it is stated, that his life was taken away by "cruel and bloody men," that this was a "heavy judgment, which the sins of the nation brought upon it," "and for which the country was delivered into the hands of cruel and unreasonable men." And on the double anniversary of the pretended discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, and of the landing of "our Deliverer from Popery," the State Church requires its ministers to thank God "for discovering and confounding the horrible and wicked enterprise plotted and intended to have been executed against the King and State of England, for the subversion of the government and religion established among us, and for wonderfully conducting King William to preserve us from the attempts of our enemies to bereave us of our religion and laws, and for the deliverance of our Church and nation from Popish tyranny and arbitrary power;" and furthermore, in the fulness of its devotion the State Church prays the Almighty to cut off all such workers of iniquity as "turn Religion into Rebellion and Faith into Faction." To appreciate the mingled blasphemy, absurdity and hypocrisy, of these specimens of the "Services" of a State Church, it is necessary to bear in mind, what we have shewn in former articles, that tyranny was first established in this country by those monarchs who suppressed "Popery;" and that the reaction from this tyranny was combined with the anticatholic prejudices they had inspired, and produced the bitter and sour spirit of Puritanism which first "turned faith into faction and religion into rebellion." That the great Rebellion was the conspiracy of a no popery faction, that it was at once the retribution and the result of royal tyranny, we have shown. And that the Revolution was the work of the *same faction*, originating in the same spirit, and conducted for the same ends, we have now to show.

It exhibits in the most ridiculous light the Services we have referred to, that the Revolution, for which one of them expresses fulness of gratitude, was the work of the very party, which, in the other of the Services is denounced as "cruel," and "bloody, and unreasonable." Yet it is literally true. Thus Col. Okey, one of the regicides, when on the scaffold, prayed and preached and prophesied (all at once) about the "good old cause" and its success. Another of the regicides, Algernon Sydney, was one of a council of six who conspired to dethrone the restored king; used on the scaffold the same fanatic language about the "good old cause," and showed what he meant by it. Lord William Russell was an associate of Sydney and one of the council of six, i. e. he was a fellow conspirator with one of the regicides; and he had for other associates such men as Lord Howard of Escrick; who had sat in the House of Commons under Cromwell. Another of the council of six—the prime mover in the odious and horrible Plot of Oates—the execrable Shaftesbury, had been the intimate friend and associate of Col. Hutchinson, one of the leaders of the Rebellion, and began his career of infamy and treachery by betraying his former associates, and *sitting in judgment upon them as traitors!* And Hampden, the grandson of the first "patriot" of that name, boasted after the Revolution that it was only "the continuation of the Council of Six," which was not merely as we see a continuation of the Rebellion, but was actually composed of men who had been concerned in it, or the associates of those who were so.

The truth is, that during the whole reign of Charles II. the same aristocratic faction who had brought about the Rebellion were working insidiously to renew it, and working by means the most infamous. What could be too infamous for miscreants such as Shaftesbury; or too atrocious for traitors such as Sydney, who boasted of regicide, and betrayed his country for French gold? And what could be too infamous or atrocious for their associate, —Russell!

The reign of Charles may be divided into three epochs; the first, that of the fall of Clarendon and the rise of the "Cabal." The second commencing with the *avowed* conversion of James to the Catholic Faith, and which we will call the epoch of the machinations to exclude him from the throne; including the horrible Oates' Plot. The

second era commences with the *reaction* from the Plot, and the triumph of the court, and it is marked by the flight of Shaftesbury and the conspiracy of Russell and Sydney. To understand the position of James at his accession to the throne, and to appreciate the Revolution, it is necessary to have regard to the *antecedents* of his accession, and to the character and conduct, and secret machinations of the aristocratic faction which conspired to dethrone him. And above all it is important to bear this in mind, that not only was there a conspiracy to dethrone him long before he came to the throne, but that this was only continuing a conspiracy to dethrone his predecessor; or that again was only a continuation of the successful conspiracy which had dethroned the father. The spirit of a Protestant aristocracy would never be satisfied until it had extirpated the Catholic dynasty. We have seen that it was an aristocratical faction and an uncatholic faction which brought about the Rebellion; and so of the Revolution. A great living statesman says it was the conspiracy of an oligarchy. It was the *same* oligarchy which had dethroned their sovereign by means of a no-popery fanaticism, and which had never ceased working by the same means for the same ends. Those ends were power and plunder,—the retention of plunder, the acquisition of power. The aristocracy were now for the most part new; the ancient nobility had been well nigh extirpated by the wars of the Roses and the tyranny of the Tudors; and we have shewn the new aristocracy, needy and hungry, foremost in the spoliations of the Reformation and the Rebellion. The new aristocracy were almost entirely founded upon the spoils of the Church. It would be difficult to fix on any family of the aristocracy, still less on any of the leaders among them, whose estates had not been enriched, if not entirely derived, from Church lands. We have already drawn particular attention to this, in some of the most remarkable instances, as the houses of Russell, Seymour, Paget, Herbert, &c. These men were the prime movers of the Reformation, and they were the original movers of the Rebellion. Their motive, in the first case, was, the acquisition of Church lands; in the second, the retention of those lands. This was the reason of their perpetual recourse to a “no-popery cry;” and let it be observed, that the lands of religious houses had been, to a great extent, divided and resold, and parcelled out

among a large number of persons; so that (especially when the case of Ireland is borne in mind, with the wholesale confiscations which there took place) there were few landed proprietors in the country who had not a pecuniary interest in Protestantism, and hereditary reasons for hating Popery, or affecting to hate it. Hence there was now a darker and more malignant element infused into the struggle between the aristocracy and the crown, which was now about to be renewed; and it was not the mere struggle of a proud old nobility for power, but also the sordid struggle of robbers to retain their plunder. Moreover the arts of the *interested* portion of the community had contrived in the course of a century to infuse into the minds of the rest an undefinable horror of "popery," by continually conjuring up before them all kinds of vague but horrible chimeras. And thus in *this* struggle the aristocracy could easily calculate upon the active or passive aid of a large body of the people, provided only they could diffuse the notion that the Sovereign was tainted with "popery."

To have a clearer idea of the state of things at the Restoration it may be as well to look in particular at two men who were the chief actors in the great events which were to follow—Shaftesbury and Danby. As to the first, his estates, like those of the house of Russell, were entirely derived from Church lands, and this was enough to render such men jealous of any monarch who shewed a disposition towards the ancient faith. He had been acquainted with many of those who had taken a part in raising the flame of no-popery fanaticism, and had received from them an instruction which he afterwards "bettered in the example." But it was not only that the instinct of self-preservation led him and others to be jealous of "popery." There was another motive in which even better natures shared, and which led them to profess a jealousy they felt not, and to raise the no-popery cry for purposes of their own. *That* motive was the passion for power, and of the efficacy of the no-popery cry for its gratification the Rebellion had afforded too recent an illustration to be forgotten by restless unscrupulous spirits such as Shaftesbury, or ambitious men like Danby. The latter, like Shaftesbury, was a *new* man; and Osborne, like Ashley, thirsted for that rank and power, and distinction, which had never yet belonged to any of their name.

There is a passage in the *Memoirs of Col. Hutchinson* which curiously illustrates the early history and character of Shaftesbury. "Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper at that time (speaking of the time immediately preceding the Restoration) insinuated himself into a particular friendship with the Colonel, and made him all the honourable pretences that can be imagined; called him his *dear friend*, and caressed him with such embraces as none but a traitor as vile as himself could have suspected; yet was he the most intimate of Monk's confidants. The Colonel upon the confidence of his friendship, entreated him to tell him what were Monk's intentions that he and others might consider their safety who were likely to be given up as a public sacrifice. Cooper denied to the death any intention besides a commonwealth; 'but,' said he, with the greatest semblance of reality that could be put on, 'if the violence of the people should bring the king upon us, let me be damned, body and soul, if ever I see a hair of any man's head touched, or a penny of any man's estate, upon this quarrel!' This he backed with so many and such deep protestations of that kind, as made the Colonel after his treachery was apparent, detest him of all mankind, and think himself obliged, if ever he had opportunity, to procure exemplary justice on him, who was so *vile a wretch as to sit himself and sentence some of those who died*," as, for instance, Vane. "When the court sat," says Mr. Hutchinson, "and the Colonel was brought in, and saw the *judges*, among whom was that vile traitor, (Monk,) who sold the men that trusted him, and he that openly said he abhorred the word accommodation, when moderate men could have prevented the war, and the Colonel's own *dear friend*, (Shaftesbury,) who had wished damnation to his soul if he ever suffered a penny of any man's estate, or hair of any man's head to be touched, the sight of these provoked his spirit." As well it might. The history of infamy has no viler chapter; and never let it be forgotten that the chief figure in it is that of Shaftesbury. Such was the character of the creature who blew the horrible Plot into a flame, which consumed so many innocent men, merely that he and his associates might retain place and power. We find him the associate and the betrayer of regicides; of traitors no less than himself,—retaining their principles of treason without their redeeming virtues, and joining to it an atrocious treachery all his own. Such was the man who was the leading

minister in the infamous "Cabal," and who afterwards formed one of that treasonable "Council of Six," who formed the Rye House Plot, and of whose traitorous machinations one of their own number, Hampden, boasted that "the Revolution was the continuation." Truly the Revolution was as unfortunate in its parents as the Reformation and the Rebellion. We have in a former article cited the authority of Carlyle to shew that these were all three but different acts of the same fearful tragedy. But our object has also been, and is, to shew that it was a tragedy of crime, and crime of which the most damning infamy belongs to the last and closing act—the Revolution.

The Revolution, says a distinguished living statesman, was the "conspiracy of an oligarchy." It was so. It was the conspiracy of an oligarchy to obtain piratically, the power of government; and with that view to exclude from the throne a Catholic sovereign, whose ideas of duty and of justice would not permit him to enslave royalty to their corrupt will. Let us see who were the conspirators. Look at the *dramatis personæ* before considering the parts they play in this most detestable drama of villany: and then see how far we can trust their testimony as to its character. We will not trust *ourselves* to describe them; we will take their portraits from Protestant painters, and to be sure of impartiality, we will even have recourse to *liberal* writers. We have quoted one "liberal" writer, Carlyle, we will now quote a French author equally "liberal," the ill-fated Carrel.

After the fall of Clarendon, chiefly through the secret machinations of Shaftesbury and Buckingham, and their creature, Osborne, (afterwards Earl of Danby,) the Duke of Ormond was for a short time minister, and their power passed into the hands of the 'Cabal,' the Duke of Buckingham, Ashley Cooper, (created Earl of Shaftesbury,) Bennet, Earl of Arlington, Clifford, and Lauderdale, "pernicious favourites," (says Carrel) "who interested the king by their brilliant vices. First among them was Buckingham, whom a precocious maturity in every kind of corruption had, from earliest manhood, rendered master of the weak and profligate mind of Charles. Then Ashley Cooper, less noted for the disorders of his private life than for his political treachery." In fact, he was a cold and crafty schemer, a kind of Robespierre.

"Each of these men had about him two or three dependants of a quality presenting some resemblance to his own," and Buckingham's dependant was Osborne, the future Earl of Danby. Their cry, says Carrel, was at first toleration. Shaftesbury was soon scheming for supremacy, and seized the occasion of the Test Bill, opposed by Clifford, the Lord Treasurer, and by Buckingham, with the concurrence of the king, who was sincerely in favour of toleration. Shaftesbury, seeing that the puritan bigotry of the Commons was still in the ascendant, resolved to pander to it, and thus to overthrow his colleague and betray his sovereign, and to the astonishment of every one he, the Chancellor, rose and strongly supported a measure of intolerance and persecution opposed by the Crown! "The house," says Carrel, "could scarcely believe that it was Shaftesbury who made this strange speech. The members looked at one another in stupor, as if this new treachery of a man whom they had ever known to anticipate the fall of the parties he had served, revealed the existence of some great danger. They decided amidst an unexampled agitation, and the bill was carried by a very small majority. The minority, composed of the lords most eminent for their talents and fortune, protested against a decision as surprising as all that had taken place at the sitting. The Duke of York, as he left the house, said to the king, "What a knave of a chancellor have you there." "And you, brother," answered the king, "what a fool of a treasurer have you given me." There are two things as well as the treachery of Shaftesbury worth noting here; first, that James at the very era of the Restoration was in favour of toleration; which is strong to show the sincerity of his professions in his own reign. And next, that the men most eminent for talents and fortune were in favour of it likewise. Only the hungry, crafty schemers like Shaftesbury were against it, for selfish party purposes. The result of his treachery was that toleration failed, the Test Bill passed; the result was to exclude Clifford from the cabinet, and the Duke of York from the office of admiral. It laid the basis for the intrigues to exclude him from the throne, and fed the foul spirit of fanaticism, which satiated itself subsequently in the horrors of Oates' Plot, and ultimately was made the means of that other plot, the Revolution. To mark the course of these intrigues is to see that the Papist Plot and the Revolu-

tion were children of the same parent. Both were Protestant plots, both vile conspiracies of an oligarchy, practised in all the artifices by which faction pandered to bigotry.

The fall of Buckingham was an indirect result of the destruction of the Cabal Ministry. A striking anecdote, well told by Carrel, illustrates the idea of his character. An attempt had been made by the desperado Blood, to murder the Duke of Ormond. "The son of the duke soon afterwards seeing Buckingham standing by the king, addressed him thus, 'My Lord of Buckingham, I know well that you are at the bottom of the late attempt of Blood's upon my father, and therefore I give you fair warning, that if my father comes to a violent end by sword or pistol, if he dies by the hand of a ruffian, or by the more secret hand of poison, I shall not be at a loss to know the foul author of it; I shall consider you as the assassin, I shall treat you as such, and wherever I meet you I shall pistol you, though you shall stand behind the king's chair.' No one spoke a word; Buckingham and the king kept silence." This incident speaks volumes.

On the fall of Buckingham the Earl of Danby came into power, and the opposition, says Carrel, included Buckingham, Shaftesbury, and Lord *Cavendish*, (ancestor to the Duke of Devonshire,) "a man of great ambition, whom disappointment had alienated from the court," and Lord Russell, the traitor, who afterwards was engaged in the horrible Plot of Oates, and who betrayed all through life, the character which inspired his descendant to indite the Durham Letter. Strange coincidences of history! The names of Russell and Shaftesbury are still in our own times associated as pandering to the popular bigotry against "Popery," and seeking to prop up the power of a faction by the baleful influence of fanaticism. Observe all the names most honoured by Whiggism, actively or tacitly abetting the horrible plot. Cavendish, (so eulogized by Fox,) and Godolphin—"the wise Godolphin," as Lord John delights to call him—Russell and Shaftesbury, and Lord Leveson Gower, the ancestor of the present house of Sutherland. Osborne was one of the first who joined in raising that no-popery cry which had been used with such fatal effect to bring about the Rebellion, and was now to be used to bring about another Revolution. He used it before Shaftesbury, and with as little scruple, though not with such appalling recklessness and horrible results. He

raised it under the influence of the profligate Buckingham to supplant Clarendon. Here was retribution, for Clarendon, either from his own bigotry, or from a cowardly dread of it in others, had been the chief cause of the failure of the measure of indulgence, to conscience. This was opposed, upon the avowed ground that, under cover of indulgence to Dissenters there would be relief to Catholics. Ashley introduced a measure into the Lords, enabling the Crown to dispense with laws requiring subscriptions or obedience to the doctrine and discipline of the Established Church. It is to be observed in passing, that this is not to be confounded with the mere dispensation of penal laws, i.e., laws imposing not merely conditions on the enjoyment of privileges, but penalties for the exercise or non-exercise of a particular religion. The Crown having clearly by the common law the prerogative of *pardon*, could undoubtedly remit penalties or punishments, and if their infliction would be contrary to conscience, it is impossible to conceive that the sovereign should be bound to inflict them. The scope of the bill brought in by Ashley was larger, and it proposed to empower the Crown to admit Catholics along with Dissenters to places of trust and profit, or to the enjoyment of privileges from which they were by law debarred. For this an act of parliament was necessary, and though it could only be resisted by bigotry, it was opposed by Clarendon in the Lords, and it was also resisted by Osborne in the Commons. Probably this was the first occasion on which he acquired distinction, as it was in 1663, and he only entered parliament two years before. There can be no doubt that Ashley was insincere, as he was utterly unscrupulous. Of Clarendon and Osborne there may be more question. Four years after, in 1667, Osborne was engaged with Buckingham, very likely in league with Ashley, in the scheme to supplant Clarendon, which proved successful. It is a curious and ominous circumstance that in the notes of Osborne's speech on this occasion occur these significant words, "The king ready to change his religion." It was suspected that Charles was in heart a Catholic, and it is plain that Osborne had already learnt how to harp on that string, which was afterwards to "create such horrible discord." He was most active and unscrupulous in promoting the impeachment of Clarendon, the old resource of envious hostility against a

minister to whose charge nothing specific could be laid by those who desired to supplant him, the course taken against Spenser, and Suffolk, and Strafford, and (curious retribution) at a subsequent period, against Danby himself. Mr. Forster, a great admirer of Danby, says, "In the abhorrence of Popery daily becoming more violent in England, and soon afterwards the main principle of opposition to the court, Sir Thomas Osborne largely participated." In the very next sentence, however, his biographer gives unconsciously an excellent reason for that "abhorrence of Popery." "Such were the sentiments of Osborne when he commenced his official career." Ah! he was one of a long series of statesmen who have "commenced their official career" by the aid of a no-popery cry. The value of his "abhorrence of popery" may be further appreciated from the fact stated by Burnet, that he was one of those who at the commencement of Charles's reign had sought to supplant Clarendon, by assuring the king that they would secure him larger revenues and greater power, in other words, manage to make him as nearly as possible absolute. Such was the servile and unscrupulous character of these no-popery ministers, equally ready to truckle either to prince or to people so that they might retain power.

Osborne first took office under the "Cabal," the ministry of the profligate Buckingham and Ashley, the parent of the "Plot." Five or six years after we find Osborne seeking to supplant Ashley on the very question of popery. Ashley had been a party to the "declaration of indulgence" issued by the king in 1673. Osborne resolved to bid against Ashley for power, and took the side of bigotry. He drew up an address on the vote that the penal statutes in matters ecclesiastical cannot be suspended but by act of parliament, and the measure of toleration was again defeated. Osborne (now joined by Ashley) still pressed the no-popery principle, and carried a measure establishing as a test a declaration against transubstantiation. This displaced Clifford, (as it was no doubt designed to do,) from the post of Lord Treasurer, and Osborne, now made Earl of Danby, obtained that distinguished post. He was therefore clearly the originator of the no-Popery policy, which we say resulted in the Revolution. What a type of your sound Protestant statesman!

But now a deeper pit of policy opened before the aspiring statesman. By his anti-Catholic dealings he had of

course provoked the hostility of the next heir to the throne, now an avowed Catholic. *He must be displaced from the succession.* And at this very time we find Danby in secret correspondence with William of Orange. This fact seems to have escaped the notice of Dr. Lingard, and is to our minds very important to a due appreciation of the Revolution. The fact is mentioned by Danby's biographer, Forster, who does not seem to be aware of its force, in more ways than one. Thus, not only does it tell upon the real motives of the machinations, for the Revolution thus commenced *fourteen years* before it occurred, but it also tells upon another subject, on which credit has been very absurdly given to Danby, and affords an excellent reason for his opposition to the pecuniary arrangements with France. Why, if he were in secret league with William of Orange, he must of course be adverse to relations with France, with whom William had a deadly contest. Mr. Forster states, "while Danby was impeding, by all means in his power, the conclusion of the pecuniary bargain with France, he was in close correspondence with the Prince of Orange. This correspondence began in 1674, and at the end of the same year the good understanding was improved by a visit made to Holland by Danby's son, whom William commissioned to procure from his father the payment of a debt (?) due to him by the king of England. This payment was effected, an *accommodation* which the prince, probably with justice, ascribed to the influence of the treasurer." No doubt. But an "accommodation" is an ambiguous expression for simple payment of a *bona fide* debt; and we suspect there was more reason for the application of the phrase. On other and more important matters we think we have detected Danby's desire to assist the Prince of Orange in farsighted anticipation of the Revolution. We imagine he had something to do, in 1674, with that arrangement, the result of which was, that when the Catholic king came to the throne he found four of his best regiments in Holland, where they were retained and debauched from their allegiance. There is another and still more important matter in which Danby's share is not obscure. His biographer says: "In 1677, Lady Temple" (wife of Danby's intimate friend, Sir W. Temple, a diplomatist who had the closest relations with the Dutch Prince,) "brought over, with special instructions to communicate it to *Lord Danby*

alone, the first intimation of William's desire to court the princess Mary, and the treasurer immediately espoused with much eagerness, an affair which promised to give an advantage to his favourite views of foreign policy, while his furtherance of the wishes of William, connected here with a Protestant prince, *not remotely allied to the throne.*" Thus this sound Protestant went on craftily scheming to secure himself place and power under a Protestant successor. We have omitted to mention that even while in the House of Commons he had made himself busy with plans—"expedients," as they were called, for practically destroying the power of a Catholic successor, without actually excluding him. Our impression is that he was feeling his way towards a measure of absolute exclusion, when he proposed one of these expedients, not long before the Plot; but he durst not venture further, from fear of losing the favour of the king. It is most clear that he was the earliest and most adroit and active of those who were scheming, in concert with William, to secure him the succession. As years rolled on, he became of course more anxious for the success of the scheme, on which, in the event of the king's death, his own continuance in office entirely depended. And four years after his secret correspondence with William had commenced, the very year after the marriage of the Prince with Mary, we find Danby, if not the parent, at least the careful foster-father of the "Plot," which raised the anti-Catholic bigotry to frenzy, and all but carried an Exclusion Bill.

He was the first of the ministers to whom Charles communicated the papers, and advised that the two persons absurdly accused of the design to assassinate the king, should be apprehended, and the matter referred to the Privy Council. The king particularly desired that the matter should be concluded at once, and *before the meeting of Parliament.* Danby, on the contrary, wilfully delayed it *until* the meeting of Parliament, for which he was well punished, for Shaftesbury, whom he had managed to supplant some years before, upon the no-popery cry, by opposing the declaration of indulgence, which Ashley had supported, now took the "Plot" out of his hands, and thus turned the tables upon Danby, who lost favour with the king and the nation, and was unable to protect himself from impeachment, except by retirement and imprisonment. There can be no doubt the conduct of Danby was

as unscrupulous as that of Shaftesbury. The king told him he would live to repent it. "And indeed," adds Danby, writing thirty years afterwards, "I have seen *many villanous designs acted under cover of the popish plot*, and of that I have repented, as of another matter, since I have seen such very wrong uses made of them." His biographer feebly defends him, and ventures to say that it is not improbable, he so far gave credit to the tales of Titus Oates, as to attribute such projects to the Romanists. Alas! with amusing want of memory Mr. Forster has inserted elsewhere a little note, in which it appears that Danby said once on seeing Oates, "There goes one of the saviours of England! but I hope to see him hanged within a month!" and Roger North's remark is true enough, "that Danby, thinking to work with a plot, brought about his own ruin." "He fancyed," says James, in his *Memoirs*, "by the helpe of his pretended conspiracie, and crying out against popery, he would pass for a pillar of the Church, and ward the blow which he foresaw was falling on his shoulders, but my Lord Shaftesbury, who soon found out his drift, sayd, Let the treasurer cry as lowd as he pleases against popery, and think to put himself at the head of the plot, *I will cry a note lowder, and soone take his place*, which he failed not to make good." A portraiture and satire of all anti-Catholic ministers from that time to the present.

Of the management of the "Plot," and the atrocious means employed to foster it, and to murder innocent men on false evidence, obtained by bribery or torture, it is enough to say that it was a Plot like unto the Gunpowder Plot of James I. and Cecil, with this difference alone, that in the case of Charles the *monarch* was guiltless of the crime, and it was only the *ministers* who were responsible for it. The poor wretch France, who was terrified or tortured into lunacy, in order to make him swear falsely, or forswear his recantation of the horrid perjury he had been frightened into committing, declared solemnly, in words which, under dread of death he could not retract, that the wretch who had been with him, to entrap him, had disclosed to him that he had been several times *with Lord Shaftesbury and Bedloe*, and told him that *he would certainly be hanged if he agreed not with Bedloe's evidence*. Dangerfield, another of the miscreants, was in possession of letters addressed by an ambassador to

Shaftesbury, in his official capacity, and which were doubtless obtained from him, and he himself suborned false witnesses, and took their informations.

Such were the means employed in the Plot; we need not advert to the innocent blood which was shed by such detestable machinations; but we direct attention to the *object*, which James himself truly described, when he said, that it was the subversion of the monarchy, and the establishment of such an oligarchy as under the Commonwealth. He observed "that many of the leaders were men who had acquired power and influence under the Revolution; and still cherished under the mask of patriotism their former principles, that they put forward the safety of religion, as they had done during the Rebellion, for the sole purpose of inflaming the people; that they had begun with a bill of exclusion to render the monarchy elective; and that when they had accomplished that object they might indeed gratify Charles with the title of king, but would reduce him in point of power to a level with the Doge of Venice." How true this was subsequent events too soon showed, and it is a striking proof of James's acuteness of perception, that an illustrious living statesman has described the Revolution as the conspiracy of an oligarchy, and its results a Venetian Republic. There might be a difference among the conspirators as to the nature of the republic. Danby and Shaftesbury were for an aristocracy, Sydney's ideas may have been more favourable to democracy, but no doubt his republic would have approached an oligarchy, and he gloried on the scaffold in his attachment to the "good old cause," that of the Commonwealth. This is the proper opportunity for observing that the Whig conspirators who suffered death under Charles, clearly were guilty of treason, and not only were they traitors in legal guilt, but with a sordid treachery, casting on them all the shame of moral infamy. They were all in the pay of France, and traitors to their country not less than their sovereign; and it speaks strongly of the historical delusions which prevail in this nation, that Russell and Sydney should still by so many be taken as types of patriotism! Let us take the most impartial view, derived from Protestant and even Whig writers, of the conduct of parliament under their auspices, and never forget that Sydney and Russell were political allies of the infamous Shaftesbury. Speaking of the later parliament of Charles II., Mr.

Hallam says that there were no such general infringements of liberty in his reign, as had occurred under the Long Parliament, and even Lord J. Russell agrees with this opinion. But as to the *parliament*, Mr. Ward* calls it "the Whig parliament which brooded over and hatched the Popish Plot, and under which neither life, nor property, nor character, were safe,—all was violence, prejudice, and blood; wilful perjury was rashly believed, if not suborned, and men such as Lord Russell, proved themselves to be more bloody, *ruthless, and tyrannical, than all the Stuarts put together.*" Who can doubt it who has ever read the history of that dreadful period of our history? Is it necessary to say anything of the horrors perpetrated under pretence of the "Plot?" Mr. Fox, the unscrupulous apologist of the Whigs, found himself compelled to admit that it was the "grand engine of their power," and that to their "furious and sanguinary prosecution of it" they owed their political influence and their *power to bring about the Revolution*. Now, the very men who committed all these atrocities were the accusers of James, and engaged in a conspiracy to dethrone him. Is anything more necessary to show the hypocrisy of the pretences under which the Revolution was effected? "These encroachments," says Hallam, "under the name of privilege, were exactly in the spirit of the Long Parliament, and revived too forcibly the recollection of that awful period. It was commonly in men's minds that 1641 had come again. There appeared for several months a very imminent danger of civil war."

Now, what we wish to be observed is, that these men were the enemies of James II.; these men were, for years before he came to the throne, engaged in designs to exclude him from it, and these men, when he came to the throne, were already engaged in a conspiracy to dethrone him. These men were his enemies because they knew that he was too firm and honest a king to submit to their iniquitous tyranny or connive at their shameless corruption. These pretended patriots, Sydney, or Danby, or Shaftesbury, who were scheming for their own interests, and ever ready to betray the interests of their country,

* Author of *Tremaine*, and father of the present Sir G. H. Ward, so long a Whig member of parliament, and now Governor of the Ionian Isles.

even to foreign foes, in order to attain their selfish objects, these men were the enemies of James, not because they hated tyranny, but because they were resolved to practice it, and they hated him because he would not succumb to the tyranny of an oligarchy; he was resolved to govern as well as reign; they were his foes, not because he was a tyrant, but because they were tyrants. They imposed the yoke of their tyranny on England during the reign of Charles, and knew that the succession of James would be its destruction. When the reaction from the Plot came, and the Whigs were in decline, they resorted to treason, and the result of their conspiracy was the Rye House Plot. The celebrated "Council of Six" were its authors, in which figured the well-known Whig names of Russell, Shaftesbury, Grey, and Howard, with the two historic names of Hampden and Sydney, those two idols of Whigism. These, with Essex, were the conspirators concerned in this Whig Plot. Of its existence no man can doubt, for after the Revolution Hampden boasted that the Revolution was its continuation. There was the confession of Howard, the suicide of Essex, the conviction of Russell and Sydney. Carrel says (and his testimony, as that of an impartial and intelligent French liberal, is decisive,) that Russell was convicted by honourable men, and upon *proofs sufficiently strong*. Mr. Ward, in his remarkable work on the Revolution, most thoroughly establishes Russell's guilt, and the fairness of his trial, both of which have been, with most temerarious and inconclusive efforts, endeavoured to be disproved by his descendant, Lord John.

Lord William Russell and Lord Shaftesbury came into power entirely by means of the Popish Plot. They bid higher and higher for popular favour by pandering more and more to the popular bigotry. Thus Carrel says, "a new test more rigorous than that which had overthrown the reign of the Cabal passed almost without opposition." One of those who supported it in the upper house, Lord Lucas, spoke of it in terms, the *coarse brutality* of which would not have been tolerated a few months before. "I would not have so much as a popish man or a popish woman to remain here; not so much as a popish dog or popish bitch; not so much as a popish cat to pur or mew about the king." Yet these words were loudly applauded. The Duke of York, then present, only obtained an exception by two votes. The bill had been

directed against him. This was in 1679, nearly ten years before the Revolution. So long had the conspiracy been *hatching* to exclude him from the throne. One object of this article is to bring out the force of the fact; and its full bearing upon the events of his reign; and the true view of the Revolution. That event, we contend, had no connection at all with the course he pursued, or the conduct of which he was accused. It was a foregone conclusion—a pre-arranged plot. It was a conspiracy formed long ere he had the crown. The main conspirators were Russell, and Halifax, and Godolphin, Shaftesbury and Danby; they had a host of lesser adherents, such as Leveson Gower, who, in 1681, wanted the House of Commons to pursue the course of the Long Parliament under colour of a fear of popery. "I move," said he, "that we withdraw and return to our counties; make the people acquainted with the manner in which their representatives are treated, (i. e. in the opposition given by the crown to the persecuting measures directed against the Catholics), our cause is theirs; they will maintain it by the sword." Thus we find the ancestor of the great Whig House of Sutherland active in suggesting treason, with the aid of fanaticism for the purpose of establishing a no-popery tyranny. At the present moment we find the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, with the Earl of Shaftesbury and Lord John Russell, the main supporters of the anti-Catholic faction in these realms; and building the power of their faction upon the bigotry of the people. Mr. Fox, the great oracle of the Whig party, confesses in his fragment upon the *History of the Reign of James II.*, that the horrible Popish Plot was then the grand engine of their power; and that their prosecution of it was "furious and sanguinary." The Rye House Plot formed with the Popish Plot the intermediate links between the Rebellion and the Revolution, and connects together the chief actors in all those events. They were all merely different acts of the same oligarchical conspiracy. Sydney, a regicide, was associated with Howard, one of the satellites of Cromwell, and with Russell and Shaftesbury, the prime movers of Oates' Plot, in the Rye House conspiracy. And Danby and others who had been at various times their associates or their rivals, were already engaged in their machinations which had for their object the dethronement of James. Danby had been employed with Shaftesbury and Russell

in tests and schemes for "exclusion." The Rye House Plot was in 1684, only a year before the close of Charles's reign, and four years before the Revolution. Hampden, who was one of the Council of Six, concerned in the Rye House Plot, lived to boast of his share in it, and to declare, that the Revolution was only the continuation of it. What could more clearly show the substantial identity of the two grand conspiracies—the Rebellion and the Revolution; or prove that both were conspiracies of an oligarchy, working by means of no-popery bigotry?

Sir J. Mackintosh calls Lord Russell a victim—"Victim of what?" asks shrewd Mr. Ward. "He plotted rebellion and was fairly tried for it under the law that existed then and exists now. By being fairly tried I mean (he explains) that the evidence was legal and fairly left to the jury by the judge." And he refers to the warm encomium upon the integrity and learning of that judge (Pemberton) by Sir Vicary Gibbs, while actually defending Hardy and Horn Tooke, indicted like Russell, for constructive treason. "In the trial of Lord Russell (continues Mr. Ward) complaint was made that constructive treason only was proved, and that was made the chief ground for the renewal of his attainder. But exclusive that this constructive treason was held to be law, even after the Revolution, and, to use Mr. Hallam's own expression, "established for ever, by the correct Holt, it was upon this very species of treason that the injured old man, Lord Stafford, was condemned, Lord Russell being one of his prosecutors." Mr. Ward also notices the opposition malignantly made by Lord Russell to the remission, in the case of Lord Stafford, of the horrors of cruelty which formed part of the sentence of treason. Mr. Ward declares that the conduct of the Whig Parliament was marked by an "infatuated despotism, and an extent of tyranny infinitely exceeding anything ever attempted by the Stuarts." He gives instances. They brought persons to their bar for remissness in searching for papists! "When," asks Mr. Ward, "did the law pronounce this a crime? It is like the crime invented by the French murderers, the suspicion of being suspected. Sir R. Cann was taken into custody for declaring that there was *no Popish*, but a *Presbyterian Plot*. This assumed dominion over opinion beats, or at least equals, Domitian or Nero. A general panic spread over the country in consequence of these infamous inva-

sions of liberty by its pretended guardians, and even Lord John Russell is forced to allow that these practices became so oppressive that the people began to turn their suspicions of an arbitrary king into fears of an arbitrary parliament. Again, without enquiring, much less hearing, they passed resolutions against Worcester, Halifax, Clarendon, Feversham and Seymour, as dangerous enemies to the kingdom and promoters of popery, for having advised the king to refuse the exclusion bill!" Well might Mr. Ward say that "by such usurpation all government, nay all society, was torn up by the roots."

Hence their ceaseless machinations for his exclusion. "The chief feature of this parliament," we again quote Mr. Ward, "was its unmitigable rage against the Duke of York, and its persevering determination to exclude him from the throne. Yet he had offended no law; he had usurped no power; he had been guilty of no oppression; his right to the succession was undoubted. His only offence was being a Papist; a matter between himself and his God; and for which at that time the law of the land did not exclude him from the throne. The oppression therefore was on the other side." "The general character of the Government," says Lord John Russell in the life of his ancestor, "was not tyrannical; the religion and property of the subject had not yet been attacked." This was speaking of 1683. The reign of Charles closed in two years from that time. Down, then, to the close of Charles's reign there had been no tyranny on the part of the Government. This is the testimony even of the descendant of Lord William Russell; one of the leaders of the Rye House Plot; which on that account Lord John is forced to condemn. Now mark, the administration of James was less open to the charge of tyranny than that of Charles as we shall see. And if Charles, as we have shown, is acquitted from the charge, then James must be absolved.

The truth is his accusers were the tyrants. His accusers were conspirators against him before even he came to the throne. Were they likely to be loyal subjects, or fair judges of his administration?

The enforced surrender of the charters, which took place at the end of Charles's reign, if it was a strong measure, was justified by a strong emergency, and by conduct on the part of the corporations marked by extraordinary activity. They had been hotbeds of sedition and the chief

supports of the horrible "Plot." One of the city sheriffs, with the sympathy of a great part of the livery, was a traitor, and another, the whig sheriff, Bethel, began the abuse of nominating the juries.

Even Hallam admits, while enumerating the encroachments by proclamation on the rights of parliament, that "there were no such general infringements of liberty in the reign of Charles II. as occurred continually before the Long Parliament." Nor were there, we will add, any such great or general violations of freedom under James; while, as we see, there were infinitely greater under William. "On the other hand," observes Mr. Ward, "the association formed by Shaftesbury against Government, and the plan by force of arms to continue the parliament after dissolution, were contemplated long before any of the alleged grievances commenced."

Let us look a little more closely at the heroes of the Revolution. Even the continuator of Mackintosh says: "The Whigs of 1688 had no notion of freedom beyond their sect or party; and, with liberty on their lip, monopoly and persecution were in their hearts." "A degenerate race succeeds the era of the Commonwealth. The aristocracy seem to have been born without that sense which is supposed to be their peculiar distinction, the sense of honour." And Mr. Ward thus paraphrases the opinion of this writer, which entirely coincides with his and with our own. "Instead of patriots they were all selfish jobbers. Vigour and virtue had fled from the 'seven heroes,' (as we were taught to think them) who invited William to aid their oppressed country; and the names of Danby, Shrewsbury, Devonshire, and Sydney, and Russell, sink into the dirt." Elsewhere Mr. Ward says, "The 'seven heroes' were Shrewsbury, Devonshire, Danby, Lumley, Compton, Russell, and Sydney. They were all eminent rogues." Danby and Sydney we have already spoken of. It is enough to say that they were convicted traitors, and the associates of the infamous Shaftesbury, and that while Danby and Shaftesbury were co-conspirators in the horrible "Popish Plot" of Oates, Sydney was one of the regicides. Then as to all of them (except Devonshire, of whom we have spoken already, as simply a selfish, disappointed man,) Mr. Ward says, "they were all *eminent rogues*, and Russell

(*admiral Russell*) and Shrewsbury afterwards proved traitors to the cause they had espoused."

Of Churchill, afterwards Marlborough, Mr. Ward says, "if the military glory of his after-life had not gilded his early baseness, he would have only been known in history as a villain." "This," he adds, "and the *infamies* of Cornbury, Grafton and many others, make the heart sick. Was Halifax, the polished, the eloquent, the witty, one jot better? No! Less daring than his uncle, Shaftesbury, not less corrupt than Sunderland, he was their equal in versatility of intrigue." "Not less corrupt than Sunderland," exclaims Mr. Ward, "though that infamous man, while he contributed perhaps most to the Revolution, was the pattern and father of all corruption." Elsewhere Mr. Ward characterizes the Revolution as a conspiracy carried out by false pretences. "Then as to Godolphin, he had," says this shrewd and pungent writer, "the dexterity or dishonesty to possess at the same time the confidence both of James and William." Lord John Russell *admires* Godolphin's character. "The baseness of Halifax," says Mr. Ward, "exceeds all belief." And he acted with Godolphin all along in betraying James." Well might Mr. Ward say that, when James came to the throne he had not one person whom he could trust.

"In describing the real character of our 'patriotic deliverers,'" says Mr. Ward, with severe sarcasm, "the pen falters as it proceeds." He quotes Hallam and Hume as to Churchill. "We find in the whole of his political life nothing but ambition and rapacity in his motives; nothing but treachery and intrigue in his means." Then as to Danby, "he was guilty of the most infamous corruptions from private motives; at one time the scourge of honest men, the tool of a tyrant; at another the champion of liberty and resistance. Again the obsequious placeman, the bribed of the East India Company, twice impeached for enormous dishonesty; screened but not acquitted; yet attaining the first honours of the state, which he had thus perpetually betrayed. *He* also took arms against James and was one of the seven champions. Well might Dryden satirize him in those stinging lines:—

"And Danby's matchless impudence
Helped to support the knave."

Of Compton, "the lying Bishop of London," as Mr.

Ward calls him, Sir James Mackintosh says, "he signed the invitation, and in the presence of King James fore-swore in the worst form, that of an equivocation, his knowledge and his deed. He was ready to sign anything, like the libertine, and swear anything, like the Jew in the "School for Scandal. For these merits he was named the Protestant Bishop and enjoyed vast reputation."

What miscreants were all the characters in any way associated with the Revolution! Take Lord Grey, who was one of the "Council of Six," with Hampden, and with Sydney and Shaftesbury. Lord John Russell says of him—"He was stained with the private vices of licentiousness, cowardice, falsehood, and ingratitude. The seduction of his wife's sister was aggravated by duplicity to her parents and barbarity to her. No doubt he was a base and sensual man." But he was one of the "Council of Six," whose machinations were the precursors of the Revolution; and his vices did not prevent the Whigs from rewarding him or employing him. He was created Earl of Tankerville by William, and was placed in offices of high trust along with such unscrupulous men as Halifax, Godolphin, and Danby. He was a Lord of the Treasury and died Privy Seal. And this, although he had the meanness to save his own life by betraying his associates, and gave evidence which helped to convict Sydney and Russell. Well might Mr. Ward say that the promoters of the Revolution were all "eminent rogues." It would be in vain to search for one honest man among them.

The same spirit which produced treason under Charles, produced it under James. The excuses alleged for it were mere pretences. The rebellion of Monmouth, and the machinations of traitors, made a standing army necessary. The judges of England solemnly affirmed the royal power to dispense with the penal laws,* and independently of the general principle, these particular laws were repugnant to Christianity, and contrary to the common law and the

* See Year Book ii. Hen. VII. 12, laying it down that the King can dispense with laws except against acts *mala in se*, as murder. In the case of the penal laws, the *laws themselves*, not the acts prohibited, were *mala in se*, and the execution of them amounted to judicial murder. See Roll's Abr. "Prærogative," "Dispensing Power."

ancient and fundamental constitution of the realm. Even that servile lawyer, Coke, lays it down that statutes contrary to the law of God, as these clearly were, are void. And it has always seemed plain to us that these penal laws were of no really binding force. If any of them were, then all of them were so; and if all, then the laws rendering it a capital crime to offer the adorable, sacrifice, or reconcile persons to the Church. But surely not only a Catholic, but even a Protestant king, might conscientiously refuse to enforce such laws, and a Catholic king *could* not conscientiously enforce them. He was, nevertheless, rightful sovereign, and parliament had refused to exclude him from the throne. He had all the prerogatives of the Crown, and the judges declared the dispensing power one of them. But whether it was so or not, as a *general* principle, we say that it was so with regard to these particular laws, because they were morally criminal, and legally unconstitutional.

The real errors of James were in the various matters in which he was rather imprudent than illegal, and in which he was craftily urged on by the insidious Sunderland. The fact is, the king was in the meshes of a conspiracy, the threads of which had been laid long before, when Danby, in 1674, twelve or fourteen years ago, had been planning with William of Orange the scheme which was now in execution. Danby had been reconciled to his old enemy, Montague, (now Halifax,) the only bond of reconciliation between them being their common concern in this conspiracy. Halifax, though President of the Council, openly opposed his measures. Sunderland, though his confidential minister, treacherously betrayed him. Danby, still more dangerous, stood aloof, and continued his crafty correspondence with William, and in concert with the heads of the nobility, Nottingham, Somerset, Derby, &c., assured him of their support. Meanwhile the king's councils were frustrated, petitions to him intercepted, and his troops and fleet seduced from their allegiance. Had he been as wise as Solomon he could not have escaped the machinations of his enemies. It is idle to ascribe them to his alleged misrule; the conspiracy was concocted eleven years before he came to the throne, fourteen years before it was consummated, by his dethronement. It had nothing to do with his rule, good or bad. It had no real connection with dread of arbitrary power. The real cause on the part of the *leaders* was not even, or at all events not *alone*, an

aversion to popery. There was a conspiracy against the monarchy. It was the old movement of the aristocracy, the same which had originated the Rebellion. It was a struggle by the aristocracy for the control and virtual exercise of royal authority. No one can extract from any of the facts of James' reign any real grievance to the body of the people. All the complaints against him resolved themselves either into this, that he did not allow one portion of the people to persecute the other under wicked penal laws, or that he punished traitors as his brother had done, or that he committed indiscretions in the manifestation of his religion: or of his irritation against those of the Protestant prelacy, or nobility, whom he knew to be secretly hostile to him, and had been for a long course of years machinating his dethronement. With regard to his acts of indiscretion, it should be borne in mind that he was led on to them by the traitor Sunderland; and as to his resentments, who could be otherwise than irritated at the apostasy of Shrewsbury, the hypocrisy of Halifax, or the treachery of Danby, and above all, the insincerity of the Protestant prelacy?

What of the character and the conduct of William? Even Mackintosh, as good a Whig as Macaulay, but not such a reckless and servile eulogist of the Revolution and its hero, believes that William had been implicated in the horrible massacre of the brothers De Witt; and that he was privy, or capable of being privy to a plot for murdering James. Any how, he for years machinated most treacherously and unscrupulously to rob his wife's father of his throne, and did so by the basest means and on the falsest pretences. "The prince had already the reputation of being not only a phlegmatic but an unscrupulous politician. His policy was charged by some with tolerating, by others with sharing the practices which stimulated the populace of the Hague to massacre the patriot brothers De Witt, and give him undivided sway over the republic."* His agents in England got up the horrible Popish plot; and so soon as he landed he concocted another. He caused to be issued a proclamation setting forth that the papists were in arms to destroy London by fire, and massacre the Protestants: called upon the magistrates to secure them, and

* Hist. Revolution, ii. 235.

declared that not only if they resisted, but even if found with arms in their houses, or were in office, they should be treated as robbers and refused quarter! This, which the writer just quoted calls "an impudent and atrocious fabrication," was a direct incitement to the massacre of the Catholics, and of course was designed to terrify them from loyalty to their sovereign. When it is recollected how short a time had elapsed since the horrible Plot of Oates, and Shaftesbury had shed such torrents of innocent blood, no wonder that the Catholics should have been paralyzed. The proclamation did its work. It was indeed, (says Mr. Ward,) afterwards disavowed by William, but not only the advantage of it was pocketed, but Speke, who claimed to be the forger, declared after William's death that he showed it to him, and that he approved. His disavowal of it was only verbal, and confined to those about him: it therefore only showed his consciousness of its atrocity. "It is clear, (says Mr. Ward,) even in his historian's own opinion, that the great cause of his invasion was under false pretences to obtain the crown of England." He was not, says the same writer, "a deliverer, but a trickster. In this point James will bear a comparison. He might be arbitrary, he might be a tyrant" (he was, as we have shewn, neither), "but he was a man of honour. William landed with a lie in his mouth, and chiefly by means of that lie obtained the kingdom." Elsewhere he says, "Wilful and deliberate falsehood formed one of the bases of his declaration. The deceptions practised on the kings his uncles, one of them his father-in-law, and whose subjects he was seducing, while he denied all sinister views upon them, stamp him with a stain not a little resembling dishonour."

"The throne of England had been for years (says Mr. Ward) the object of William's ardent longings; for which he had for years been laying the ground, and for which for years he had sacrificed his character." The means used in the actual execution were as vile as those precedent machinations. For instance, the declaration imputing James's flight to "popish counsels" was (says Mr. Ward) a falsehood; because it arose from the fears purposely instilled into him by Halifax and Godolphin, in league with the Prince though trusted by James." How much reason James had to fear from the secret machinations of his treacherous rival, and how little from the disaffection of his people, Mr. Ward has shown most clearly. On

James's return, after his first flight, he was received with enthusiasm, and was about to take the command of his army, which would soon have destroyed his enemies, when a foul plot was laid by William's emissaries for the assassination of the king; a peril from which he was preserved by Providence, through the means of a sudden and violent bleeding at the nose, which prevented his departure. The delay was fatal to his cause, but preserved his life. The dastard Churchill was in the conspiracy to assassinate him, and the fact of the plot is the best proof of the hold which James had upon the hearts of his people. The conspirators were sure that if he once showed himself at the head of his army, he would arouse the national sentiment of loyalty, and crush the conspiracy. Hence they took counsel to cut him off, and Marlborough was ready to stab him in his carriage. Mr. Ward shows the proofs of this.

It is the grossest of historical delusions to suppose that James left the kingdom voluntarily, or through fear of the people. He was wakened at the dead of night by two of his traitor subjects, emissaries of his assassin-enemy, and compelled to leave, under terror of murder. He found himself surrounded by traitors, who had already betrayed, and would not scruple to sacrifice his life. He was literally in their power, personally in their hands. Foreign troops had seized his palace, and he was a prisoner. He departed to prevent them from being his murderer. Sheffield says that the Prince had the support of the London rabble, and Mr. Ward had no doubt that the terrors both of his army and of the populace were employed on the occasion. "The fury of the rabble was regarded as a familiar agent of state policy to promote the objects or interests of the Prince. It was associated with the policy of William both in Holland and in England, by an odious byword well understood, "*De Witting*." An allusion to William's complicity in the horrible massacre of the brothers *De Witt*. Such were the means by which the king was driven from the country. "Attacked and betrayed in the midst of peace, and of declarations of duty; attacked by his invader nephew and son-in-law;

"Deserted in his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed;"

informed by his own minister that his life was threatened ;

without refuge, without power, what could he do but fly?" This is the language of Mr. Ward, a Protestant, and a Whig.

Even allowing that James was a tyrant, the Revolution could only be vindicated on the detestable maxim that the end justifies the means. But was the end attained? Admitting James to have been a tyrant, was it more than the exchange of one tyrant for another? If so, assuredly it was a change for the worse, since William's rule was infinitely more oppressive and sanguinary than any that had preceded it. We have already maintained that his predecessor was not a tyrant. We will now show that William was.

"Even Wildman, (says Mr. Ward), that rough commonwealth man, who objected to the declaration of the Prince of Orange as not containing the true grounds of the invasion, even he, in a declaration framed by himself to correct the other, did not count much upon the acts of tyranny in James. He even allowed the dispensing power; and fairly avowed that although it had of late been stretched too far, the stretching of a power which was in the crown, was not a just ground for war. He added, that the king had a right to bring any man to trial, that the bishops had one, and were acquitted and discharged, and that in all this there was nothing contrary to law." Even the Whig Bishop Burnet is forced to say that the king had done nothing to justify an insurrection. Even Lord John Russell is obliged, in his history of his traitor ancestor, Lord William, to say, that Charles at that time had done nothing to justify insurrection, and yet he had done more than James ever did, as, for instance, with regard to the charters. And Mr. Hallam, unable to discover in the acts of James any justification of his dethronement, is driven to rely upon the tyranny he might have committed had he not been dethroned. Mr. Ward likens this to a burglar killing the owner of the house he is robbing, on pretence of apprehension lest the owner should kill him. Yet many Catholics entertain the vulgar idea that James lost his crown through tyranny. He lost it rather because he would not sanction it: and would not surrender a large portion of his subjects to the vile machinations of that wicked oligarchy which had already sacrificed so much innocent blood to rivet their yoke upon the people, and were ready to commit any crime in order to preserve it.

It is to the last degree unfair to James to judge of his acts without regarding the circumstances in which he was placed, and the antecedents of his reign. He knew, as we have shown, that the same sinister policy which had brought about the rebellion, was pursued by most of those around him, and that there was scarcely a peer or commoner who was not engaged against him. The Monmouth insurrection was incited by the same party as had concocted the Ryehouse plot, and Mrs. Lisle, like Sydney, boasted of her adherence to "the good old cause," of Rebellion. As the trial of this lady, the widow of a regicide, and the harbourer of traitors taken in arms, has been made the main topic of accusation against Jeffreys and James, and is, we believe, the principal, if not the only instance relied on in support of the bill of indictment framed against the king, it is well to notice in passing, that she received men fresh from the field, and flying in arms from the forces of their sovereign; and that the facts were so flagrant, that all she could allege as any pretence of a plea was, that the traitors had not been themselves tried at the time she was arraigned; (a legal quibble, since they were fugitives from a field of battle, in which they had been fighting against their sovereign,) and the only other excuse that could be alleged for reversing her attainder after the Revolution was, that the verdict had been extorted by the menaces and violences and other illegal practices of the Judge; a pretence as false as the other was frivolous; for all that Jeffreys said to the jury when they asked, in the face of flagrant facts whether there was any evidence, was, that he was surprised at the question, that they indeed were judges of the evidence, but for his own part he thought the proof as plain as it could be, which it certainly was; and he would have betrayed his duty had he given any other answer than he did give. It is the answer continually given at this day. Those who affect to think this "menacing a jury," have never heard the late Chief Justice Jervis, or many other Chief Justices we could name, whose way of dealing with suitors or jurors, has been infinitely stronger than anything which could be fairly imputed to Jeffreys: and who rarely failed to do their best to influence juries in most cases they tried. It is really ridiculous to fasten on the mere manner of a judge, very often the result of a real zeal for justice, as any ground for serious imputation. With

regard to the conduct of Jeffreys on his "Bloody Assize," as it is called, in order to cast odium on him and James. It is unreasonable to throw on the Judge, who only tries prisoners arraigned before him, and passes the sentences imposed by law, an odium arising from the severities inflicted; and it is peculiarly inconsistent in the admirers of the Revolution, whose main charge against James is the dispensing with penal laws. With respect to imputations on the personal manner of Jeffreys, they are less important, as strictly personal to himself, and the only answer worth giving is that given by the candour of Lingard, that no reliance can be placed on the statement of those whose hatred he had earned,* and who qualified their revenge by heaping disgrace on his character. This is an observation of the utmost importance, and applies to James as well as to Jeffreys. It is indeed as regards the king that it is chiefly important. James was a dethroned king; and all the accounts we had of him prior to Dr. Lingard, were those of adherents to the Revolution. For the first century after that event, all the historical writers of this country, as is usually the case after a Revolution, did their best to blacken his character, and defame his memory. How mendacious they were may appear from a single specimen out of Burnet, in regard to the very case of Mrs. Lisle: he says that she was twice acquitted, and tried a third time; the former two trials being pure inventions of his own.

The truth is, as regards the Monmouth insurrection the ordinary course of law was followed, and there is no pretence for casting blame either on Jeffreys or James; while as regards James, he rejected no application for mercy which can be shown to have reached him, and he cordially acceded to some that did reach him. The Earl of Mulgrave afterwards declared that James never forgave Jeffreys for executing so many in the west, contrary to his express orders; but while this exonerates James, it can hardly be received as any credible evidence against Jeffreys, and is not easily reconcilable with the known course of law, which is for a judge to pass sentence, and leave the

* The words of Lingard are "deservedly earned by his cruelty;" we have shown that Jeffreys could not have acted otherwise than as he did, but any how, of his own acts *he* must bear the blame.

sentence to be executed, unless arrested by the hand of mercy upon an appeal to the royal clemency. And it must not be forgotten that this was not a case of constructive treason, but of actual leveying war against the sovereign, and of an insurrection with the declared purpose of dethroning the sovereign. We venture to say that no instance can be found, either in the reigns of James' predecessors or *successors*, of similar insurrections dealt with in any other way, as regards the judicial part of the transaction, nor so mercifully as regards the *royal* share in it. It is to be recollected that the habeas corpus act, passed in the reign of Charles, chiefly by the exertions of the infamous Shaftesbury, and with a view of bettering traitors like himself, so abridged the power of the crown to retain suspected persons in custody, as to render it the more difficult to show mercy to any who were taken in actual treason.

The only matter in which an accusation against James of attempting to interfere with legal rights can with any colour of pretence be relied upon, is that of Magdalen College. It is to be observed, however, as to that, that the Mastership was in the gift of the Crown, and that the king's first nominee was a Protestant. Next, let it be remarked, that the Fellows refusing him, wrote a letter to the king, requesting him to name another person, or allow another election, and this letter was intercepted treacherously by Sunderland, who after keeping it four days, returned for answer that the royal will must be obeyed, so that if the king was afterwards in the wrong, it was not his fault, but Sunderland's. But we doubt if the *College* were not in the wrong, in proceeding at once to a free election, and this was the opinion of the ecclesiastical commission. The Bishop of Winchester, however, admitted the Fellow chosen by the College, and the College afterwards refused the second nominee of the king, an unexceptional person, Dr. Parker. All that can be said is, that the proper authority in such matters, the ecclesiastical commission, decided in favour of the king. But now observe, the Bishop of Winchester was one of the five Protestant prelates who *published* their pretended "petition" to the king, on the subject of his declaration of indulgence to conscience. And as this is the great event relied upon by the admirers of the Revolution, let us look a little at it. The "petition" denounced the "declaration" as founded

on the dispensing power, which had been declared illegal by parliament. Now, in the first place, the declaration was similar to that issued by Charles. Next, it only declared the king's intention to suspend the execution of penal laws so as to relieve the subject from penalties for religion, and it only stated the king's *intention to secure* freedom of conscience, so that merit, and not oaths, should be the qualification for office. This might be by act of parliament, by which means Charles had in fact attempted to secure it. So that it is not true that the declaration was founded on the "dispensing power" in any other sense than as a temporary dispensation of penal laws and penalties for religion, contrary to Christianity and the common law, and pending the consideration of the subject by the legislature. A very different thing from a broad claim of right to dispense with all laws; with which even Dr. Lingard seems to have confounded it; for when he had stated that it was received with exultation by the Dissenters, he adds, that "they did not consider its legality, nor whether the prince, who thus suspended at his pleasure the execution of one description of laws, might not on subsequent occasions with equal right set aside the execution of others." It might be answered that there *would* be an "equal right" when there was *equal reason*, and that this could only be when the laws dispensed were contrary to the ancient constitution, the old religion, and the common law of the realm, contrary to Christianity, repugnant to natural justice, (which is prior to all law,) at variance with the conscience of the prince called upon to execute the law, and destructive of the rights and liberties of the free subjects of the realm. Nor was this all, for the law to be dispensed with was to be brought under the consideration of parliament, and had repeatedly been so, and the dispensation might fairly be considered temporary. Added to this, the judges had declared that the power existed, and it had undoubtedly been exercised by the king's predecessors. Even this is not all; for no lawyer ever pretended to doubt, not even (as we shall see) at or after the Revolution, that the power existed, and could be exercised in extraordinary cases, and for the safety and welfare of the realm. And who can really question that this case came within such a limitation? The laws in question had been only forced upon the nation by revolutions of the constitution, and partly as the result, and partly as the means of

Rebellion, and a profound constitutional lawyer might well dispute their having any legal force at all; but at all events, the judges having decided in favour of the king, it is monstrous to consider his conduct as unconstitutional.

But further, the petition of the bishops not only gratuitously meddled with this difficult question, but unconstitutionally represented it as determined against the crown, for they said that the "dispensing power had been declared illegal by parliament," which, if true, was immaterial, since it is not the province of the legislature to determine legal question, and the constitutional tribunal, the judges, had determined the question in favour of the *crown*.

The pretended "petition" was seditious and incendiary in its object, and this is proved by the fact that it was *printed and published* simultaneously with its presentation to the king. It was not a case of the exercise of the constitutional right of petition. It was an appeal to the passions of the people on a question of constitutional law, already determined by the constitutional tribunal. It was raising the no-popery cry against the crown, and the "petition" was only a pretence for sedition. The pretended "petition" was mischievous and insidious; its presentation was only for the purpose of *publication*, and practically the Protestant prelacy were seeking to take advantage of the occasion to arouse popular feeling against the sovereign, whom they had solemnly sworn to obey, and were secretly plotting to betray. The whole affair, on their parts, is one of the meanest incidents in history, an odious conspiracy of concealed traitors.

The *acquittal* of the Bishops only proves the lamentable extent to which the loyalty of the people had been corrupted, partly by bigotry, and partly by the base artifices of treason. For a quarter of a century the country had been subject to these sinister influences; how could it be otherwise than but that the national mind should be perverted by prejudice and debauched into disaffection? For years before the king had come to the throne there had been a conspiracy to dethrone him, and he was surrounded by traitors, of whom the prelates were the most detestable. When James asked the question whether the lords and bishops had invited William to come over, Halifax, Nottingham, Pembroke, Burlington, and others, declared, on *their honour*, that they were ignorant of any such invitation, although they had all corresponded with the prince,

and the two first were deeply engaged in his interests; and the prelates made a similar demonstration, although the Bishop of London had subscribed a formal *written* invitation and all were conniving parties to it, so that they shrank from a written denial of it, and sought to evade it under wretched and shuffling pretences. Such were the men who, when William had landed, and the country was under terror of foreign military power, insulted their sovereign, by hypocritically demanding of him "a free Parliament." Well might James reply with emotion, "It is what I desire most passionately, but how can you have a free parliament now that a foreign prince, at the head of a foreign force, has it in his power to return one hundred members?" A "free parliament!" Miserable pretext of triumphant treason and successful treachery! These traitor lords and prelates no more desired a free parliament than did Simon de Montfort when he procured the retainers of the barons to be summoned to assist him under the disguise of "parliament" in overawing his sovereign, or when Pym, and Vane, and Marten made the Long Parliament the means of establishing their own tyranny upon the nation. No, what the English aristocracy had been long struggling for was, the means of governing England at *their will*, in the *name* of a sovereign, and under *pretence* of a parliament.

These were the men who framed the "Bill of Rights," which was the indictment against their betrayed and deposed sovereign, and their apology for their own treachery and treason. It is astonishing that any one should ever have deemed such a document of the least value in moral weight, or in historical credibility. It is literally the apology of traitors for their own treason.

Having by a foreign force treacherously invited over by themselves, driven him from the country, they proceed to draw up an elaborate vindication of their treachery. It is obvious that they had the strongest inducement to exaggerate if not to fabricate charges against their absent sovereign, and that it was their interest to paint him in the blackest colours. Every shade they added to the blackness of his character, was a shade taken from the dark hue of their own black treason. And never was a document drawn up under stronger temptations to calumny. It is in fact a specimen of the most dangerous and insidious species of calumny. It is an accumulation of charges

scattered over some years in space of time ; separately, either so trivial as to have escaped notice, or so general as to be difficult of refutation ; and even where there was any particle of foundation in literal fact, or semblance of law, the case being void of any substantial reality, and looking far more serious on paper than it had ever done in fact, the whole being grouped together with great art and solemnity of tone, so as to impose upon the people, who probably knew or understood very little about it, but naturally thought, seeing such a formal and formidable document put forward by parliament, that there must be *something* in it. But really when dissected, and dispassionately investigated, there is *nothing* in it. For the most part there is an array of charges really *ludicrously* trivial, when considered as excuses for deposing a sovereign, and as hypocritical as the pretence of his *abdication* ! an expulsion by a foreign force, which entered his capital, and seized his palace, and would have seized upon his person had he not provided for its safety in the only way in which a betrayed and deserted sovereign could secure it—by flight. This, so far from being an excuse for the treason, *was* the treason. To force a rightful sovereign, by terror of a foreign force, to fly from his capital to protect his person, *is* treason. And we repeat, the Bill of Rights was the apology for it, and should be regarded as such. Let us look at it clause by clause.

It recited that the king had assumed a power of dispensing with and suspending laws, without consent of parliament, as to which we have already said enough. It was not true that he had claimed this power save under exceptional circumstances, and the judges of the realm had affirmed it. Nay, more, the Bill of Rights did not disaffirm it. It only declared against the power, “ as it had been assumed and exercised of late ; ” a subterfuge, exactly resembling that by which the framers of the articles denounced “ the *Romish* doctrine of indulgence,” &c., leaving it undetermined what such doctrine was.

Next, “ it was alleged that the king had committed and prosecuted certain prelates because they had petitioned to be excused from concurring with the said assumed power,” which was false, because, as we have seen, they were prosecuted for the seditious *publication* of an insidious appeal to popular prejudice against the crown, and in contravention of judicial decision ; an attempt, in fact to raise the

fatal "no-popery" cry. Moreover, the bishops had been *legally* prosecuted and acquitted.

Thirdly, it was alleged that the king had "erected a court of commissioners for ecclesiastical causes." This is a contemptible charge, for James had actually erected the commission to avoid the objections which might have existed to his exercising, being a Catholic, the power of head of the Protestant Church. And he had only imitated his brother, after all.

Fourth, it was alleged that he had raised money for other times and in other manner than had been granted by parliament; a miserable ripping up of a trifling question which had arisen on his accession, about some duties which had legally expired on the death of Charles, and which James had only continued to raise until the meeting of parliament. It may here be mentioned that the power of dispensing with laws on sudden emergencies, or of directing the disregard of laws for extraordinary or temporary reasons, is constantly exercised by the crown, and is always legalized, as a matter of course, by bills of indemnity.

Fifth, the charge was, that the king had kept up a standing army in time of peace without the consent of parliament. We have already alluded to this as rendered necessary by the Monmouth rebellion, the spirit of insubordination, and the restraint imposed on the crown by the Habeas Corpus Act. But the hypocrisy of this charge can be better appreciated when it is reflected, that the men who framed it became the Ministers of William, who, all through his reign, kept up a standing army composed chiefly of *foreign* forces, in defiance of the repeated remonstrances of parliament; and that, at the revolution, the standing army was made perpetual.

Sixth, the king was charged with violating the freedom of elections:—of which there is not any proof to be found in the history of the reign; and even if there were, what a wretched reason was this for deposing a sovereign; and considering the system of corruption which was established at the Revolution, what a nauseous hypocrisy there was in the charge!

The authors of the revolution were really men ready to aid and abet any tyranny which would suit their own purposes: and allow them pleasure and power: and cared nothing either for religion or liberty. That the real char-

acter of the revolution was the conspiracy of an oligarchy for the establishment of their own power through a change of government, to be carried by means of a no-popery cry, is proved by Mr. Fox, while doing his utmost to prove the reverse. He laboured to make out that the object of the king was *not* the establishment of popery, but of arbitrary power; and he says, "that this was his design, is evident from the zeal with which he was served in it by ministers who were never suspected of any leaning towards popery, and not one of whom (except the traitor Sunderland) could ever be brought to the measures that were afterwards taken in favour of that religion." That is to say, the very ministers of James who, if not actually implicated in, were afterwards concerned in the conspiracy to dethrone him under pretence of zeal for liberty—were ready to abet him in any extent of tyranny, so that they might persecute popery. "The only views in which the king's views (says Mr. Fox) were in any degree thwarted, was the reversal of Lord Stafford's attainder, which was lost in the commons:" "a strong proof," he adds, "that the popish plot was still the subject upon which the opposers of the court had most credit with the public." The only way of accounting for this, he goes on to say, is, "that the Church party had *such an antipathy to popery*, as indeed to every sect whose tenets differed from their own, that *they deemed everything lawful against its professors*." Mr. Fox further states, that in the bill imposing new penalties on such as should attempt to bring the king or his government into hatred or contempt, there was a special proviso in *favour of maintaining the Church of England against popery*: a most significant exception, under which it was to be lawful to bring the king and his government into contempt and hatred, for the purpose of maintaining the Church of England against popery. The bishops afterwards took advantage of this, and published a seditious libel tending to bring the king and his government into hatred and contempt under pretence of "maintaining the Church of England." The temper and spirit of the upper classes, and particularly of the legislature, is shown in many ways. Thus even in a bill for "tonnage and poundage,"—the commons introduced a complaint about "security for their religion," which meant leave to persecute the professors of *any other* religion; for no "security" was wanted for the free exercise of theirs.

By security for their religion, it is clear they meant its *domination*. In a word, by religious liberty, they meant religious tyranny. "Thus," says Mr. Fox, "as long as James contented himself with absolute power in civil matters, and did not make use of his authority against the Church, everything went smooth and easy." "The truth is, that the king, in asserting his unlimited powers, rather fell in with the humour of the prevailing party than offered any violence to it. Absolute power in civil matters, formed a most essential part of the Tory creed." We protest that James did *not* "make use of his authority against the Established Church" otherwise than by trying to cripple its power of persecution; and that he did not assert unlimited power, but only claimed prerogatives the law allowed.

But at all events, these extracts from Mr. Fox suffice to show, that dislike of arbitrary power was not the real cause of the persecution: but a dread of the spread of Catholicism. It was not zeal for religion, but lust of persecution; not love of liberty, but hatred of popery, which inspired the leaders in the revolution; what they called "arbitrary power" in the crown, was simply a resistance to *their* arbitrary power. Not any tyranny of his, but theirs, was the real ground of contention.

They found that under a Catholic sovereign the Catholic religion would have, in some degree, fair play; and they foresaw that the result would be the restoration of England to Catholic unity. To understand their deadly hatred to the Church, we must never forget their "grievous and sanguinary prosecution" of the horrible "plot:" nor ever fail to remember that the same men who forged that abominable plot, were concerned in the conspiracy of the revolution. The same men worked for the same end. They knew the Catholic church was a bulwark against their corrupting and enslaving influences; and that, under a Catholic king, the church would have so far fair play as to be able to dissipate the delusions of heresy; and hence, the same spirit which had prompted the long struggle for the exclusion of James, now led to the conspiracy for his deposition; and the same deadly enmity to the Catholic church which had projected the accursed plot, now dethroned and proscribed a Catholic king.

There is a clause in the Bill of Rights which declares

that the subjects are absolved from their allegiance, and that the crown shall pass to the next heir if the possessor of it shall *hold communion* with the Church of Rome, or marry a Papist. This marks the *animus* of the revolutionary leaders. It is, indeed, absurd and impracticable. It seem (says Mr. Ward) a distinct description; yet what is "communion with the Church of Rome? and who is the proper judge? and what is the jurisdiction that is to take cognizance of and decide when the case has happened? If this be not pointed out, the clause is nugatory: *though it may give rise to bitter commotions.*" "Suppose" (says Mr. Ward) "that the Sovereign does not disclose or confess his communion with the Church of Rome." And it may be recollected that, not long ago, a Mr. Perceval, son of the late minister of that name, publicly, in the papers, boasted, that if the sovereign should become papist, she would forfeit the throne. One hardly knows which most to appreciate in such an ebullition of bigotry; the decency, the loyalty, or the charity. But it is plain that the direct result of such a bigotted piece of proscription is great peril of hypocrisy, and a detestable tyranny upon conscience.

Again, as to marriage with a Roman Catholic, it is a curious circumstance that, as George IV. had undoubtedly married a Catholic, Mrs. Fitzherbert, he had, according to the bill of rights, *forfeited the throne*. And such a case may easily occur again. What disputes it might occasion as to the succession! Again, Mr. Ward says, "suppose the sovereign marry a concealed papist, whom he may have thought a Protestant when he married her, or who may have changed her religion after marriage? Would that forfeit the crown? Or if it would, can *any body that pleases* say the case has happened? and may every subject feel absolved from his allegiance and take a vow to enforce the bill of rights without a *solemn adjudication, somewhere, of the fact?*" Then he proceeds to press most troublesome practical questions as to the jurisdiction. If it is in parliament, must there not be a trial of the fact? "Must there not be two trials—one in the Lords and one in the Commons? And *may they not pronounce differently?* At any rate, must not the sovereign be allowed to defend himself? May he not be wrongfully accused? and thus the government is interrupted until the whole ends in *civil war.*" Such the absurdity of those boasted

securities which bigotry boasts it has provided for the Protestantism of the sovereign of these realms! Absurd however, and impracticable as they are, they show the real object of the revolution; which was the exclusion of all Catholic sovereigns from the throne of these realms; for no other reason than that a Catholic sovereign would not submit to the persecution and proscription of the Catholic church. This had been one of the earliest causes of quarrel even with the first Charles. It was the great subject of contention all through his son's long reign, which was one long struggle for the exclusion of a Catholic sovereign or his successor. The conspiracy for the purpose was concocted fourteen years before he ascended the throne. How idle it is to overlook these antecedents, and affect to find the causes for his deposition in the events of his own short reign. The treason was designed many years before his accession, and by the men who had for twenty years sought to exclude him from the throne because he was known to be a papist, and had conspired to dethrone his predecessor because he was *suspected* to be one. The real truth is, that James lost his throne because he was a Catholic, and hence, the clause in the bill of rights excluding any Catholic sovereign from the throne of England.

But then, the Bill of Rights went on thus, "that besides these, the personal acts of the late king," (and for which alone, we should think he could be responsible; so that these are all the reasons, wretched as they are, which his enemies could give for his deposition) "partial, corrupt, and unqualified persons had been of late years," (James had scarcely reigned *four*) "returned on juries," (as if any one could help the jurors being partial! and above all, as if the *King* could help it! and as to the unqualified persons, the next article explains it) "and jurors, not freeholders, had been admitted to serve on trials of persons for high treason," that is, for example, leaseholders or copyholders, perhaps more wealthy men; for the jurors need only have had freeholds of forty shilling a year! Was there ever such a puerile charge even against a *beadle*? How contemptible as a reason for deposing a king! "And excessive fines had been imposed." As to this, the chief instance that was alluded to, was, that of Hampden, a *country gentleman of property*, convicted clearly of treason; he had been concerned in the Rye-house Plot,

and had conspired against James, so that his life was twice forfeited, and his sentence was mercifully commuted to a fine of £30,000. Surely to a man of large landed estate no excessive unreasonable commutation for an ignominious execution! But what shall we say of the hypocrisy of those who framed this article against James, when we remind the reader that Danby, in the reign of Charles, when he fell under the ban of the very no-popery faction who were now triumphant, and who trumped up this charge against James of "excessive fines," had inflicted upon him a fine of £30,000, for no other offence than making a treaty they had not liked! And what shall we say of the ignorance or insincerity of those who repeat these ridiculous charges against James, in an age in which we have seen verdicts for £30,000 against noblemen or gentlemen, as compensation for a mere private injury?

Well, these were the charges against James, and these were all the excuses that could be urged for his deposition,—excuses more wretched surely never could have been invented; and it is impossible for any candid man to avoid feeling, that the real reason for his deposition was, that he was a *Catholic* king, and too honest for a corrupt and degraded aristocracy, who found that they could not have their own way with him, and desired and had resolved to supplant him and substitute a foreign prince, whom they hoped to make more servile and supple to their will. The real pith of "the bill of rights" is the resolution at the end; "that William and Mary, prince and princess of Orange, be, and be declared king and queen of England and Ireland." "Be and be declared;" a miserable sophistical form of expression designed to disguise that which was in substance an *election*. But the disguise is too shallow, and the Revolution was really, not merely the substitution of a dynasty, but the subversion of a constitution and the triumph of an oligarchy. The struggle was as it had been all along—under the Plantagenets or the Stuarts it was the same—whether the king should not merely reign but govern, or whether the aristocracy should govern in the name of the king:—he "reigning," but only ruling under the control of ministers responsible not to him, but to a parliament composed of the creatures of the aristocracy. This was the real question all along—it was now determined, and the result was the triumph of oligarchy.

Halifax and Danby, Nottingham and Shrewsbury, in
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fact the whole band of aristocratic conspirators, now grasped power, and their whole study was how to hold it and to wield it; Danby, now created Marquis of Carmarthen, realized the reward of all his foreseeing machinations, and his old enemy, Montague, now Earl of Halifax, reaped the fruit of his prudent reconciliation. Fourteen years ago Danby had provided for the present conjuncture by his traitorous correspondence with William; ten years ago Halifax had been reconciled with him in order to enter into the same conspiracy, and now they were both in office together. Ere long, Halifax was disposed of by a threat of impeachment. Next, Carmarthen was menaced by the same fatal weapon of the tyranny of an oligarchy. And thus one oligarchical faction after another usurped power; their sole aim was to supplant each other, and so disgusted was the new sovereign with their sordid intrigues and selfish machinations that he repeatedly threatened to resign his crown and to retire to Holland. Their sole concern was either the acquisition of power, or if they attended to anything else, it was only to revenge themselves, as far as they could for the legal penalties of treason suffered in the previous reigns, or to rescue their infamous accomplices from the just punishments to which they had been sentenced. Thus Titus Oates was released and pensioned. Thus also, the attainder of Sydney and Russell were on the most frivolous pretences, reversed: and the pretended sticklers for liberty and conscience, strove to wreak their rancour on Jeffreys, even in his grave, by seeking to confiscate his estates, in the hands of his peers! Wright, the other Chief Justice, was arraigned along with other judges, for having acted in due course of law: and thus the independence of the Bench was directly assailed, and the judges overawed. A more striking instance of this was the case of the Duke of Devonshire, who had been fined by the Court of Queen's Bench £30,000 for assaulting an officer in the king's Presence Chamber. The sentence was reversed, merely on the ground that the fine was excessive, and that the duke was a peer of parliament! As to the fine, the amount of a fine must of course depend upon the fortune of the offender, and the nature of the offence. There could not be a wealthier peer, and there could not be, short of treason or felony, a heavier offence, which, at common law, was punishable by striking off the hand. As to the pretence of privilege of parliament,

assuming it to have been valid, it was for parliament to have enforced it *at the time*, and it is more than questionable whether privilege of parliament extended to such an offence against the personal dignity of the sovereign; but, assuming that it did, and that the judgment of the court in overruling the plea was erroneous, it ought to have been *reversed in error*. Therefore, in all those cases in which the Whig oligarchy showed any concern as to the acts of the preceding reign, their interposition was in violation of those very legal or constitutional rights which they pretended to advocate. The reversals of these judgments were monstrous violations of law.

Meanwhile, contrast their sensitiveness as to anything that concerned themselves with their insensibility and indifference to all that concerned the people. In the very matter on which the Government of James had been most assailed, his successor was allowed to act as he pleased. For example, William not only refused (as long as it was convenient to his policy) to enforce the penal laws against the "papists," but when he passed his Toleration act,—although they were not included in it, they enjoyed the benefit of it. In other words, the Protestant king was permitted to begin his reign by dispensing as he pleased with penal laws, the dispensation with which had been the main article of accusation against his predecessor! In the next place William was allowed to erect an ecclesiastical commission, the creation of which had been another article of impeachment against James. In the third place he retained a standing army all through his reign, in a great degree composed of foreigners, in disregard of repeated remonstrances from parliament,—remonstrances made only for the sake of consistency, and not earnestly persisted in except as regards *foreign* troops, a mere concession to national prejudice. And we need hardly remind our readers of the vast increase of taxation, and the rise of a national debt, caused by William's Continental wars, and of that system of parliamentary corruption which began now to be organized.

But, to come to matters more serious: where, in the whole reign of James could anything be found to compare with that dreadful deed of horror, the Massacre of Glencoe? or the *torture* of prisoners in Scotland? or the numerous atrocious legal murders in England? Take the case of the sailors seized on board vessels bearing commissions

from Louis and James. Even the king's advocate declared that it was monstrous to call them either traitors or pirates. A more obsequious advocate was substituted, and the unfortunate men were convicted and executed! Take again the case of Ashton, who was found to have in his possession two letters *supposed* to be written to James II., under a fictitious name, and amounting only to an invitation to him to come over and recover his kingdom. The warrant for Ashton's seizure was issued by *Caermarthen*, that very minister who, when Earl of Danby, and the sworn servant of James's brother, had secretly corresponded with William, with a view to his seizure of the crown! The mere possession of the letters by Ashton was made the ground of an indictment for "compassing the death" of William! and the whole proof rested on the similitude of *hands*, which, until the late act was *not legal evidence* at all. The Whigs reversed Sydney's attainder on the ground that the whole proof was possession of letters, and yet Ashton, in defiance of the law of treason, (which required two witnesses to every fact,) was placed on his trial. Smollett says that "he was *brow-beaten by the judge*, and convicted by the jury, merely because he had the papers in his custody, and he suffered as a traitor." So, exactly half a century ago a priest, was convicted and executed at Maidstone as a traitor, merely for having a treasonable letter in the pocket of his coat, where it might have been, and probably was, placed by a government spy. Smollett states that the nonjurors openly affirmed that "Ashton's real offence was having among his baggage an amount of such evidence as would be convincing to all the world concerning the birth of the Prince of Wales, who had been represented by James's enemies as suppositious."

But, says Smollett, "no circumstance reflected more disgrace on this reign than the fate of Anderton, the supposed printer of some tracts against the government. He was brought to trial for high treason, and made a vigorous defence, in spite of the insults and discouragements he sustained from a partial bench. As nothing but presumptions appeared against him, the jury scrupled to bring in a verdict that would affect his life, until they were reviled and reprimanded by Judge Treby, then they found him guilty. In vain recourse was had to the queen's mercy: he suffered death at Tyburn." This was under

the ministry of the men who had conspired to depose a Catholic king, under the pretence that he exercised arbitrary power, and had reversed judgments upon the pretext that the verdicts of juries had been obtained by menaces of the judges!

But these, so far from being the worst, were the least of the horrors and atrocities perpetrated under the Whig aristocracy. Look at the case of the Catholic Gentlemen of Lancashire, whom it was attempted to entrap by "the testimony" (says Smollett) "of infamous emissaries who received but too much countenance from the government. Blank warrants were issued and filled up occasionally with such names as the informers suggested." "These were delivered to Aaron Smith, solicitor to the treasury, who, with messengers accompanied by the informers, and a party of Dutch guards, broke open houses, seized papers, and apprehended persons at their pleasure, and committed many acts of violence and oppression. Some persons were taken and imprisoned; but as this prosecution seemed calculated (continues Smollett) "to revive the horrors of a state conspiracy, and the witnesses were persons of abandoned characters; the friends of those who were persecuted found no great difficulty in rendering the scheme odious to the nation." We defy the assailants of James to find, in his whole reign anything so atrocious as this! Surely it must, under the circumstances of William's accession to the throne, have been indecent and revolting to hang men for mere correspondence with their hereditary sovereign! Hence the ministers sought to procure witnesses to a plot for assassination; and not simply to sustain the legal charge of treason. And the complexion and character of the case on *that* view remarkably remind one of the Titus Oates Plot, and the Gunpowder Plot, and its pretended discovery by its real author, Cecil. On a certain day one Fisher informs the Earl of Portland of the scheme, and named some of the conspirators; but his account was imperfect. Soon after, however, (we quote the very words of Smollett—we prefer the version of a Protestant) he returned with a circumstantial detail of all the particulars. Could anything be more suspicious? If his testimony were *genuine*, as he at first affected to know the conspirators, he must have been in a position to disclose all, had he pleased; and the government had the power of detaining him if they had pleased. But he was released and sent away; was it

to resume the office of an informer or the work of a fabricator? In all probability he helped to construct the story of a conspiracy he affected to betray. And it is impossible to resist the suspicion of collusion between him and the government. Any how, it was on the testimony of such miscreants, so suspiciously obtained, that gentlemen of character were arrested and judicially assassinated. Again we say that we defy any admirer of the Revolution to find, in the whole history of James's reign, any instance of atrocity such as this; the only parallel to which is to be found in the Protestant Plot of Titus Oates. And it was only part of a system; for it appeared from a pamphlet published that there were a great number of flagrant instances in which the court had countenanced the vilest corruption, perfidy, and oppression. The historian adds, that when the prisoners were brought to trial the populace would have put the witnesses to death had they not been prevented by the friends of the accused. Now mark, the House of Commons under the influence of oligarchy, formally approved of this infamous plot, and passed resolutions of approbation. Yet when the accused prosecuted the witnesses for perjury, they were convicted. So that no reasonable man could have doubted that there had been a foul plot to take away innocent lives. There is much reason to suspect that the cases of Sir John Friend and Sir John Fenwick were instances of the same kind; because, though no doubt there had been correspondence with James about his restoration, there was no credible evidence of a conspiracy for William's assassination, which was made the gravamen of the charge against those unfortunate gentlemen and their associates, for the obvious reason that in the absence of such a conspiracy it would, as already observed, have been indecent to convict men of treason for corresponding with their rightful hereditary sovereign. Thus Fenwick and Friend were condemned and executed for a plot of assassination; in the absence of any credible evidence, and in the face of a vast amount of evidence in their defence. "Friend owned that he had been with some of the conspirators, (or the men who combined to restore James), but he heard nothing of raising men or any design against the government. He urged also that a consultation to levy war was not treason, and that if it was, his being at a treasonable consult could amount to no more than suspicion of treason. Chief Jus-

tice Holt, however ruled that if the conspiracy were to depose the king, the conspiracy was treason, although no war was actually levied." Here we quote Smollett again, who adds, with quiet sarcasm, "The same inference might have been drawn against the authors and instruments of the revolution." The judge's explanation, however, influenced the jury, who, after some deliberation, found the prisoner guilty." "Next day (continues Smollett) Sir W. Perkins was brought to the bar, and upon the testimony of his own groom, (doubtlessly bribed to betray, or rather to murder his master), and of a notorious informer, was convicted, of having been concerned, not only in the invasion, but also in the design against the king's life." "The evidence," says the historian, "was scanty, but the judge acted as counsel for the crown, and the jury decided by the hints they received from the bench. He and Sir John Friend underwent the sentence of death, and suffered at Tyburn, both of them declaring with their dying breath that they knew nothing of any plot of assassination of which there was no credible evidence, while the previous character of the unfortunate gentlemen was utterly against it. A host of inferior persons suffered the same fate; all of them protesting their innocence, and one of them leaving a paper which the Government durst not venture to permit to be published, and carefully suppressed. At the trial of one of the accused persons, a witness swore that the prisoner was present at a certain consultation at a tavern, of which the landlord and two waiters swore positively that he was *not* present. "And yet," we again cite Smollett, "the Solicitor General, Hawles, and the Chief Justice, Treby, treated him with great severity in the prosecution and charge to the jury, by whom he was capitally convicted." But so monstrous was the verdict, that the Government did not venture to execute the sentence. And Smollett says, "that in prosecuting the conspirators the court had encouraged informers, that the judges had strained the law, wrested circumstances, and even deviated from their functions, to convict the prisoners; in a word, that the administration had used the same arbitrary and unfair practices against these unhappy people, which they themselves had in the late reigns numbered among the grievances of the people."

The case of Sir John Fenwick was even worse. He

was one of the rare instances of loyalty and fidelity in that age of treachery, and had honourably refused to connive at the base conspiracy to betray his lawful sovereign. For this he was marked as a victim. His lady had induced one of the two witnesses required in cases of treason to abscond, and the House of Commons, rather than the oligarchy should be robbed of their prey, resorted to the usual refuge of aristocratical tyranny, a bill of attainder. Nor was this all, for even this they carried by a base trick; having suddenly entrapped the prisoner into making his defence at their bar at a moment when he was unprepared. They pursued him with a singular rancour, because he had it in his power to convict several of the leaders of the oligarchy, Shrewsbury, Godolphin, and others, of having carried on a secret correspondence with James. They scrupled not in the pursuit of their object to violate the rules of law, not less than the dictates of dignity or decency. They convicted him in defiance of the plainest principles of evidence. They admitted as evidence against him, the deposition of an absent witness, the very one who in a former trial (already alluded to) had been clearly convicted of perjury on the testimony of three persons; and although the illustrious lawyers, Sir J. Power and Sir Bartholomew Shower, declared that a deposition taken when the party affected was not present could not be admitted in a case of five shillings value; and even such staunch adherents of the Revolution as Sir E. Seymour and Sir R. Temple protested against it. Nor was this all. The conviction of another party was given in evidence against the prisoner! an outrage upon the very idea of a trial and making it a mere mockery. In this way the bill of attainder was carried; the adherents of the Government declaring that the House could act both as judges and as jurors; and were bound by no rules of law at all. Most truly, though vainly, was it urged that this was clearly contrary to justice, and that it was a strange trial, in which the person accused had a chance to be hanged although none to be saved, (as the failure of the bill would have been no acquittal), and that no one ever heard of jurymen who were not upon oath, nor of judges who had no power to examine witnesses upon oath! To which it may be added, that the House of Commons actually received the *unsworn* evidence of a witness, whose *sworn* evidence in a former case had been proved to be false!

With such monstrous violations of all law, justice, and humanity, the oligarchy pursued their victim to the scaffold. Well might Smollett say that, "the Whigs glutted their vengeance with the sacrifice of Fenwick;" and who can be surprised that the Jacobites deemed William's death by a fall from a horse which had belonged to Sir John, a retribution of Divine Providence for his judicial murder; or that they should have long afterwards toasted at their festive parties as "the little gentleman in velvet," the mole who had raised the little hillock on which the horse stumbled.

Amidst all these atrocities the oligarchy had risen in rank, and thriven in wealth. Caernarthen was made Duke of Leeds; the house of Herbert gained a peerage, and many of the families now foremost in the aristocracy acquired their present titles. Thus it was, for example, with the Marquisate of Normanby and the Dukedoms of Bedford and of Devonshire. At the same time the aristocracy were so remarkable for corruption as to show that their ambition was of the most vulgar kind. Thus the Duke of Leeds, who, as Lord Danby was so sound a Protestant, and such a constant opponent of Popery, was convicted of the most disgraceful peculation, which however was so common, extending even to the speaker of the House of Commons, that the discovery does not seem to have destroyed his character, and he recovered his position before the end of the reign of William and retained it during the greater part of his successor's. At the close of William's reign, Smollett describes him as one of the most popular leaders of his party; and as going into opposition with others of the like faction because not attended to in the last ministerial arrangements. These arrangements were all that the oligarchy cared about.

Smollett thus truly sums up the character of William's reign—"He procured a parliamentary sanction for a standing army; which now seems to be interwoven with our constitution. He scrupled not to employ all the engines of corruption by which the morals of the nation were totally debauched. He introduced the pernicious practice of borrowing upon remote funds, and entailed upon the nation a growing debt and a system of politics fraught with misery, despair, and destruction." How far this description is correct, we have given our readers some means of judging.

Under Anne we find the same oligarchical sway, the same spirit of selfish faction, and the same thirst for rank and wealth. More modern titles come into the peerage, such as Granville and Gower, the latter the ancestor of the House of Stafford, represented by the Duke of Sutherland. And more disclosures of official corruption occur. Thus, Danby's old enemy, Montague, earl of Halifax, is accused of breach of trust, as auditor of the exchequer. The names of Churchill, (Marlborough,) Nottingham, Godolphin, and others prominent in the reign of James are still as prominent in that of Anne. It is still the rule of the revolutionary oligarchy. But the Duke of Leeds seems to have outlived them all. We have drawn attention to the case of Danby partly because it embraces the whole history of the Revolution from its earliest machinations to its latest consummation. And certainly his was a most remarkable career, and is without parallel in political history. Born in the reign of Charles I. he lived almost to the reign of George I. He had lived under the Commonwealth and under five sovereigns. He could recollect the Rebellion, the Restoration, and the Revolution. His long life was a link between the age of Hampden and the age of Halifax. It embraced the ascendancy of Cromwell, and the rising influence of Walpole. He had been the earliest intriguer for the Revolution, which was the triumph of an oligarchy, and he died just as Walpole was prepared to consolidate it by nearly half a century of supremacy, and fix its system in the constitution. A system of chicanery, of corruption, and of tyranny, under which people and prince were alike enslaved to the will of the aristocracy. The career of Danby embraces the history of this conspiracy of an oligarchy, and his character illustrates its policy—crafty, unscrupulous and treacherous.

The hypocrisy and iniquity of the actors in the Revolution are so gross and glaring that it seems incredible how the rule could have been endured at all; and the mystery is only explained by the two great facts equally patent—the national immorality, and a standing army. The Bishop of Worcester, who had helped to frame the “Bill of Rights,” charging his sovereign with interference at elections, was himself convicted of the most flagrant interference in a county election. Compton, Bishop of London, who had signed the invitation to William, was wont to

declaim in the reign of Anne, when the Tories were getting the ascendant) against the doctrine of *resistance*. And all the great revolutionary leaders concurred in condemning Sacheverel for preaching that passive obedience had been violated at the Revolution. Halifax, not long after he was convicted of peculation in his office, and who had been one of those who brought over William to protect the Protestant Church, now declared that the Church of England had no more been in peril under James than under Charles. Above all, the Duke of Leeds, the man who had been convicted of the grossest corruption, was heard, at the close of his career, supporting a bill brought in by Bolingbroke to protect the Church of England, by preventing occasional conformity. Thus, the very men who brought about the revolution under pretence of liberty, were now eager to establish religious tyranny. Already, towards the end of the reign of William, they had passed severe penal laws against the Catholics: and now they desired to pass a law to strain the atrocious principle of the Test Act, to its strictest possible extent of proscription. Even Marlborough and Godolphin, supported the measure, which formed the main topic of party controversy, during the reign of Anne. Merely for party purposes, on either side, was the question mooted. Its effect would be to cripple the power of the Whigs, whose strength lay in the corporations where their chief supporters were dissenters. The effect of the bill it was hoped, would be to disfranchise the dissenters, and thus, for the sake of faction, fresh shackles were to be imposed on conscience; and new fetters forged in the name of religion, and all by the leaders of the revolution, and the pretended champions of freedom! Not much more did it add to the infamy of their hypocrisy, that it was coupled with barefaced practical apostasy, and Godolphin became a Tory, or Danby a Whig, just as it suited the party purposes of the day. So that truly, it is absurd to suppose that these men had any other motive, except personal ambition and political power. "The History of England," says Smollett, "was disgraced by the violent conduct of two turbulent factions which, in their turn, engrossed the administrative and legislative powers." He adds, that "one can hardly conceive how resolutions so widely different, could be taken on the same subject with any shadow of reason and decorum." It was the old

struggle for power ; the struggle of an aristocracy to substitute their tyranny for that of the crown. The contentions of their factions for office, more than once almost drove William in disgust from the throne ; and nearly drove Anne to distraction. In fact, there can be no doubt they shortened her life. And with her life, and the lives of the leading actors in the revolution, few of whom survived her, may be said to close the history of what we maintain was "the conspiracy of an oligarchy." A conspiracy, carried out, by practising on popular bigotry ;—to dethrone a Catholic dynasty, because it was found impossible to subject it to the sway of a corrupt and unscrupulous oligarchy who had destroyed the Church, and now sought to shackle the crown and enslave the people.

ART. III.—*Census of Ireland for the year 1851. Part V. Tables of Deaths, 2 vols. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. Dublin : Alexander Thom and Sons, 1856.*

WE have rarely found a book of so uninviting a title to offer such an amount of attractive matter to the general reader, as is contained in the two volumes of the last Census Report, embodying the statistics of Epidemic Disease in Ireland from the earliest period. The name of Dr. Wilde, attached to the Report, is undoubtedly a guarantee for laborious research, as well as for the conscientious and skilful application of professional learning ; but we confess to some surprise at the interest with which he has been enabled to clothe an accumulation of facts and figures, not in themselves very much more interesting than a table of logarithms or tides. It is true, indeed, that where a subject admits of the graces of style, few men have them more entirely at command than Dr. Wilde, as all who have read "the Boyne and the Blackwater," are ready to testify : yet we did open this book with some degree of repulsion for the expected dryness of the matter, not at all calculating upon the possibility of its being presented in a readable form. It is not, however, to be supposed

that the Report is anywhere deficient in businesslike precision, or that the statistics of the last ten years, about which it is more immediately conversant, have not been properly compiled and tabulated. On the contrary, the returns are as full and as accurate as can be desired; but it is needless to say that our remarks are not intended to apply to the tables, however great may be the importance of these last in a social and economical point of view. What appeared to us most striking and most interesting in Dr. Wilde's valuable labours, is the light they borrow from and reflect upon the ancient history of Ireland. To us, there has always been something repelling in Bardic annals, Runic rhymes, and the pre-authentic periods of tradition generally, when sought to be imposed upon us for more than they are worth, in one word, for positive history. It is not to say with faint interest, but with positive distaste, that we have in our day been obliged to decompose the legendary or heroic age of Greece into pretended history, to fix the period of Jupiter's accession to the throne of Crete, or to find the prototypes of Lethe and Cocytus in existing rivers. On the other hand, we found it infinitely fatiguing to be taught by Niebhur, that Livy's decades were a species of allegory almost throughout, and that his facts were as little genuine as his speeches. We do not, of course, presume to say that speculations of this kind are all unprofitable, or that those who indulge in them do not deserve well of letters. They may occasionally bring out a truth, could we only know it to be such, but on the whole we cannot help regarding their theories as little better than an exercise of ingenuity, not suited to every constitution of mind. This, however, is a matter of taste merely, and although our own might lead us to discountenance the change of fable into history, or of history into fable according to a pre-arranged system, we are not sorry to find obscure passages even of legendary narrative illustrated by light drawn from themselves, and the truth of occurrences previously doubtful rendered tolerably certain, or at least highly probable.

Such, we believe, has been to some extent, the result of Dr. Wilde's investigations. He has looked, it would seem, into every accessible Irish MS. for the slightest mention of disease. He has registered in the volumes before us, each discovery whatever be its worth, and has carried his researches onward from the loose and indistinct notices of

disease in remote antiquity, to the accurate and voluminous learning of the present day. There is, of course, considerable difficulty at the outset, in referring isolated cases of disease not minutely described by the early annalist to known and existing types; but by carefully noticing the accompanying circumstances, such as atmospheric changes, "cosmical phenomena," and anything resembling a cause or a consequence of disease recorded in these old writings; and also by observing the recurrence of those appearances as well as that of the attendant diseases in cycles of more or less regularity; and further, by comparing the periods at which new diseases are first mentioned by Irish writers, with the period when they first appeared elsewhere; Dr. Wilde has been able to stamp with very considerable authenticity, the statements of the earliest and least accurate writers, when they have reference to the subject of disease. In this way it would appear to us, that those who read with suspicion, most of the facts recorded of the pre-Christian, and many of those in the pre-English period of our history, may find reason after a perusal of Dr. Wilde's book, to attach some probability to the statements of the primitive annalists upon whom that gentleman has drawn, even when connected with other subjects than that of his inquiry. People may feel inclined to be sceptical about Con of the hundred fights, or Nialle of the nine hostages. They may not have, or care to have, very distinct ideas about the Firbolgs or Tuatha De Danaans, but when they find an accurate description of small-pox, or typhus, or murrain, accompanied by a weather table of the year 400, there is reason to believe that the chronicler who stated these particulars with so much precision is to a certain extent faithworthy when he writes nothing very incredible about kings or Tanists; and there can be no question at all that his general description of the social and political state of the country is quite as correct as his notice of the diseases prevalent in his day.

The first volume of the Report is divided into eight sections, and of these sections the first extends over some three hundred and thirty-four pages. In the early pages, Dr. Wilde opens the very comprehensive plan of his history of Epidemic Disease in Ireland, which begins with the earliest period noticed by tradition. He distributes the history into three periods, and nothing certainly can be more simple or convenient than the arrangement. The first is the

pre-Christian or legendary period beginning at the year of the world 2820 according to the chronology of the Septuagint, and extending to the second or historic period, which stretches from the coming of St. Patrick to the year 1650, at which date the last or scientific period begins and is of course brought down to our own time. The chronology of the first period is not given by Dr. Wilde as anything very reliable. The annalists by whom it was settled were quite familiar with existing systems of chronology and probably had some means of framing a chronology from the tradition which had preserved the succession of families and kings ; but this must have been approximative at best, and unless it happens to be fixed by some natural phenomenon apparent to the rest of Europe, cannot be looked upon as very certain. The compilers, as we have said, were themselves Christians, and it does not appear that they made their compilation from other than oral tradition. But let the question of dates stand as it may, and whatever we may think of the efforts of the annalists to make events in the pre-Christian history of Ireland synchronize with events elsewhere, there can be no doubt that many genuine facts are recorded by them, as well those bearing on the subject-matter of the inquiry, as those which bear upon matters of general interest. In the historic period the chronology is of course more satisfactory, and the details are more minute. And in the last period, it is needless to say, that every light derivable from human skill, ingenuity and zeal, has been thrown upon the subject and continues to be poured upon it daily. Dr. Wilde, not content with giving a catalogue of the MSS. and other sources of information to which he resorted in the prosecution of his task, has given a short but well digested history of each manuscript or other authority. Thus we have a compendious, and yet full and interesting account of the annals of Tigernach, Clonmacnoise, Innisfallen, the Four Masters, and others, interspersed with quotations which give character to the work described, and set it fairly before us. Of these, Dr. Wilde enumerates and describes as many as thirty-two, all, or nearly all, of which he has laid heavily under contribution, as appears in the tables which form the greater part of the section. These first explanatory pages comprise also what may be called an actual history of medical science in Ireland from the heroic age to our own, and it certainly is matter of pride for those who are happy enough to have

some knowledge of Irish literature, that there should have been translations into Irish of Galen and Hippocrates at a time when the other European languages had reached a very imperfect development.

The following extract will give an idea of the riches transferred to Irish literature by the physicians of early times, accomplished scholars assuredly, even if not more profound in their proper science than their brethren of the same age.

"The oldest medical MS. which we know of in Ireland is that in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, No. 14-5, which was written in the middle of the fourteenth century. The following extract proves the date, and also shows generally the style and materials of these works. This manuscript is on vellum; the writing on the outer front page is now quite illegible; but at folio 24 b. we read:—

"And it is in accordance with these degrees [of heat cold, aridity], humidity, that every herb, and tree, and germ, and seed, and stone is, as we say, in the *Antidar*, which has been drawn from the authority of Avicenna, which was written in the University of Physic [*Fisigeeltha*], in *Mount Pisalan*, [Montpelier], and which has been arranged in alphabetical order from beginning to end. And the age of the Lord when this book was made was one thousand years, and three hundred years, and twice twenty years, and twelve years more [1352]. This book was finished in the year in which Shane Oge, son of Cu-Aithne, was killed; and it was in the house of Dermod O'Meagher's son it was written. May the merciful God have mercy upon us all.

"I have collected here practical rules from works, for the honour of God, in mercy to the Irish people, and for the instruction of my pupils, and for love of my friends and of my race [or name], out of Latin books into Gaedelig [Irish]; that is, from the authority of Galen, in the last book of his *Practical Pantheon*, and from Hippocrates, from the Book of his *Prognostics*. These are things, gentle, sweet, profitable, of little evil, which have been often tested by us and by our instructors. And I pray God for those [the doctors] to whom this will come, and I lay it as a load, and as an injunction upon their souls, that they extract not poorly, and that they fail not for want of the practical rules; and particularly if they gain nothing, by doing it regularly [or devoutly]. I implore every Doctor at the beginning of the work [of curing] that he remember the Father of Health [God], that the work might be finished prosperously; and let him not be in mortal sin; and let him beseech the patient not be so either. And let him implore the Heavenly Father, who is the physician and the balsam giver [*slaniciadh*] above all for the diseased; to end his work prosperously,

and to save him from shame and discredit at that time.'—*Literal translation, supplied by Mr. Curry.*

"In the same collection are other medical manuscripts varying in date, either of compilation or transcription, from the end of the fourteenth to the beginning of the eighteenth century, and of which a detailed account was given in the Report upon the Tables of Deaths in the Census of 1841. Since then that body have added to their library the Betham Collection, which likewise contains some Irish medical manuscripts.*

"* The Irish medical MSS. in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, not previously specified, are—

No. 6—4, vellum, of 40 pages;—A translation or compilation from the works of ancient or foreign medical writers, Hippocrates, Galen, Avicenna, Arnaldus, and the 'Doctors of the city of St. Denis,' &c. This MS. was transcribed in the early part of the fifteenth century. Author unknown.

"No. 111—14, of 56 pages, is of the same character as the foregoing, and appears to have been transcribed about the same period, but when, or by whom, it is not now possible to say.

"No. 28, 4. This book is enumerated in O'Reilly's MS. Catalogue, No. 15. See page 29.

"No. 209, folio, vellum, of 46 pages, is 'a series of tracts forming compilations from, and dissertations upon the ancient medical writers of Europe and the east, probably at the time when the continental medical societies collected, translated, and published the original works, in the Gynæciorum edition of 1564. Some of these are likewise original essays upon medicine; and in all these tracts, as well as in most other Irish writers in the mother tongue which have been examined, the works of Hippocrates are referred to. The compiler of these tracts (the labour of which was probably performed in the early part of the fifteenth century) manifests an intimate acquaintance with Galen, Avicenna, Giraldus de Bey, Isaac, Orbasius, and Aristotle, who in this, as in other Irish MSS., is denominated 'The Philosopher.' It is one of the most remarkable collections of symptomatology of its age, in any language, and its observations are particularly copious on *Short Fevers*, which there can be little doubt existed in this country from a very early date. It likewise treats of pregnancy, its signs, &c., &c., and concludes with several valuable and original medical aphorisms.'—*Census Report for 1841.*

"No. 211, fol., vellum, 70 pp. According to Mr. Curry, the compiler of the catalogue of these works, the style and penmanship of this MS. refer it to a period between that of the date of the Books of Ballymore and Lecan (*i.e.*, between A.D. 1391 and 1416). Its concluding parts treat of *Short Fevers* and *Intermittents*.

"No. 213, 8vo, vellum, of 42 pages, in which the works of Pliny, VOL. XLII.—No. LXXXIII.

"In the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, there are ten medical manuscripts, a few of which we have already referred to as the pandects of some of the hereditary physicians.*

Razes, Platorius, and Isaac are referred to, treats of herbs and their medicinal qualities, with the manner of preparing and applying them. The plants are alphabetically arranged in Latin and Irish; and we are induced to believe that the Rev. Mr. Heaton, who wrote before the commencement of the civil wars in 1641, and who is styled by Dr. Merret, *Theologus Hibernicus*, either arranged from, or largely drew upon this MS.

"No. 215, of 177 pages, 'is an Irish tract upon medicine, compiled and transcribed in 1658; the first part by Hugh O'Canavan, and the latter by Boetius O'Fergus; it treats of life, health, labour, diseases of the cerebral organs, and of the urine; and gives the list of a *Materia Medica*, comprising eighty-three official and medicinal substances then in use in this kingdom.'—See *Report on Tables of Deaths in the Census Commissioners' Report for 1841*, pp. iv. and v. See also Mr. Curry's *Manuscript Catalogue in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy*.

"In the collection of Irish MSS. purchased by the Academy from the late Sir William Betham, are the two following, upon medicine:—

"No. 33, quarto, a vellum volume of 130 written pages, imperfect at the beginning and end as well as in several other places. 'Neither the transcriber's name nor the date when written can now be discovered, but the characters and style of writing refer it to about the middle of the fifteenth century. Part of it is in Latin, and appears to be a translation of some of the writings of Hippocrates and other ancient physicians; it is divided into chapters and sections, and gives systematically the name and description of each disease, as well as the cause, signs, prognostication, cure, and exposition, &c.'

"No. 27, small 4to, paper, 'consisting of 276 pages, written between the years 1596 and 1601, but the transcriber's name does not appear. The book contained originally, translations of the aphorisms of Hippocrates and Girardus, together with a commentary upon the opinions and glosses upon the writings of various ancient physicians, chiefly Galen. The following authorities are quoted in this volume:—Hippocrates, Galen, Ægidius, Giraldus, Philotheus, Magistur, Debononia, Isaac, Avicenna, Gilbert, Razes, Halli, Dioscorides, Abumesue, Arnaldus, Gentilis, Alexander, Theophilus, Platerarius, Farrarius, Joannes de Paulo, Petrus Musaudinus, Bertrutius, Bononiensis, Serapion, and Magninus, &c., which show an extensive acquaintance with the medical writings both of antiquity and of the middle ages.'—*MS. Catalogue supplied by Mr. Curry*.

"* In addition to those Irish medical manuscripts in the Library

The tabulated history of Epidemic Disease (annals indeed might be the more accurate designation) is distributed into four columns. One of these is assigned to the date, another to the events and circumstances, another to the authority for the statements in the preceding columns, and the fourth to a statement of coincident phenomena, to which are appended, though not in a separate column, the authorities on which their insertion

of the Dublin University, already enumerated in the foregoing notes, Dr. O'Donovan's MS. Catalogue specifies the following :—

“H 1, 9.—A fragment on vellum, of 36 leaves, entitled, *Guido de Cauliac*. ‘This manuscript is certainly a fragment of a large medical book, the author of which seems to have followed Avicenna in its classification and arrangement of disease, giving at the same time the opinions of other physicians. It is valuable as evidence of the kind of acquaintance the hereditary Irish physicians had with medicine.’ There is no date attached; but de Cauliac wrote his great work on surgery in 1363.

“H 2, 12.—A small folio MS. on parchment of 7 leaves, written in the sixteenth century, and containing a dissertation on fevers.

“H 2, 15.—A folio vellum MS. containing the fragment of a medical tract on medicine, of 10 pages. This tract is bound up with a Brehon Law Book, in which Hugh Mac Eagan records the plague of the Black Death in 1350.—*See the Table of Pestilence given at the conclusion of this introductory chapter under that date.*

“H 2, 8, small folio, vellum, of 32 pages, a fragment in different hands, endorsed ‘Philosophie;’ the contractions in this manuscript, says the compiler of the catalogue, ‘are exceedingly difficult, and intelligible only to those who have made them their particular study:’ but contractions are no proof of the antiquity of an Irish manuscript, but rather the contrary. In this work Aristotle and Galen are quoted and commented on; and, adds the same authority, ‘these translations and commentaries are very useful to the Irish scholar, as preserving the purest and best words and forms of expression in the language.’ This manuscript is believed to have been one of the Hereditary Medical Books; but at present it does not contain either name or date.

“H 2, 12, is a parchment folio fragment of a treatise on fevers, in which Johannes Damascenus is frequently quoted.

“H 2, 13, a vellum medical MS. of 112 leaves, without date or name.

“H 3, 14, a 4to. fragment;—a commentary on the aphorisms of Hippocrates; no name or date.

“H 3, 15, a quarto in vellum, of 28 leaves; the history of this medical tract is also unknown.”—Pp. 31-2.

is founded. The events and circumstances include not only entries of diseases, atmospheric changes, famine, or occurrences having an immediate relation to the subject, but also an epitome of events of general interest, so full as to give a fair idea of the social and industrial history of the country. The authorities upon matters of Irish history merely, are such as we have stated, and it is difficult to over estimate the amount of well-applied learning they disclose. According as the tables approach the scientific period, and from that period forward to the present time, although the materials for labour become multiplied and accessible, the labour so far from being diminished is proportionately increased. In the earlier portion of the work, when materials were scanty, and phenomena of the greatest magnitude, and most startling effect alone were chronicled, there was great play of course for meditation and ingenuity; for the construction of theories, the discovery of analogies and the reconciliation of dates. The phenomena registered were limited to comets, meteors, red snow, hurricanes, severe or mild seasons, abundance or scarcity. The reasoner under those circumstances had only to make the most of his materials and state an opinion according to the best of his judgment. But as soon as the abundance of illustrative and experimental matter grew to be oppressive, when all the symptoms and all the features of diseases, as well as every variation of the weather-glass had come to be recorded; the labour of selection and rejection, involving a thorough knowledge of what was to be admitted as well as what should be refused, must have been extremely great, and the exercise of skill and judgment very constant.

The volume of Coincident Phenomena is of course exceedingly valuable on account of the relation they bear to what was taking place in Ireland. Many of the diseases, whether of men or cattle, and not a few of the seasons of plenty or dearth, experienced in Ireland prevailed in Europe at the same time, and even where diseases or phenomena elsewhere were not immediately contemporaneous with those occurring in Ireland, yet as they constantly shewed the same sequence of events on the Continent as in Ireland, and as many of them reached the island in due course after having visited the rest of Europe, their relation to the precise matter in hand is perfectly apparent. The same,

or perhaps a greater amount of learning and research has been applied in the preparation of the last column. The number of voluminous authors, ancient and modern, who have been consulted, is perfectly surprising. The Anglo Saxon Chronicle, for instance, the Venerable Bede, Bascome, the *Annales Cambriæ*, Baronius, Gibbon, St. Gregory of Tours, Calmet, Short, Herker, Stow's Chronicle, Bateman's Diseases of London, Maitland, and numerous others are cited from page to page. Then come the medical journals, home and foreign, hospital reports, newspapers and official gazettes of every country, inquiries of Boards of Health, parliamentary returns, and the results of individual experience from all quarters, in choice and orderly abundance. Nothing seems to have been left unexamined or undone.

Amongst the authorities quoted in the historic period it will not fail to be observed that they are to a man, monks, friars, or canons. The writers of medical treatises, or translations, are of course excepted, though not even those universally, but of the annalists every man was at all events an ecclesiastic. The four masters, Tigernach, the authors of the Ulster Annals, of the Connaught Annals, of the Book of Leinster, of the Annals of Lough Kee, of the Annals of Boyle, of the Annals of Multifernan, and of many others extant or lost, though still known to have existed, were all members of monastic orders, or at least canons living according to monastic rule. Were it not for them we should be at this day without a scrap of genuine history. Even Giraldus Cambrensis did little more than pervert the text of the old annalists, and were it not for the writings of these monks, including the comparatively modern labours of the four masters, our only materials for Irish history subsequent to the invasion, would be the state papers in the record tower in Dublin, or similar papers in London. In addition to the fact that such documents, although invaluable assistants, cannot, unsupported, be taken to speak the truth, we should bear in mind that for several hundred years the English territory did not extend beyond the Pale, and a few towns upon the Munster and Connaught sea-board. It is evident, therefore, that had we been trusting to English authority for the history of these years, we should have had simply none, while the uninterrupted warfare of those unhappy times, a warfare peculiarly destructive on account of its irregular

and predatory character, was an effectual hindrance to the cultivation of letters by any class of the people, English or Irish, outside the convents. It certainly is not easy to overestimate the gratitude we owe to our venerable historians, as neither is it easy to keep our feelings under proper restraint when we look upon the crumbling walls that once sheltered their labours and their prayers. Exasperation is increased by the reflection, that the dismantlement and solitude of these walls, is not the work of an erring or of an altered people; that it is not the result of a revolutionary storm, overblown in a year, though leaving ruins which centuries cannot restore; but that it was the work of another nation, that it still exists by outward force, and that if the country whose face is deformed by these ruins were allowed its will, it would rebuild and retenant them with its old zeal, and with the old results. Dr. Wilde's labours are an evidence of learning most honourable to him, and certainly honourable above measure to those who are the sources of that learning.

The memorable period between 1845 and the date of the Report is, however, that to which the historian of epidemic disease will turn with most interest, and to which, as Dr. Wilde acknowledges, all the preceding investigations are primarily referable. During these years Ireland was visited by almost every calamity that can befall a nation. The record of what she underwent is full and minute so far as it reaches, but "neither eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," what the mind of God alone could realize, the entire extent, and depth, and bitterness of that intolerable sea through which she has passed. We are tempted to transcribe a passage which struck us in a late number of a contemporary, the "*Irish Quarterly*," referring to this period, and which is not over-charged simply because all description, all imagination, all fancy, are at fault before the horrors attempted to be described.

"But who can describe the picture presented by Ireland during that terrible period, or who will charge upon any government of civilized men all the misery and all the errors of a time when the dead putrified in the haunts of life, and the living in their ghastliness were more spectral than the dead; when the brawn of the strong man and the bosom of the maiden collapsed in a week, and hung loose and shrivelled on their bones; when shapes having the stature of infancy, freaks of famine, follies of disease, reeled along

the road as bloated as Silenus, not indeed with the fumes of the grape, but with the gases of decomposition ; when auxiliary work-houses rose like exhalations from the rotting fields, and the fever hospitals daily discharged their wards into the common pits, daily to renew them as the now empty churches had been used to renew their congregations for successive masses.

"If anything could have moved wild laughter in the throat of death, Ireland would have laughed to see her own appearance after the extraordinary presentment sessions had done their work. Here there were new roads half finished and there old roads more than half destroyed—here an artificial defile or costly precipice and there a highway stopping short at the perpendicular section of a hill—designs so strangely adopted and so suddenly abandoned, that John Mitchell claimed them, with some share of reason, as a providential arrangement for his intended guerilla. Scenes such as these haunt the dreams of the defaulting contractor, when even in sleep he finds himself amid half pierced tunnels, abortive cuttings, crumbling embankments and creditors, as was actually the case in the Government works, pouncing on the wheel-barrows and picks. Was it then to be expected that amid the din and whirl of rival theories, of chemical nostrums for the cure of the root, of culinary efforts to provide a substitute, of economical quackery for the entire crisis, of mills for the preparation of starch out of the potato, and receipts for the manufacture of soup out of nothing, in the confusion and vexation of a hundred experiments and a hundred failures, with millions agape for food, ravenous as young wolves, and helpless as unfledged linnets, was it to be expected that ministers should find time for political and social legislation?"

This description, as we have observed, is not exaggerated for the one reason that exaggeration is impossible. The diseases in some sort indigenous to Ireland, are diseases acclimated by the misery and habits of the people. These diseases engendered by ordinary poverty and destitution, together with new and monstrous forms of disease, the growth of the actual famine poured down upon the crowded population and wrought such havoc as the world had never seen. Then, as if to belie the savage aphorism of Attila, who replied, when asked to engage the Romans outside the city walls, that thick grass is easier mown than thin ; the noble, and the reputed rich were sent penniless and adrift upon the world, while their mansions were converted into auxiliary workhouses, where the work of death was the only work in progress. All that was diseased lay dying ; all that was sound made haste to fly ; and swarm after swarm crowded the unsheltered deck and

filthy hold of the emigrant ship, emptying the land of men and money, and giving birth to the new form of disease called ship fever, which thinned their numbers to an incredible extent before they reached their destination. And when they did reach it, their arrival and prosperity in America were a source of renewed depletion in Ireland—for with characteristic pity they remitted from their savings wherewithal to transport from the land of famine and disease not only their hale and vigorous kinsmen who might be a source of riches to them, but their aged and infirm parents whom it never entered into their hearts to treat as an incumbrance, but whom they knew they could not support before they had prepared a resting place. And thus did Ireland pass through those years of famine and pestilence, to the medical statistics of which all the previous matter of the Report may be considered introductory. *Nothing can be more sober of ornament than Dr. Wilde's detail of the circumstances attending the potato failure, but it is full of interest and we need hardly say of instruction.* We can only afford ourselves one extract, in which though there are many conclusions of the author in which we entirely concur, there are some from which we feel compelled to dissent.

“In the times of previous calamity, the Government endeavoured to ‘take stock’ of the food of the country, as may be seen by reference to the foregoing table; but from the want of proper machinery for collecting such statistical returns, they were manifestly defective. (See especially under A.D. 1740-41 and 1822.) Moreover, the inquiry was, in 1740, made at a late period of the year, and confined to the amount of grain on hands either stored in granaries or in haggards. In the year subsequent to the complete destruction of the potato crop of 1846, a survey was made by order of Government of the extent of land under crops, and the quantity of produce, as well as of the amount of live stock in the country. The direction of that most important inquiry was entrusted by the Earl of Clarendon, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to Lieut.-Colonel Larcom, R.E., at that time one of the Commissioners of the Board of Public Works in Ireland; and the Constabulary, from their excellent organization and thorough knowledge of the country, were selected to collect the necessary information. Similar returns of agricultural produce have since been presented annually to Parliament.* The great

* “The returns for the years 1847, 1848, 1849, and 1850, were compiled under the direction of Colonel Larcom; those for 1851 and 1852, were taken under the authority of the present Census

value of these reports, in a political as well as an agricultural and commercial point of view, is acknowledged; and it is sufficient for us here to state, that they were the first returns of the kind made in any part of the United Kingdom; and that within the last few years similar inquiries have been made in Scotland, and are now under consideration as a national undertaking in England.

"We have dwelt at greater length upon the recent famine, and perhaps with deeper sympathy, from having been eyewitnesses of many of its horrors, yet, unhappily for our country, such national catastrophes have been neither unfrequent nor unusual; on the contrary, we find that century after century, in almost periodic succession, Ireland suffered from famine, consequent either upon the ravages of war, the unfruitfulness of crops, caused by abnormal atmospheric vicissitudes; or mortality of cattle, from the prevalence of certain epidemic constitutions, fatal alike to vegetable and animal life, and the existing cause of plague in man.*

"From a review of the foregoing Table of Pestilences, one cannot fail to be struck with the similarity in the order of events which marks the history of famines in Ireland, especially as we approach modern times. Even the tendency to emigration, as a result forced on the people by destitution and pestilence, dates from an early period. So early as within two centuries after the Christian era, emigration is recorded as the necessary consequence of famine, when 'lands, houses, territories, and tribes, were emptied' of the destitute and starving. And again, in the seventh century we read that the followers of St. Colman, flying from the great yellow plague that devastated Ireland, peopled the neighbouring islands of the sea; while the Welsh fled to Ireland to escape the famine and pestilence that had invaded them at home. Four famines, within a period of thirty years, wasted Ireland during the seventh century. In the eighth century, eight famines are recorded within twenty

Commissioners; and form two volumes of the Census Report for 1851; and the returns for 1853, 1854, and 1855, were compiled under the direction of William Donnelly, Esq., LL.D., Registrar-General.

* "So also did England suffer from famines when her population were semi-barbarous, and her agriculture was in as low a condition as we still find it in many parts of Ireland; and from pestilence when its marshes were undrained, large portions of its forest land lay neglected and untilld, and when its towns were uncleaned, unventilated and over-populated. See upon this subject the admirable work of Dr. Short, to which frequent reference has been made in the foregoing table; and also Dr. Southwood Smith's '*Lectures on Epidemics, considered with relation to Climate and Civilization.*'"

years; and the thirteenth century, which opened with a 'cold, foodless year,' saw twelve famines before its close, as may be learned from the long list of years of scarcity and famines (consisting of as many as one hundred and fifty-five entries, to be found in the Analyses, at page 360; and the details of which are spread over the foregoing table). But periods of distress and famine became still more frequent after the potato had been generally adopted as the food of the people, and during the eighteenth century, twenty-five out of the hundred were years of absolute want. The late calamity also was the centenary anniversary of one as great in effect, when the same scenes were enacted—the same tragedies were witnessed, and proceeding from similar causes to those which so recently startled us into horror during the famine of 1846. As already described under the years 1739, '40, '41, and '42, the potato failed, and disease followed quickly on the track of want. The people of that day became a mass of paupers; and when public aid failed, even the means of the wealthy and benevolent could not alleviate the immense amount of distress. Then, as in our own day, 'the roads were spread with dead and dying—men became the colour of the weeds and nettles on which they fed;' and as they perished in the fields and ditches, so they lay; 'and the dead were eaten by dogs for want of people to bury them.'

"The phenomena attending such calamities are indeed identical throughout all ages of the world, and all countries. Elemental disturbance, destruction of crops, and epidemics fatal to all life, follow each other, and recur at stated times with a constancy that prove them not to be fortuitous or casual interruptions of the normal conditions of our globe, but laws of Providence, instituted for some wise purpose; the investigation of which, however, belongs more to the philosopher than the statist. We have only to deduce from the recorded facts some means of obviating as far as practicable, the immediate and sudden amount of misery produced by their occurrence, and the simplest measure that presents itself to the mind, as calculated to remedy, in Ireland at least, the terrible amount of suffering caused by periodic famine, would be the general cultivation throughout the country of other sorts of food in addition to the potato, so that the whole dependence of the people for subsistence should not rest on that most uncertain and precarious crop.

"The blight which recently fell upon the potato produced a deadly famine, because the people had cultivated it so extensively, and were accustomed to use it almost exclusively; and when it failed, millions became as utterly destitute as if the island were incapable of producing any other species of sustenance.

"Improvement in the habits of the lower orders, and a higher education amongst the agricultural classes, are chiefly requisite to effect a change in the condition of the people; by this they would ultimately be raised in the scale of civilization; and by learning

to utilize all the sources of subsistence which nature has so lavishly placed within their reach, the fatal consequences would be averted which must ensue to a people who trust for life only to one species of food, and when that fails are liable to perish from famine. But to effect any sudden alteration in the dietary of a people is a matter of greater difficulty than a change in either their religion or political institutions,—the former under excitement may become as contagious as an epidemic, and the latter be enforced by the strong arm of power, while a revolution in diet, especially in Ireland, where the accustomed food had been easily raised and was comparatively palatable, and, moreover, had become the basis of habits so firmly fixed as to influence the entire social condition of a people, required even more than the stern necessity of want, before it could be accomplished, or the inhabitants brought to relish any other description of food. We have, however, reason to believe that a taste for the substitutes offered has been gradually generated; upon this subject the Commissioners of Health published the following remarks in their report upon the year 1851 :—‘ It has often been desired that the people of Ireland could be induced to turn from the potato to grain as their food, as tending to produce improvement in their habits, and as rendering them less liable to suffer from periodic famines. All attempts to effect this have hitherto failed; however, the knowledge that they have now acquired of the very superior nutritious qualities of oatmeal, and its price continuing to bear such a relation to the cost of potatoes as to render its consumption often more economical than that of the potato, will, it would seem to us, eventually and certainly lead to the desired end.’ This is confirmed by the more general use amongst the people of Indian meal, and their improved knowledge of its mode of preparation, together with the fact of the greater consumption of bread stuffs in Ireland within the last few years, compared with those before the famine.

“Not the least peculiar among the coincident circumstances of the great period of blight in both hemispheres was the discovery of the two greatest gold fields now known in the world—both in localities towards which the tide of emigration had already set. The immediate effects of this was, on the one hand, to occupy an immense number of people;—and, on the other, suddenly to increase the circulating medium, and thus help to cheapen food. In connexion with the great loss of food in this portion of the United Kingdom, we may also mention that in June, 1846, the Act repealing the Corn Laws received the royal assent, and the ports were opened for the introduction of foreign grain.

“Notwithstanding the fearful ordeal through which Ireland has passed, thus briefly and imperfectly sketched—an ordeal to which modern history can produce no parallel—we have good reason to believe that the country has improved in health, increased in wealth, and progressed in energy, since the recent calamity that

seemed to threaten its very existence ; the various social changes forced into action at that period being the means most fitted ultimately to ameliorate the social condition of its inhabitants. The great surplus mass of the population, surplus not in proportion to the superficies of the country, but from its unequal distribution, has been reduced. The system of minute subdivision of land, the acknowledged source of perennial distress and periodic famine, has been happily got rid of ; for, though it extended cultivation in some degree, yet it increased at the same time the class of pauper holdings, now rapidly giving place to the large-sized grazing farms, which from time immemorial have produced the cattle exports, the great source of wealth to this country ; and finally, the facilities afforded by the operation of the Act for the Sale of Incumbered Estates in Ireland, have relieved the country from expensive and almost endless litigation, and placed land within the power of a comparatively solvent proprietary, though in some cases it may have produced temporary and individual hardship. In conclusion we may say, in the language of Sir Charles Trevelyan, that— ' unless we are much deceived, posterity will trace up to that famine the commencement of a salutary revolution in the habits of a nation long singularly unfortunate ; and will acknowledge that in this, as in many other occasions, Supreme Wisdom has educed permanent good out of transient evil.'—*The Irish Crisis*.—Pp. 254-6.

One of the most striking features brought out in this report is the recurrence of famine and disease at intervals that might almost be called regular from the earliest period of Irish history. The predisposing circumstances or the effective causes have not always been the same, nor indeed always discoverable, but the fact at least is fairly on record. And yet the island is admittedly productive, and not naturally more unhealthy than most other countries. That the climate of Ireland at no remote period should have been more favourable to the spread of epidemic disease than that of many other countries, was only to be expected from the imperfect system of agriculture, and insufficient drainage prevalent in the rural districts, as well as from the total neglect of cleanliness and sanitary precautions in the towns. But these things alone it would seem, although they sheltered and propagated disease, could be said in comparatively few instances to have originated it. They did, of course, and do engender diseases of their own, but the principal mischief is that they take other diseases to nurse, and never lose a nursling. War, famine, or unaccountable phenomena, in an atmosphere usually friendly to life, produce disease, and the

character of the disease receives activity and violence from the circumstances we have mentioned. Ireland, until within a comparatively recent period, had more of war than most countries, and although corn, the first great agent in civilization, seems, as far as history or anything like it reaches, to have been always known to the Irish, yet they would seem to have been always dependant on their own supplies. Now it is well known that ancient Rome must have been famished more than once, had she depended on her own agriculture; and within the last year France would have suffered almost equally with Ireland, had she been thrown on her own resources. She was however supplied to her utmost requirement from America, and she had moreover inexhaustible granaries in Spain. These two circumstances therefore of war and isolation, not to speak of imperfect agriculture, might account to some extent for the early frequency of famine in a country of such well known fertility as Ireland. Although circumstances were no longer the same as at the time of the introduction of the potato, yet these periods of scarcity, owing to the constitutional delicacy of the root, and without any extraordinary cause, became much more frequent. Numerous partial failures of the potato are in the recollection of every one, and are all registered in the volumes on our table—but in the years 1739, 40, 41, 42, there was a failure exactly similar in character, extent, and result, to the visitation of 1845, save only that it fell upon a population not half so numerous as that which was overtaken by the famine in the fatal seasons from 1845 to 1851. The lessons to be drawn from our experience would seem to be very obvious. It should be the study of every one whose means of communication with the people, and whose influence over them may be sufficient, to wean them from the exclusive reliance upon the potato, into which notwithstanding Dr. Wilde's impression, they appear to be relapsing. In the second place, the opportunities afforded by the legislature to the inhabitants of civic districts, for the lighting, cleansing, and repair of their towns should be resorted to wherever practicable. The less opulent but industrious ratepayers are always most anxious to effect these improvements, and strange to say the opposition commonly proceeds from large and influential proprietors. The improvement of agriculture and the reclamation of waste lands have been already the subject of inquiry in this

journal, as a social, rather than as a sanitary question, but they are quite as important in the latter point of view. We even ventured to propose a compulsory appropriation of waste lands, properly valued, in analogy to similar laws upon a different subject-matter in England, but we must express a little regret, or perhaps we ought to say, *not* a little, that Dr. Wylde seems to look with complacency upon the substitution of large grazing fields, for cottage farms large or small. We are not the persons to join in an outcry against political economy within its own province, that is to say when it deals with the production and diffusion of wealth, but we do complain when any economist assumes that wealth, whatever that be, according to his definition, should be the chief study of the statesman and the patriot. No man not understanding political economy can pretend to be a statesman, but there is no statesman more unsafe than he who acts as if man were made for the economist, and not the economist for man. Let the English economist say, that cattle are better representatives of wealth, than corn; the Kentucky economist may say that slaves are a greater source of wealth than cattle: we say, as economists, you are both right, and we as economists acknowledge it, but as Christians, the moment you step outside the circle of your economy, and endeavour to make your ideas of wealth the rule of government, we say you are wrong, and we prefer an abundance of free-men in a free land, to a flush of cattle or a flush of slaves in any land. Who would not prefer an Ireland like Belgium to an Ireland like Australia? Nor are we driven to choose between a multitude of men living upon dock or cresses, and a scarcity of men feeding sumptuously every day. With the other sources of wealth at our disposal, we have room for men and cattle both; and what is more important, great proprietors who once thought differently, are now beginning to think with us, and men have replaced stock upon more estates than one, where the shepherd, or the cowherd, the domestic servants, and perhaps domestic fowl, were the only bipeds not *feræ naturæ*, tolerated a few years ago. It is well known by any who have experience in those matters, that reclaimed bog, laid down in pasture, rapidly falls back. As to the waste lands we have our choice between snipe and men, and we believe that in an economic view even men are preferable to snipe. But however that be, we never can be taught, and we believe it

is not the opinion of Dr. Wilde, although his report might bear that interpretation, that we are to contend with cattle for the possession of the land. Were this so, though the alternatives of beef and mutton be grateful, and necessary as the change of the seasons; though they embellish the landscape as they adorn the table, though they lend an equal charm to the canvass of Landseer or Cuypt, and to the verses of Virgil or Guarini, if, we say, it were a casting throw between man and beast, we should at once, without respect to the pleasures of the palate or to the rights of conscience, proscribe the use of beef and mutton, under the most Draconian penalties, and take measures for the speedy extermination of the entire ruminating race, or at all events declare the calling of the grazier infamous, and provide him with a land of Goshen at the far off side the Antipodes, if that Irish figure be allowed us.

ART. IV.—*The Union*. No. 1—8.

THE latest phenomenon of Anglicanism is also the strangest of all the strange manifestations of that eccentric body. Will it be believed by those not aware of the fact, that, while Archdeacon Denison is trembling on the verge of deprivation for doctrinal statements hardly, if at all, above the level of the Andrewes or Thorndike school, and while the ritualists of Knightsbridge are disbursing their thousands to vindicate a bare cross, a marble slab, a pair of candlesticks, an ornamental altar cloth, and a set of parti-coloured antependia from the grasp of the implacable Westerton, clergymen in another direction are inflicting, week after week, upon the astonished Protestant mind, Popery of a calibre to which previous exhibitions of the same quality in quarters external to the Catholic Church present no parallel?

The *Union*, the phenomenon referred to, is a weekly newspaper, presenting two very different, and, as we shall be prepared to show, not very consistent, phases of religious

principle. But as far as one of its aspects is concerned, what we have just said of its eminently "Popish" character contains not a syllable of exaggeration. It is simply and unequivocally, and even emphatically, *Roman Catholic*. Barring the use of this last phrase which saves its own assumed religious position, but which of course involves no protest whatever against us, it writes altogether in a Catholic sense and a Catholic spirit. It manifests absolutely (as far as we can see) no difference with us in matters of doctrine. It professes the warmest and most unqualified admiration of all our religious institutions, and makes no scruple of contrasting their efficiency and pliability, as well as the zeal of our ecclesiastical functionaries, with the intractable materials and the stereotyped forms, of the established system.* It assigns to our bishops and dignitaries their proper ecclesiastical titles with an almost ostentatious punctiliousness. It chronicles our ceremonies, and other events of our religion, in the civillest terms and most unimpeachable phraseology. Its Roman correspondence is all that can be desired. It sympathizes even with the more advanced developments of the Roman spirit in England,† and is remarkably free from that merely artistic and technical view of Catholicity which hitherto has been almost the only shape in which such leanings have displayed themselves in the party which, on the whole, this periodical represents.

Now let the reader, if of competent age, and he need be no veteran either, carry back his thoughts some fifteen years, and say whether such a note of progress in opinion as this be not something marvellous, almost to the extent of miracle. The period upon which he would light in this retrospective survey, would be somewhere about the eventful epoch of "Tract Ninety." When the writer of that celebrated Essay proposed an interpretation of the thirty-nine articles which would have brought them into harmony on all but one or two great points, with the letter of the Tridentine Decrees, (as distinguished from the actual temper and spirit of the present Church) the whole country

* See especially in one of its earliest impressions, a remarkable testimony of this kind in connexion with the Sacrament of Confirmation.

† In a Letter signed "Clericus," in No. 8.

was up in arms at the attempt, and no words could be found of sufficient strength to characterize its temerity. In Oxford itself the present Bishop of London headed a tutorial crusade against it; and the note of controversy was speedily echoed throughout the length and breadth of the Establishment, till even prelates so orthodox as those of Exeter and Oxford, took up their parable against the obnoxious tract. A little later, Mr. Ward was stripped of his M.A. gown, and his book publicly censured by the Academical convocation, though he claimed but the liberty of subscribing the Articles in a fully Catholic sense. Later still, the same position was condemned in the Arches' Court as a disqualification from the ministry of the Established Church. Now we ask, whether the conversion of all England to the Catholic faith before the close of the present century would be a much greater advance upon the phenomena of '57, than are those of '57 upon the facts of '45?

In one material point, indeed, in which the *Union* is favourably distinguished from its contemporaries, that periodical presents a phase of Anglicanism, not so unprecedented as many persons may be inclined to think. A series of able papers have appeared in its columns on the "Tractarian movement," which point out with great force some of the principal defects of that remarkable effort to instil vigour into the establishment; especially its doctrine of Reserve, its depreciation of preaching, and other characteristics of its earlier stage. These objections were however felt and expressed twelve or fourteen years ago, with all the deference to the estimable men whose names were identified with them, which their undoubted sincerity and great learning obviously commanded. Tokens of a dissent from Tractarianism in such-like particulars, might, we think, be traced in Mr. Ward's "Ideal of a Christian Church," and in the later numbers of the *British Critic*. Indeed we think that in the papers on Tractarianism which have lately appeared in the *Union*, justice has not been done to that remarkable Quarterly, which certainly formed a link between the cautious teaching of the Tracts, and those more distinctively Roman principles, which the *Union* is now reviving with such extraordinary boldness.

For no one can take up even a chance number of the *Union* and doubt, that there are at the present moment not tens, but hundreds, of Protestant ministers who not

only *hold*, but *teach*, "all Roman doctrine;" (not perhaps publicly in the pulpit, yet still to all intents and purposes); and who, moreover, openly introduce into the celebration of their worship practices of our own, which the most advanced of those who failed, twelve years ago, in the attempt to enlarge the liberty of the Anglican Church in "a Catholic" direction, would have regarded it as a plain breach of duty to their own religious communion, to adopt or any wise encourage. A further conclusion which the *Union* indubitably warrants is, that ministers of the Church of England are now in the habit of frequenting Catholic Churches in this country, not merely out of curiosity but in entire sympathy with all that goes on within them.* This, again, is a thing which even some of the more extreme Romanizers of but twelve years back regarded as against conscience. Why, it is but the other day, that Archdeacon Thorp was pilloried in the *Record* for the alleged misdemeanour of hearing mass in a foreign cathedral; and what is more still, that he, a gentleman whose name has long been connected with the higher department of Anglican churchmanship, felt it his duty to threaten the *Record* with a prosecution for a libel, on the ground of this most mild, though, as it turned out, unfounded imputation. Yet at this very moment, it would appear that the present amiable and popular Bishop of London, the very champion of the Anti-Tractarian movement, has clergymen in different parts of his diocese who regularly communicate *in sacris* with the Catholics of Brompton, or Berkeley Square. What a wreck of theories, what a demolition of strongholds, what a breaking up of parties, do not these facts betoken, and yet how noiselessly has the spoiler effected his devastations! Where is the "Ultramarine" theory, which made the English Channel the line of demarcation between Unity and Schism? What has become of the various projects of union;—union with the Greeks against the Latins, or with the Fathers against the Schoolmen, or with Scotland and America against the tyranny of the State? Where is the Rev. William Palmer, of Worcester College? Where are the successive organs of religious opinion which from time to time

* See a letter signed "Clericus" in the *Union* of Saturday, February 21st.

have given expression to English churchmanship in its various stages of development, or rather its various forms of eccentricity? We ask impatiently, and "Echo answers 'Where?'" As to "*John Bull*," and the "*English Churchman*," we must conclude that they still find readers, or they could not exist; but it is plain that such organs minister to the consolation of the disappointed, and do not any longer supply material for the energy of any active section of Anglican churchmen. And as to the "*Church and State Gazette*," once the champion of English Protestantism, it has melted into this very *Union*. Indeed it is plain that the age of shams is rapidly passing away, and the world is learning for itself, and therefore in the most effectual way, what for years we have sought in vain to impress upon it, that mists will melt and discover two, and two only, great antagonist powers contending for the mastery of the world—Catholicity and Infidelity.

But it is time that we should speak of the light which the newest phenomenon of Anglicanism casts upon the internal workings of the body it represents. We have said before, that to our eye the *Union* exhibits a double face, not consciously perhaps to itself, yet not the less perceptibly to us. It has what we may call a personal, as well as a public aspect. Now, as it represents the feeling of individuals, we simply admire it; but as it claims a definite religious position, we must as unequivocally condemn it.

To begin with the pleasanter side. What we like about this paper is that it is founded on a principle of generosity. It has been brought into existence, as far as we are able to judge, mainly by the great Denison controversy. We are not among those who would give Archdeacon Denison the honours of a martyr, but we really think he has about him not a few of the attributes of a hero. It is no derogation from this praise to say, that his public manifestations are not quite according to our own taste. But what we like about him is, that he is unquestionably in earnest; and real earnestness is a quality now become so rare in the party to which he belongs, that we are not much disposed to criticize too severely the specimens which actually come before us. Archdeacon Denison appears to be essentially an unworldly man; and the very treatment he has received is no small evidence of it. Here is a clergyman of aristocratic birth and high connexions;

a most distinguished and popular man at Oxford, with everything both in personal characteristics and historical antecedents to make him fall in with the compromising tone around him, yet coming out in lines of duty, and forms of enthusiasm naturally unattractive to a man like himself, of elegant manners, refined tastes, and fashionable associations. The subject which above all others he had chosen for the exercise of his peculiar talents is the education of the humbler classes; and in this most useful department of study and exertion he has constantly ranged himself on the side of the Church against the civil power. Nor, if we are correctly informed, have his zeal and charity in this great cause been confined to the press, the platform, or the council-board. We are told that he, a country parson with all that can attach him to domestic life, and with enough of public excitement to throw him back with more than common inducements upon the tranquil associations of home, has actually converted the principal rooms of his parsonage into a Training-School, into which he receives the sons of the middle classes, whose education he either conducts in part himself, or at any rate superintends with the most unflagging interest. Catholics can well appreciate the merit of such a sacrifice as far as regards the duties undertaken; but not many of them can estimate its peculiar difficulty in the case of a person with the antecedents and characteristics of Archdeacon Denison. Now we do think that the most ordinary generosity, not to say, humanity, should have rallied around such a man the whole available sympathies of his party. If, instead of vindicating their religion for them, he had fallen into some crime or misdemeanour, his previous services to the Establishment should have come in arrest of cutting words and a harsh demeanour. But what is the fact? Archdeacon Denison follows up these almost heroic acts of spiritual charity, in its most important yet least romantic form, by a zealous advocacy of what he, and what his partizans *believed* to be Catholic doctrine, and what was at all events an advance in the movement to which they are all professedly committed. What is their course? They hold their peace about these opinions, *till* the doctrine of the Archdeacon is attacked; they restrain their loud complaints, till it is actually condemned. But an adverse sentence, and a threatened deprivation, form the signal for querulous

objections and a base and cowardly desertion of their own champion. If this account of the matter seem almost incredible in the case of persons who, where party considerations do not intervene, are men of honourable feeling, apt to insist to an excess upon what may be called the ethics of gentlemanliness, let the correspondence columns of the *Guardian* be examined with an especial eye to the letter of the Rev. William Gresley, one of the last persons from whom we should have expected such a demonstration, did we not know from sad experience how party bias can dry up the natural goodness of a kind and generous heart. Indeed it has ever been one of the most unsatisfactory properties of the "Anglo-Catholic" party, as a party, that it has little or no sympathy with the spirit of self-sacrifice. It was the same thing twelve years ago. As long as a man keeps on the safe side it will go all lengths with him; but the moment he goes a step beyond the boundary line of his party instructions, and so gets himself into trouble, and is threatened with penalties, he becomes "rash," "injudicious," "impetuous," "crotchety," a "traitor to the cause," etc., etc. And then, good-bye to all further support and sympathy. Should he find himself in the Court of Arches, or other such cauldron of hot water, where he is sure to have the worst of the matter, and plenty of abuse for his pains, straightway the tables are quite turned against him; and a most ingenious process of argumentation is adopted in his regard, which at once saves the cause and throws him overboard. The tribunal which, had it decided in his favour, would have earned for itself immortal praise, is condemned for having decided against him; but the odd thing is, that he is condemned too. He is wrong, and his judges are wrong; and all that is quite certain is that the judgment is worth nothing at all; *only*, that it would be worth anything to get it reversed. Should the Arches' Court, for instance, condemn Archdeacon Denison and the Privy Council reinstate him, we should not be surprised were he once more to be regarded as a champion of the orthodox truth, who has won a great battle for the Church of England, and elicited from it a new "sign of life." But, should his failure be complete, and all the judgments go against him, then he will be no better than a wrong-headed fanatic,

who has betrayed his party by statements of doctrine extravagant and unnecessary, if not positively erroneous.

In the meantime, the doughty Archdeacon has taken the prudent course of disengaging himself from "such a set," and adopting another class of friends into his counsels and confidence. We gather from what has fallen from the *Union*, that he is thoroughly disgusted, as well he may be, with the treatment he has received from those in whose cause he has risked the loss of all his preferment, and ruined, whatever may be the issue of his case, all his professional prospects. Now, be his errors what they may, whether in doctrine or in judgment, those errors cannot possibly be such as would disentitle him to the praise he deserves for such an unequivocal exhibition of sincerity; and the *Union* comes recommended to us on the very surface of the undertaking, by the fact of its espousing heartily a dropped and unpopular cause, to its own hindrance, upon the mere ground of sympathy with an honest and most ill-used man.

In its treatment of ourselves and our religion, we recognize in the new Anglican periodical a still and far more striking evidence of the same generous and self-sacrificing spirit. Fair and candid, even though vigorous and energetic, opposition to our claims, we have a right to expect, and shall never as we trust be found to deprecate it. But what we have good reason to complain of is, that cowardly and desultory mode of sharp-shooting warfare, which implies no steady counter-position, and meets us everywhere, and assails us anyhow, but by manifestly confronting us. These form the characteristic tactics of a certain set of Anglican writers, who appear to be in no great favour either with Archdeacon Denison or with the promoters of the *Union*. The two specimens we shall particularly select of the mode of controversy to which we object, are to be found in two periodicals of undoubted ability,—the *Guardian* and *Christian Remembrancer*, but especially the former. For the life of us, we can never make out in what point of view English Catholics are regarded in these and similar vehicles of Anglican opinion. Do they look upon us as schismatics, or as composing the English manifestation of that great communion, which in France or Italy they appear to recognize as Christ's representative on earth? If the former let them boldly say it, and we shall have no quarrel with them. If the latter, upon what

conceivable view of propriety, upon what principle, except that of simply playing up to, and no wise forming, or guiding, the public opinion of the majority of their readers, can they justify their practice of habitually ignoring us, appropriating without comment, still less protest, the language or phraseology of the Protestant and infidel press in our regard; trying to pick holes wherever they think themselves to find occasion in the administration of our system, or echoing the cry of every malcontent with only just so much of apparent candour as to barb the arrows of their satire; reporting, as if for the purpose of disparaging conversions to the Catholic faith, some stray instance of a miserable apostacy from it, generally the result of a rebellion against authority, or a reaction from needful discipline; dealing side-thrusts at us in the Letters of Correspondents, "for which the editor is not held responsible," though he might of course exclude them if he so pleased, or in "reviews" which are "uncontroversial" matter, or in "miscellaneous intelligence" which is pure "information;" and not least of all, absolutely refusing advertisements of our books,* while any kind of heresy, and semi-infidelity, can command the advantage of such publicity as the organs in question can give them. And while the columns in which all this unprincipled dealing is matter of weekly occurrence, are never opened to replies from the only quarter cognizant of the facts misrepresented or exaggerated, they are readily made the vehicles of reports or conjectures, the one often conspicuously untrue, and the other founded in an ignorance of our real condition, which would be simply ludicrous, if mere ridicule were its appropriate treatment. Thus we have lately been favoured with the singular revelation that a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church is likely to further the cause of Gallicanism in France; and again, that Cardinal Wiseman and Dr. Newman have been measuring swords on the plains of the early Church, in *Fabiola* and *Callista*, and venting their respective oldstanding grudges against converts and born Catholics in the persons of the characters they describe. If these worthy gentlemen

* Several cases of this kind are within our certain knowledge. Thus the *Guardian* refused to advertise a Drama founded on events of early church history, because written by a Catholic.

really knew how supremely absurd such imaginations appear to those who know anything of the facts, they would, for their own credit, abstain from indulging in them. "Ultramontaniam," indeed, forms a perfect cluster of mare's-nests to these inquirers. Persons should be aware that this is a word scarcely ever used by Catholics in this country, where "Gallicanism," like Jansenism, expresses a form of almost obsolete opinion. We are again delighted to observe that the *Union* has no sympathy with a series of papers which has appeared in the *Christian Remembrancer*, on the subject of Moral Theology.* If there be any matter connected with our religion upon which Protestants of whatever ability and learning are wholly disqualified from speaking, it is this; they invariably fall into the *πρωτον ψευδος* of supposing that the theology of the Confessional is referred to the same standard with that of the Pulpit; that where, for instance, it is taught how much a person can do without sinning, or without sinning grievously, our books are speaking of the lessons to be inculcated to our people, in preaching or spiritual direction, not of the securities with which the Confessor is to be provided against the danger of an over-severe judgment on the condition of a penitent. But if the *Christian Remembrancer* desire to know of a case for which the most lenient of Catholic theologians has failed to devise an apologetic construction, or to remove it from the category of undoubted grievous sins of injustice, we will supply him with such an one. To charge a theologian, much more one of the very highest reputation, with propounding a theory identically the same with that of a rationalist of the most extreme school; of a man who goes the length of calling our Blessed Lord "a mere teacher of natural religion, averse to dogma of all kinds," would be, in the judgment of every Catholic authority, a calumny of the highest order; far more serious, if we will but consider for a moment, than imputing to the same person any error, of whatever magnitude, in detail, because it is to attribute to him a general view subversive of the

* We cannot quote the actual words; but the writer of the notice expressed satisfaction that the *Christian Remembrancer* had stopped short of the *Ninth* (i. e. our *Eighth*) Commandment of the Decalogue, "*Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.*"

Faith altogether. It is a sin of that kind which, in the judgment of our moral theologians, and we should have thought of any honourable person, not only demands a contrite acknowledgment, but an act of restitution in the form of an apology as public as the false imputation itself. On a certain occasion,* the particulars of which are authen-

* "I will take this opportunity, of putting on record the existing state of a significant controversy between the *Christian Remembrancer* and myself; if controversy that can be called, on which one side maintains a persevering silence.

"Let me here cite a passage from the Preface to the Final Letter :

"I must take advantage of this opportunity, for want of a better, to comment on another matter connected with my former Letter ; and to express my great surprise at the silence of the *Christian Remembrancer* on certain matters contained in it. I am not alluding, of course, to my various allegations of theological and argumentative inaccuracy against that Review ; every periodical has the full right to determine for itself on the time of noticing an antagonist, or whether it shall notice him at all. But all honest men will agree with me, that where a question of misrepresentation is concerned, however unintentional such misrepresentation may have in the first instance been, the case is widely different.

"Now, in my former Letter (p. 47, note,) I drew attention to a statement in the *Christian Remembrancer* that Father Newman's account "of the origin of the existing dogmatic Christianity" is "substantially identical" with that of a Mr. Ierson ; who considers our Lord to have been "a mere preacher of natural religion," averse to dogmas of all sorts. This imputation was grounded on a single passage in Father Newman's recent Lectures. Altogether denying that his words could fairly bear such an interpretation, I drew attention however to another passage in the same Lectures ; on which I observed, that "if Father Newman had been aware of Mr. Ierson's statement, and wished to express distinctly the precise contradictory to it, I see not how he could have used more explicit language." I then proceeded to say : "As several readers of the *Christian Remembrancer* may not have looked through Father Newman's Lectures, I cannot doubt that the Editor's sense of justice will lead him to insert this passage, when his attention is drawn to it ; in order that his readers may judge for themselves how far he has truly represented Father Newman's doctrine." As soon as my pamphlet was published, I forwarded it to the Editor of the *Christian Remembrancer* ; and I added a private note, expressly drawing his attention to this comment of mine, and to no other part of the whole pamphlet. Two numbers of his

ticated below, strong and sufficient reasons were afforded to the editor of the publication which has lately taken up the subject of Moral Theology in general, for considering that a statement made in that quarterly against Dr. Newman, was not only not the expression of the truth, but its direct contradictory. What was his course of procedure? These reasons were brought twice in succession before the Editor of the *Christian Remembrancer*; yet will it be believed that from that day to this (and the fact occurred nearly five years ago) he has neither attempted to justify his assertion, nor on the other hand, has he gone a single step towards withdrawing it. Now if the *Christian Remembrancer* can produce a word from St. Alphon-

periodical have since appeared, and not the slightest notice has been taken of my communication.

"Now, here is an imputation brought against no ordinary person, of as "unspeakably disparaging" a nature (to use my former phrase,) as can well be conceived; it would be more true to say, of as "grossly calumnious;" though I was unwilling to use the word "calumny," in the then position of circumstances. The Editor, on being expressly applied to, will not so much as allow his readers (if he can help it) to see a passage of the same writer's, which has been alleged as in itself a sufficient refutation of such calumny. If such controversial tactics are to exist, may they ever continue in the undisputed possession of our opponents!

"As soon as the present pamphlet is out, I shall forward a copy of it to the Editor of the *Christian Remembrancer*; and shall again add a private note, drawing his attention to this Preface."

"I fulfilled the intention here expressed, and two more numbers of the *Christian Remembrancer* have since appeared; but no notice whatever has been taken of my appeal to the Editor's common fairness and controversial honesty.

"A charge has been brought forward by this worthy Editor, the most destructive one can well imagine of an opponent's reputation. If he still believe the charge true, where can be the common manliness and courage of a man that hangs back from vindicating it? If (as I suppose one may fairly presume from his silence,) he now knows it to be false, what terms can we find suitable to designate the conduct of one, who will wilfully, deliberately, and continuously, cling to the grossest false-witness, rather than give an opponent his fair controversial advantage?

"I shall forward this Preface also to the Editor, and add a third private letter, drawing his special attention to the present position of the case."—*Ward's (W. G.) Letters on the Anglican Establishment*, pp. xlvii, xlviii.

sus, or any other Catholic casuist, in defence of such morality as this, we will readily admit that he has fully made out his case of "laxity" against the teaching of the Catholic Church on the subject of sin.

Wearied of the faltering tone of controversy of which the organs of Anglicanism have given us for years such an abundant supply; pained and disgusted with their exhibitions of unfairness to a degree which has often obliged us to put them from our sight as positive occasions of grievous annoyance, it is, indeed, a great relief to us to find that our dissatisfaction has not been without sympathy even among Anglicans themselves, and that this feeling has now mounted to such a height as to demand for itself a distinct vehicle of expression conducted in every way on principles the very opposite to those which have formed the rule of its predecessors. We recognize in this fact an amount of fairness and generosity towards ourselves which demands our gratitude, and here receives the expression of it. Nay, far more than this, we regard it as proof of a disposition upon which all our belief and experience would lead us to anticipate that a divine blessing must follow. Indeed, that courteous, respectful, and sympathising demeanour which the *Union* adopts in our regard, is the plain dictate of common sense upon any hypothesis concerning us which escapes the manifold absurdity of treating us as no better than a set of schismatical intruders. If we be part and parcel of the great Catholic Church throughout the world (and where is the high Anglican who now ventures to deny, in plain terms, that we are so?) our adversaries cannot, in any way, more conspicuously write up their own condemnation, than by regarding the signs of our progress as matters of indifference in a Christian point of view. If disunited from us, let them prove their own independent basis of authority; but if one with us, certainly their method of establishing their claim of unity is the most extraordinary that ever entered into the mind of man. Again, can anything be plainer, than that, if they are to combat the growing infidelity to which they cannot shut their eyes, they adopt a most ruinous and suicidal policy in affecting to depreciate us? And further, setting controversy wholly aside, is our actual position in this country, at the present moment, one, which the organs of a religious party, even upon merely literary grounds, can afford to ignore? The time

has gone by, and for ever, when there is even a pretence for treating us as an obscure sect. The numbers of eminent men who have enrolled themselves under our banner, and are now occupying the very foremost place in our ranks; the churches annually, and almost monthly, arising in all parts of England, which without decreasing the congregations of their neighbours, never fail to secure an ample flock of their own; the ancient and time-honoured Liturgy which has won the reverence, and been illustrated by the learning, of some of their own body, represented in many places with becoming if not adequate accompaniment of solemnity; numerous frequented missions and confessionals; communions by hundreds, nay, thousands; a normal church-government, an united and most irreproachable hierarchy, and a state of the most friendly intercourse, and active intercommunion, with the Church throughout the world; if these be tokens of a religious *status* which can reasonably be despised, then we must ask for some definition of one which shall deserve to command attention.

But now comes the difficulty which, to our minds the *Union*, far from solving it, has but brought out in a more conspicuous light. How is so much as this to be admitted without proceeding further? If the Catholic Church be what she is, and what the *Union* confesses, or rather glories, that she is, even in England, what place is left for any rival body, especially for one which is only respectable as long as it keeps in its own place, and that a most subordinate one, which never can be made one with the Catholic Church for the wishing it, and which, besides being insignificant in the eyes of Catholic Christendom, becomes perfectly absurd the moment it uses big words about itself, or dresses itself up in plumes borrowed from its royal neighbour?

The *Union*, we think, has made it clear that the Anglicans must choose one of two positions. In their case the maxim which connects honesty with policy must be reversed. Either they must be politic without being honest, or honest without being politic. The *Union*, much to its credit, has embraced the latter alternative; and we suspect will soon learn that it has made a sacrifice of interest to principle. Dr. Newman has observed, again and again, that the Anglican claim can never be maintained at all except under a strong and constant protest against Catho-

licity. The Reformation was based upon the declaration of the Pope's being Antichrist. It was a most convenient phrase, which superseded whole shiploads of argument, and had the further advantage of being most impressive to the imagination. What the English divines of the Elizabethan age, and their successor down to the time of the Tractarian movement in 1828 (with a few honourable exceptions) successively held and taught about Rome, was based upon a most politic view, or rather flowed from a most sagacious instinct which events have fully justified. The *Union* may depend upon it that the position it has taken up is essentially a false position. There has been many a divine of the Anglican Establishment who has had no natural antipathy to the Catholic Church, but who has been forced by the necessities of his position to prophecy against her; or when he has started on another basis he has been obliged, sooner or later, either to retrace his steps, or to leave his communion. *Look at Dr. Pusey for instance. No one can question that he was far more "Roman" twelve years ago than he is at present. Would he now speak as he then did of Dr. Newman's conversion as a thing scarcely to be deprecated, inasmuch as he had merely gone over to do his Lord's work "in another part of the vineyard?" Again, what does all experience teach us about the probable effects of attempts after Catholic Unity? When these attempts (like Archbishop Wake's) have taken the form of proposed *negotiations*, they have always ended in disappointment: when, like those of later years, they have been actuated by a loyal and hearty love of the Catholic Church as she is, their issue has been in the individual conversion of a few, and the retrograde movement of the rest. The projectors of the *Union* may rely that, unless matters are wholly altered, and an extensive spirit have arisen in high quarters of the Church Establishment, perfectly alien to those by which it has always hitherto been moved, this new advance towards Catholic Unity will follow all its predecessors, and find its long home in the tomb of the Capulets.

There is, indeed, one case only in which the *Union* can reasonably expect to have anything like a settled or permanent standing in the Established Church, and that is one which we almost dread to contemplate. There are not wanting signs of a compromise between different

religious schools in the Establishment which would indicate a dereliction of principle happily as yet without formal precedent, though not without ominous presage among the various shifts and expedients by which it has been attempted to unite the dissimilar elements of that body. The compromise to which we refer, is one by which all specially Christian doctrine, would be sacrificed to mere practical *earnestness*. We fully admit that a coalition upon this basis, among high, low, and broad churchmen, would present a most serious (temporary) obstacle to the progress of Catholic Truth, and by consequence the best prospect of a renewed life to Anglicanism. But what is far worse in our eyes than the first of these results, and what ought to be regarded by Anglicans themselves as a dear price for the second, is, that such a compromise must inevitably be the immediate forerunner of a state of infidelity, compared with which even English Protestantism, as long as it preserves its original characteristics, would itself be a decided gain. Now of such a coalition, we confess that even the *Union* has given some, though as yet not very unequivocal symptoms. It has published, and apparently with approval, a list of preachers who are to fill the pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford, during the present season of Lent, which contains names so utterly discordant, that unless there be an intention of making that pulpit an arena of fierce controversy, there must plainly have been some expressed or implied understanding that doctrinal differences are to be dropped. Again, we gather from the tone in which the *Union* speaks of the "Evangelical" clergy that it recognises some available common ground upon which they and even Romanizers might meet with advantage to the common cause of Christianity. Moreover, the very principle upon which the *Union* is established, gives some encouragement to the same sad suspicion. Now, even if these fears be well founded, the *Union* deserves no other censure than such as is due to it for exhibiting a principle hitherto acknowledged in its party in a more extravagant and therefore less dangerous form. A coalition between Evangelicals and Romanizers is more preposterous indeed, but it is not more unprincipled, than one between Evangelicals and Tractarians. It is not much more for an Evangelical to admit Transubstantiation as an open question, than for a Tractarian to regard Baptis-

mal Regeneration in the same light. For the Tractarian and Evangelical respectively represent, not indeed (on both sides) the full formal, still less authoritative, teaching, but the main characteristics, of the Catholic Faith and the Lutheran heresy. The Tractarians do or did teach, not indeed upon authority, but as the result of a correct exercise of private judgment upon Scripture and Antiquity, a doctrine identically the same with our own on the subject of Baptism. Their error was, or is, not in what they admit, but in what they disclaim or ignore in the way of complement, or counterpoise, to their doctrine. They recognize the Sacramental theory of religion, which is *toto cœlo* opposed to the merely Personal one, maintained and acted upon by their controversial opponents. Yet more important, because it strikes more directly at the root of all morality, is the difference between the same parties on the subject of Justification; for no amount of *practical* contradiction (in their own personal lives) of their teaching, on that point, can exempt the Evangelicals from the charge of being the propagators of one of the most immoral heresies that ever was broached against the Church.

Now we think too well of the promoters of the *Union* to suppose that they are formally conscious of the view which they thus appear to countenance. But we are not the less anxious, as far as our own humble protest may avail, to deprive them of the plea of invincible ignorance on such a subject.

If there were any characteristic of the original Tractarian movement, more prominent than another, it was the zealous maintenance of the principle of orthodoxy. Let any one who was acquainted with Mr. Froude, for instance, (who may be considered the *joint* founder of the School) imagine for a moment, the horror with which he would have regarded such combinations as those of which we hear at present! Let the tone of the *Christian Year* be called to mind, or of some of the Tracts, especially those attributed to Dr. Newman, and let this tone be made the standard for measuring a project of union between Tractarians and Evangelical with Rationalism for an *amalgam*. Can there be a more signal proof of the miserable degeneracy into which a once eminent and most conscientious party has fallen, than that such men as Mr. Keble or Dr. Pusey, should contemplate a project of this kind without public remonstrance, if not even

assist it by their active cooperation? How many of the dogmatic statements of the Athanasian Creed, or of the Four First Councils, do they suppose would find acceptance in the quarters with which they manifest a desire to fraternize? It was but a short time ago, that words were quoted in the *Union* as having fallen from the lips of a leading "Evangelical" dignitary of the Church of England of which no better account could be given than that they symbolized the rankest and most blasphemous Nestorianism. Now let it be fairly considered whether, with the great body of the Tractarians, the principle of dogmatic orthodoxy must not have given way to another totally subversive of it, and according to which the maintenance of Catholic Truth is subordinated to the object of discountenancing conversions to the Roman Church?

We need scarcely say that we have no thought of charging the *Union* with any such perversion of principle as this. We trace in its pages such unequivocal proofs of sympathy with converts to the Catholic faith, *qua* converts, such a total absence of the disposition manifested elsewhere to ignore their very existence, except when some opportunity presents itself of saying an ill-natured thing about them, that we cannot for a moment doubt that it would regard conversion to the Catholic faith not merely as an alternative preferable to the sacrifice of Christian doctrine, but as an immense gain in all cases where conscience permitted it. But we must not the less plainly request of the *Union* to review its own position, and fairly consider whether it be not, with whatever excellent intentions, lending a help to a movement so ruinous to all religion and all morality as that we have just described. Better any thing; better far the pugnacious Anglicanism of Dr. Hook; better even the consistent anti-Popery of the *Sentinel*, or the sanctimonious twaddle of the *Record*, (falsehoods excepted); nay, better any kind of heresy in its naked deformity, than this *omnium gatherum* of opinions, overspreading that vast arena of the excursions of Private Judgment which separates the Faith of Peter from the very verge of the abyss of German scepticism, and in which every form of heretical conjecture, while it loses nothing of its own perverseness, takes up into itself this enormous evil in addition, that it practically renounces even the pretension to truth, and admits the fatal principle

that a foundation can be raised for erecting a Gospel superstructure upon the *debris* of all dogmatic teaching.

It will be gathered, therefore, that our feeling about this new organ of Anglicanism is of a most mixed character. With the utmost respect for the persons who have set it up, with the highest approbation of the motives which have evidently dictated it, and with a very real gratitude for all its generous dealing in our own regard, we neither augur for it, nor even wish for it, a long term of existence, unless indeed (which we suspect would give it its *coup de grace*,) it formally repudiate all sympathy with this most detestable "earnestness" theory. We feel about it what we have so often felt about the preservation of what are called "Romanizing" churches. So far as we look *merely* at the external credit and public prosperity of the Catholic Church, at the effect of the testimony to its claims implied in such facts, at the number and brilliancy of the conversions likely to follow upon them, we must needs wish God speed to St. Paul's and St. Barnabas's, and All Saints, Margaret Street, and St. Andrew's, Wells Street, and St. Mary Magdalene's, and all similar establishments, in which our doctrines are insinuated, our ritual copied, and a perfect harvest of converts gradually prepared for us, ready for the sickle of the Church whenever the good angel shall see fit to put in his hand among the golden crop. These are the cheap Training-Schools of the English Catholic Church, and when the disciples from time to time come over to us, we find that their effect has been to lighten, and almost supersede, the labour of our catechists. And if these schools, like others, must have their chronicle, to stimulate their efforts, by publishing their proceedings and keeping up a constant understanding with friends out of doors, by all means let the *Union* go on and flourish, and buy off the opposition of powerful adversaries by throwing no stones from so vulnerable an edifice as its own.

But how can we wish that good should come to us out of a system *materially* wrong, and only *formally* excusable, so long as it can be supposed to be based in unquestionable good faith? How can we wish any man to make shipwreck of his own soul, or help him to do so, even though the result were to be a perfect argosy of spiritual treasure to ourselves? Now our conviction is, that any of these persons who will seriously allow himself to review

his position, (and we extend the remark far beyond the mere "Romanizers,") must see, if he will but open his heart before God, and decide as God sees him and will judge him at the Last Day, that he is making a compromise of every thing which can be called *faith* in favour of something which, disguised though it may be under a plausible exterior, is a matter of this present world. Let him but reflect upon the various standing points to which he has clung, as the only conditions of religious security, which have been cut away from beneath him as time has gone on. Thus many a man, whom ten years ago we should have thought it calumny to charge with insincerity, staked the catholicity of the Anglican Establishment upon its adherence to the doctrine of the Two Sacraments received by it. It was nothing, they said, that an Ecclesiastical Court should decide against Stone Altars, (though it did so on the direct ground that they favoured the exploded idea of a sacrifice), for, they added, they must divest the Judgment of its reasons, which they declared to be merely the *obiter dicta* of the Judge. Later, when the same court condemned the plea of "holding, as distinct from teaching, all Roman doctrine," they disposed of this judgment also, by drawing a distinction between Catholic and Roman Doctrine, though the Judge specified among the articles of belief forbidden, doctrines which upon no conceivable view could be excluded from their catalogue of credenda. Their cry always was, "We have the Sacraments, and will cleave to them. What Ecclesiastical Court will venture to proscribe or tamper with them?" Perilous confidence! No long time afterwards, Baptismal Regeneration, the very keystone of their system, (as they had always alleged) was declared, on appeal to the highest tribunal, to be an "open question." Well, they stormed and protested for awhile, and based all their hopes upon an indignant rejection of the judgment by bishops, clergy, and people. But bishops acquiesced, clergy were divided, and people indifferent. Then they said, "But what a providence that it is only a secular Tribunal which has pronounced; what Churchman cares for the Queen in Council?" Then they said, "What a mercy the doctrine was not *condemned* instead of being simply *opened*;" not seeing that these two latter arguments came to the fate of the Kilkenny cats. For if the Tribunal were insignificant, its judgment did not matter; on the

other hand, if the judgment might have been worse, this showed that it was bad ; and if bad at all, it was certainly bad enough to ruin their cause. They might choose either alternative, but could not embrace both, for they were contradictory. But so anxiously did they catch at straws, that they could not quite decide whether to throw the Tribunal overboard, or to derive comfort from the Judgment, and accordingly they did both by turns, which was absurd. As time proceeded, they began not merely to find that the Judgment was not after all as bad as it might have been, but that it was even a point gained. For when the other Sacrament was threatened with attack they defended themselves, not on the ground of its dogmatic certainty, but of their own liberty, in common with its opponents, and this argument was favoured by using the judgment of the Privy Council on Baptism as a precedent. Thus is it that the griefs of an earlier stage of adversity are even the consolations of a later ; and we are inclined to think that the Anglicans of the present time would willingly compound for the same Judgment on their Second Sacrament as they had on their First ; nay, that so thankful are they for "sma' mercies," as even to account it a blessing should the doctrine of the Archdeacon come out of the Committee of Privy Council endorsed with a merely permissive sanction. But does any one imagine that should every Court in this kingdom condemn that doctrine, (which *certainly* involves the Real Presence, according to any reasonable construction of those words,) this party would not find a "lower even than the lowest" depth on which to take their stand ? The fact is, that like *Acres* in the play, after shifting their ground without success, they have at length found it an error to stake the hypothetical display of their courage upon definite contingencies, and fix their *ultimatum* in some position too intangible for the attack even of their pugnacious masters, such as the judgment of a possible "Council of the Universal Church," (i.e. including the Anglican).* The inimitable dramatist has just anticipated their case :—

"*Sir Lucius.* Pho, pho! you are little better than a coward.

* See a Declaration on the Denison Case, published in the *Guardian* of the time.

"Acres. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward ; coward was the word by my valour.

"Sir Lucius. Well, Sir ?

"Acres. Look ye, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word coward—coward may be said in a joke.—But if you had call'd me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls—

"Sir Lucius. Well, Sir ?

"Acres. Why then—I should have thought you a very ill-bred gentleman."

The following anecdote to the same point is true in its essentials. A gentleman of the Tractarian party who happened to be not quite *au courant* of the rapid succession of stunning events in the "*annus mirabilis*" (1845) was urged by a Catholic convert, better informed than himself on the news of the day, with the inconsistency of his position. "I pin my faith," was the reply, "upon Mr. A. What satisfies him, may satisfy me. While he stays, I stay." "Then," rejoined the convert, "you have put a strong argument in my hands ; for probably you don't know that Mr. A. has been received." "Impossible," rejoined his friend. "Well, but at any rate Dr. B. is firm, and I fall back upon him." "I have just heard," said the convert, "that Dr. B. also has become a Catholic." "You don't say so," was the reply ; "there is no faith to be placed in man. I take my standing, after all, upon the Fathers and the old Anglican divines." There was no answering this.

Now, there are no Anglicans, of the school of Dr. Pusey, who are not involved in these tremendous inconsistencies. Hence we can view with no real satisfaction, or unqualified approval, *any* formal act, be it the opening of a new church, or setting up of a new periodical, which commits a body of clergymen and laymen to the expressed or implied defence of a position which if conscious is dishonest, and ridiculous, whether conscious or not. We cannot quite bring ourselves to treat as a mere event in providence what we cannot but think involves more or less of fatal self-deception in some at least of those who are concerned in it ; and if the editor of the *Union* or any of his coadjutors were to come to us for advice, we think no sensible man could complain were we to address him in some such terms as the following: "If the Catholic Church be in your opinion all that you publicly maintain her to be, pure in doctrine, indisputable in authority,

effective in action ; whereas your own communion, upon your own showing, is totally deficient in every note of the true Spouse of Christ ; in the name of common sense why do you not become a Catholic ; why do you not 'leave the dead to bury their dead,' and open your ears without distraction to the voice of God so plainly pleading with you?" But as these gentlemen are not likely to give us the opportunity of addressing to them this or any other counsel in person, we must fall back upon our ground as reviewers, and treat their publication as a mere literary fact.

There is yet, however, a view of their ulterior object in starting this paper, which we are bound in justice to them to notice, because although, as we shall try to show, fallacious, it is infinitely more creditable than would be any attempt to effect union among themselves on a basis of doctrinal compromise. We think it then highly probable that this paper differs from its compeers, as in generosity and fairness, so likewise in having a deliberate view towards union with the Catholic Church. Upon no other supposition can we explain its tone of simple loyalty towards ourselves. The talent and earnestness with which it is often written forbid the supposition that it is merely started as a kind of ecclesiastical "lark," with no better object in view than to keep the *Record* in a perpetual fidget, or throw honest Mr. Spooner into hysterics. We confess to having passed through a stage of such misgiving, but it has yielded to the evidence a serious intention which the progress of the *Union* has disclosed.* Let us assume, then, that the *Union* implies a really honest attempt to work up towards "Catholic Unity." It is not the first time in our recollection that such an attempt has been made, though, as we said at the outset, it is a wonderful proof of the railway pace at which right opinions have advanced, that such a design, or at any rate, what looks like it, can proceed so smoothly, and that it should have such a number of considerable persons to back it up, as the mere establishment (quite apart from the success) of a new paper unquestionably indicates.

What, then, is meant by Catholic union ? Does it mean

* Since the above was written this assumption has been fully justified. See the *Union*, No. 9.

a union of bodies, or an extensive "coming over" of individuals to the Catholic Church? We will say a few words on each hypothesis.

The union which, fifteen years ago, certain Anglicans contemplated, was what they called a union of churches, in which certain members of the Anglican body were poetically supposed to go cap in hand to the feet of the Pope as delegates from their society, and tender him, in the name and on the behalf of their communion, her humble submission, on the condition of his yielding in their favour certain open, or supposed open, points of discipline, or other dispensable matters. Now in case the Established Church (when a more compact whole than it now is) had tendered its allegiance to the Holy See upon condition of certain practicable relaxations nowise affecting the faith, or essential characteristics, of the Roman Church, we doubt not that the Holy Father would have received such a proposition with the respect to which it would be entitled, and have addressed himself to the consideration of it with that regard to the spiritual interests of a great people which has never failed to characterize the ecclesiastical diplomacy of the Holy See. What answer he would give, is another question.

If, indeed, this project of a corporate Union as it now stands, were clear of all religious objection in itself, we can assure the favourers of it that we would never say a word in discouragement of it on the ground of any apparent *practical* difficulties standing in the way of it. Neither indeed should we, as mere reviewers, have any right to express our judgment upon a matter which the instant it is removed from the department of theory, would fall naturally within the strict province of ecclesiastical authority. But while it may properly be regarded as a mere subject of public discussion, we would, with the utmost respect for the truly excellent persons who, on whichever side have expressed sympathy with it, presume, as unofficial critics like themselves, to throw out the following considerations bearing on the question. An union of bodies implies that there are bodies to unite. Now that this requirement is amply satisfied on our side, no one can doubt. But what, we would ask, is the actual organization on the other with which, upon this hypothesis, the Catholic Church is to be brought into relations? If it be a body in any sense, it is an heretical body, which has no claim to go to the Church with any proposal but that

of unqualified submission. But what *is* the "Church of England" as it is now represented? What tokens of an organic body of any kind does it exhibit? Even its distinctive character as a State Establishment is becoming daily more and more evanescent, and when church-rates go, and tithes follow, and the bishops are excluded from the House of Lords, (none of them very improbable contingencies if sufficient time be allowed,) what more will this Church of England be than a collection of independent circles without any cementing bond or substantive footing? But, looking at the same institution as the representation of a certain form of belief, (and it is of course in this character that it would have any right to come to the Holy See with propositions of union,) can anything be conceived more utterly heterogeneous than the appearance it presents? The old description "*Quot homines tot sententiæ*" expresses its doctrinal phase almost without exaggeration. Every conceivable variety of Protestant opinion finds shelter under its wing; its Formularies can be twisted any way; its Prayer-book construed to favour any kind of external worship, from mimic Romanism to that degree of ceremonial simplicity which touches close upon Quakerism or Presbyterianism itself; its pulpits resound with every kind of teaching short of the positive immoralities of Mormonism.* Again, therefore, we ask, what is this "body" which is to throw itself, in the person of any representatives which the imagination of man can picture, at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff, and pray him to give it a *quid pro quo*? Truly the "*quid*" is manifest enough; but what is to be the "*quo*?" What right has a body which has no distinctive doctrine of its own, three-fourths of whose members do not care a straw even for Apostolical Succession in any sense, or the prerogatives of the priesthood—what claim has such a collection of discordant elements, miscalled a Church, to stipulate for what it shall receive on condition of what it has to give?

* We are amused with the corroboration of our conjectures as to the "Lent Sermons at Oxford," supplied in the *Union* of March 14. Speaking of the Bishop of London's Sermon on Temptation, the *Union* says, "We know not whether to be more struck by the preacher's ignorance of theology, or the utter absence of any depth of devotion or originality of thought to compensate for this want." Pretty well, this, for a lay commentary upon a "Successor of the Apostles." Dr. Hook does not fare much better at the hands of this too truthful organ.

What *has* it to give, unless indeed it be its unconditional homage to a Truth which shall dissipate all its doctrinal inventions; its uncompromising allegiance to a Church where sovereign authority will poise its swaying movements and overrule its never-ending doubts and vacillations? As things are, such an "union" would, as far as we can see, present nothing but the result of the attempt expressed in the words of the poet,

"Mortua quinetiam jungebant corpora vivis."

Forasmuch then as the very contemplation of the possibility of such a union, appears to us to imply an estimate of the actual Anglican establishment, which can scarcely be entertained without a compromise of Catholic principle, we must decline (subject of course to authoritative correction,) even to recognize as an admissible hypothesis, what if it were a mere difficult problem, would fall within the range of a providential solution, and melt under the omnipotence of our Blessed Lady's prayer.*

But in truth it can scarcely be an union of this kind which our worthy friends themselves contemplate. What "concessions" can they want who are so satisfied with everything in the Church as it is? In our experience we have never met externs to Catholic communion so meritoriously free from "crotchets." They will make, one and all, as satisfactory converts as have ever come to us. Seriously, they appear to be the very stuff of which good and loyal Catholics are made. Then, what can they want with the delays of negotiation and the involutions of diplomacy?

We must accordingly suppose that they intend to labour for an extensive accession of individuals to the communion of the Catholic Church. They wish, perhaps, to become Catholics in a large and honourable company. Now this, if it be fact, is a view of the case which must be met in the strongest terms of reprobation, consistent with great personal respect. We cannot as Catholics zealous for souls, recognize a periodical apart from the individuals conducting it. Either it is a duty to become a Catholic, or it is not. But if a duty, it is a matter of life and death which a man must perform at once, and at

* *Vide* note at the end of the article, p. 122.

whatever cost, not seek to do in the manner least unpleasant and most respectable. If our Blessed Lord would not permit a convert to bury his father, or take leave of his family, can it be thought that He would have allowed him to wait till he had collected a body of companions, or vanquished the prejudices of the rulers and Pharisees? This is precisely that method of dangerous delay, of "waiting for a more convenient season," which will swell the unhappy throng on the wrong side of the Judgment Seat, where, Heaven forefend these amiable and truth-seeking separatists should be found at the great Day of reckoning. Let us hope that the good prayers which they have won from Catholics *in viâ*, and the far more powerful suffrages which their reverential love of holiness will have secured them at the hands of the saints *in patria*, will obtain for them grace to conquer every obstacle which stands in their way to the blessedness of Catholic unity.

But whatever may be the object with which the *Union* is set up, whatever its prospects of success, its interest and importance as a "phenomenon" are quite independent of all conjectures and all contingencies. Its intentions will not affect its providential destiny, neither will the significancy of its appearance be increased by the length of its duration. Should it not survive the quarter which intervenes between our last and forthcoming publication, and should we thus be found to have been inditing its epitaph while we supposed ourselves engaged on its panegyric, or its commentary, the fact of its birth would not be the less interesting, nor the fruit of its labour less considerable than if it were to enjoy a much longer period of literary existence.

For the mere fact of such a newspaper being set up at all, cannot possibly upon the lowest supposition indicate less than that there is a certain body of influential persons in the Anglican Establishment penetrated by a simple and most loyal love of the Catholic Church; and so deeply penetrated too, as to desire, at whatever cost, an outlet for their sentiments. Every one knows that a new newspaper must represent a certain and considerable amount of strong, decided, and impatient feeling. It is essentially an adventure, and at best a hazardous one, which cannot be entered upon without a sacrifice of money, or fail without a disagreeable consciousness of defeat. And it is

the more remarkable that such an attempt should be made in the midst of actual and most ably conducted organs of Anglican opinion. For this gives to the undertaking the character of a *protest* as well as enhances its value as a symptom of determined zeal and uncontrollable sentiment.

Nor again does it make much difference in a Catholic's estimate of this phenomenon, whether it be transient or enduring. If, as we have said, we look to the spiritual good of the parties concerned in the undertaking, we should even desire that the *Union* may speedily break up. For the conversion of its promoters and supporters would, in that case, we should suppose, be matter of certainty—as far, that is, as certainty can be predicated in such a case. The feeling in which it has originated, obstructed in the quarter which it has chosen for an efflux, must surely deviate into some less artificial channel. If, on the other hand, the *Union* should go on, its effect can scarcely be other than to remove prejudices which operate to the Church's hindrance, and to leaven the public mind over the area of its influence, with an amount of Catholic sympathy which must pave the way for a complete triumph of converting grace. All we hope and pray is, that, should such be its destiny, the end may be accomplished without injury to the great cause of doctrinal orthodoxy, and that the blessing of which the *Union* will thus be productive, may not miss the workmen while it crowns the work. And to say the truth, our hopes are here less sanguine than our wishes are sincere.

Note.—The few remarks towards the close of the foregoing article, on the subject of propositions towards Catholic Unity were written in entire ignorance of a discussion upon that matter which has since taken place in the pages of the *Union*. Any opinions therefore which those remarks may express, are utterly free from a controversial intention, though, but for such disclaimer, they might wear a controversial aspect; and their writer feels peculiarly anxious to disavow such a meaning, since he finds that the much-respected name of Ambrose Lisle Phillipps is still associated with those hopes of a corporate union, which he is personally unable to share. The matter, it will be seen, has been discussed in the body of the article, mainly upon what may be called common-sense grounds, and without reference to certain controverted questions which would be inappropriate in this place. But as the writer of the article has found, since it was in type, that the names of certain

Oxford converts favourable to the idea of an union of religious bodies upon a Catholic basis, fifteen years ago, have been introduced into this discussion, he may suggest that no charge of inconsistency can fairly be brought against any one, who in the later history of the Established Church has seen reason to alter an opinion of its attributes and capacities, founded upon its condition at a time when none of those startling "phenomena" had presented themselves which have succeeded one another in such portentously rapid succession, since the year when the idea of an "Union of Churches" was first mooted—1841. It may be added that Dr. Newman, the real head of the Oxford movement, never encouraged the idea in question.

ART. V.—1. *Communion of Labour*—A Second Lecture on the Social Employments of Women. By MRS. JAMESON. London: Longman, 1856.

2. *Hospitals and Sisterhoods*. London: Murray. 1855.

AMONG the many feelings roused by the stirring events of the present day, none are so deep or so diffused as those which have made men sensible that a reform of our public charitable institutions is imperative, and that the machinery hitherto brought to bear on the amelioration of our poor population, is insufficient for its purpose. Such an opinion is no new one to Catholics whose vivid remembrance of English history in bygone days, and whose acquaintance with the habits and customs of Catholic countries; in a word, whose knowledge of the *remedy* has made them fully aware of the enormity of the *evil* which even a casual visit to public institutions will present; but far beyond the Catholic Church has the feeling extended; among every body of professing Christians its expression has been heard, and it swells each day with a louder tone. The barrier of insular pride is broken down at last; the boast of Great Britain's perfection is fast dying away, and men are fain to confess that France and Belgium, and even Spain and Italy, have something to teach, have accomplished something she has left undone. It is not the Catholic only who, returning from his summer wandering on some foreign shore, and treading again the streets of busy England, misses the high white cap that shades

the placid brow of the daughters of St. Vincent. It is not the Catholic only who, entering our Hospitals, painfully contrasts the rough nurses with those gentle Sœurs ;—and then the Englishman turning a longing remembrance to the many holy institutes he has seen in foreign lands, clustering close as flowers on one shrub, and bringing forth their fruit in rich abundance, true to his national instinct of imitation, immediately plans or resolves how, in Protestant soil too, the fair plant shall take root and flourish ; and the Catholic looking on is rejoiced, but not surprised to find that effort and plan alike tell but one tale, and witness to the truth of his holy faith. A more remarkable evidence of this could scarcely be found than in the pages of the two works before us, which, while they have the same object in view, yet differ materially in their mode of treatment. In Hospitals and Sisterhoods, we find a bare record of facts noted with a rigid impartiality rarely found in these carping days of ours ;—the opinions of the writer do not even appear ; the account of the different institutions is taken word for word from their own reports and documents ; and facts and figures, dates and statistics, are left bare with no glowing colours to shade off the rough edges. The writer's sole purpose has evidently been to lay matters simply as they are before the world, and let each reader draw his own conclusion.

Communion of Labour pursues another track ; for while the facts mentioned are similar to those recorded in Hospitals and Sisterhoods, we are never suffered to forget that Mrs. Jameson *saw* them. Mrs. Jameson has passed judgment upon them, and has drawn conclusive evidence which *must* be true. Not that there is a word of unfairness in Mrs. Jameson's book. It is but the working of a vigorous mind with strong confidence in the truth of her own deductions, and with an entire misconception of the grounds upon which those deductions rest. However, Mrs. Jameson's strongly expressed opinions, and the unvarnished statements of "Hospitals and Sisterhoods" meet so closely, that the two voices sound in perfect harmony.

Both bear witness to the universal success of Catholic religious communities, and the equally universal failure of Protestant ones ;—both proclaim the evils to be met, and the necessity of a remedy ; and both declare their ignorance where that remedy in Protestant countries is to be found. In Hospitals and Sisterhoods, it is painful to

peruse the repeated demands for the services of Christian women, working, from love of God, in our Hospitals and other public charities;—the tale of souls perishing because there are none beside them in their hour of affliction or punishment, to whom they can turn for succour. We find countless plans and suggestions from chaplains, physicians, and benevolent men; proposals for the commencement of the good work have been repeatedly drawn up and signed by numbers of respectable and influential names; and to all the same result, the same reply is sent. “We did not get *one* offer to do this service for the love of Christ, and of the souls whom He died to redeem, though hundreds of my papers were circulated far and near.”

Although in all these suggestions for the formation of Protestant Sisterhoods, a scanty measure of approval of the Catholic ones is of necessity forced out from its promoters, *they* are careful to inform us that a life of charity and self-denial, is no stranger to the Protestant religion; and they triumphantly point to the deaconesses in Paris and Germany, as proof of their assertion. Accordingly, a brief account of their labours also, is found in Hospitals and Sisterhoods. Begun twenty years ago, backed by every assistance royal and noble benefactors could give, the deaconesses number considerably below 500; they are (with the exception of about twenty, from Kaiserworth) confined to their own provinces, where they first sprung, and where they are well fostered. Out of fifteen foundations, noticed in the pages before us, eight have been founded by rich patrons, and the scarcity of the number of deaconesses at once appears from the enormous disproportion between their numbers and their incomes.

We wonder what our communities of poor nuns, (too often obliged to refuse admission to others from want of funds) would say to a convent of six Sisters with £954 per annum; or another of eight, with £1700 per annum. All has not gone smoothly however, with Protestant Sisters; there have been dissensions in the camp. Among the Protestants in France, the flame broke out and the horrible accusation of Popery was levelled by Pasteur Coquerel at Pasteur Vermeil. Indignantly did Pasteur Vermiel repel the assault. He hastened to relieve the minds of the alarmed Protestants of France, by assuring them Rome herself owed her Sisters of Charity to the evangelical spirit of the Reformation, and that *they* exist-

ed only in France. The *Sœurs de Charitè*, whom Mrs. Jameson once called ubiquitous, and the long array of the *Dames Hospitalières*, founded at the time of the crusades, and the ancient order of *Beguines*, are all myths in Pasteur Vermeil's imagination. Besides this, the rules and constitutions of his order, are so firmly set, that no Romish leaven can possibly creep in : *he* has no cloister, "the life of a Sister of Charity is passed out of doors."

We wonder where all the Catholic *Sœurs* pass their life; perhaps the "wards of the Hospitals, or the sick-rooms," or the tents near battle fields, are too much shelter for Pasteur Vermeil to countenance. In fact the whole of his rules for the conduct of the deaconesses border so nearly on the absurd, that we only wonder how the establishment holds together at all; that it will not do so long, save perhaps in name, it needs hardly a prophet to tell us. *If* the Gospel be true, said a French Protestant clergyman, not long since, Protestantism in France cannot flourish, for "a house divided against itself cannot stand." The thorough exposé in forcible words by Mrs. Jameson, of the disgraceful moral state of our public charities, will, we trust, do some good. It is the state of our workhouses which has elicited from her the strongest remonstrance. She says, "Never did I visit any dungeon, any abode of crime or misery in any country which left the same crushing sense of sorrow, indignation, and compassion, almost despair, as some of our English workhouses." There is certainly a peculiar disgrace attached to us as a nation for the government of these "abodes of wretchedness and mass of human agonies." In penitentiaries and prisons there is at least the sense that by their own act in the majority of cases the suffering has been incurred; but how widely different as regards a workhouse. No doubt the very worst of the poor are congregated there; no doubt it is chiefly the vicious and idle who fill its walls, because it has so become the property of the vicious and idle, that the deserving poor for whose relief it was intended, abandon it to them and endure the keenest misery, often death from slow starvation, rather than be exposed to such pollution, and be subjected to a horrible slavery in their old age. For what purpose a workhouse was originally intended, Mrs. Jameson shall tell us. "They were intended to be religious and charitable institutions, to supply the place of those conventual hospitals and charities which, with their

revenues, were suppressed by Henry the Eighth." "The purpose of a workhouse is to be a refuge to the homeless, helpless poor, to night wanderers, to orphan children, to the lame and blind, to the aged who will lie down on their last bed to die." These purposes then were the intention of the charity of those bygone ages, of those useless monasteries, of those idle dissolute monks, of those miserable imbecile "cloistered" nuns, whom the glorious Reformation swept away from the face of England. In their stead, for those who would have craved a night's lodging at the abbey gate, we prepare the "casualty ward" of the workhouse, described by those who* know it as an earthly hell,—the halt, the maimed, the blind, who would *then* have been tended by the Sœurs Hospitalières, we *now* commit to the tender mercies of some drunken virago; the orphan children and the young girls, once safely guarded within convent walls, in purity and peace, we train in the polluting atmosphere of the "union," for a life of sin; and when they have accomplished the end for which they were prepared, the virtuous men and women of England shrink from the contemplation of their own handy work as a subject too dreadful to be dwelt on, and for which there is no remedy. "Send a girl to us, Ma'am," said the relieving officer of St. ——— Workhouse, to a lady who was seeking a refuge for one, "and if you want to find a sure way to ruin her that will do it."

But is there not a chaplain, demands some one, shocked at these revelations? There is, but Mrs. Jameson assures us that he is but "a religious accident;" often from the lowness of their stipends, and the rough treatment they have to encounter from the Board, the chaplains are the most inferior of their profession, who do not attempt to do more than "hurry over a few prayers;" but even when the office is filled by earnest and active men, they are forced to confess that their influence is nought, their labours almost useless; "in his presence," says Mrs. Jameson, "the oaths, the curses, the vile language, cease to recommence the moment his back is turned." Thus does Christian England, who is for ever shuddering at some awful immorality she has heard of in foreign countries, teach virtue and faith to *her* poor.

* See the recent exposure elicited by an unexpected night visit of the Lord Mayor and Recorder of the City of London.

On Penitentiaries also Mrs. Jameson dwells at length; the ill success of their system is again her theme, caused in her opinion by the "incredible rashness and incredible mistakes" of those who conduct them. Can anything be conceived more likely to disgust the poor outcasts with a return to the path of virtue, than the prison-like buildings, the hard repulsive labour to which they are condemned? or anything surer to crush the faint aspirations for good which quivers in their hearts, than the government of the rough harsh matrons who perform their distasteful task for hire? Who has more need of sympathy and help in the bitter conflict with the powers of darkness than these poor wanderers, so dear to Him who "goeth after that which is lost?" For a contrast to London penitentiaries let us turn to an institution visited by Mrs. Jameson at Turin, and which justly elicited her warm commendation.

"This institution (called at Turin *il Refugio*, the Refuge,) was founded nearly thirty years ago by a good Christian, whose name was not given to me, but who still lives, a very old man. When his means were exhausted, he had recourse to the Marquese de Barol, who has from that time devoted her life, and the greater part of her possessions, to the objects of this institution. Madame de Barol told me candidly in 1855, that in the commencement she had made mistakes; she had been too severe. It had required twenty years of reflection, experience, and the most able assistance to work out her purposes. The institution began on a small scale, with few inmates; it now covers a large space of ground, and several ranges of buildings for various departments, all connected, and yet most carefully separated. There are several distinct gardens, enclosed by these buildings, and the green trees and flowers give an appearance of cheerfulness to the whole. There is first a refuge for casual and extreme wretchedness; a certificate from a priest or a physician is required, but often dispensed with. I saw a child brought into this place by its weeping and despairing mother—a child about ten years old, and in a fearful state. There was no certificate in this case, but the wretched little creature was taken in at once. There is an infirmary, admirably managed by a good physician, and two medical sisters of a religious order. There are also convalescent wards. These parts of the building are kept separate, and the inmates carefully classed, all the younger patients

being in a separate ward. In the penitentiary and schools, forming the second department, the young girls and children are kept distinct from the elder ones, and those who have lately entered from the others. I saw about twenty girls under the age of fifteen, but only a few together in one room. Only a few were tolerably handsome, many looked intelligent and kindly. In one of these rooms I found a tame thrush hopping about, and I remember a girl with a soft face crumbling some bread for it, saved from her dinner. Reading, writing, and plain work and embroidery are taught, also cooking and other domestic work. A certain number assisted by rotation in the large, lightsome kitchens, and the general service of the house, but not till they had been there some months, and had received badges for good conduct. There are three gradations of these badges of merit, earned by various terms of probation. It was quite clear to me that these badges were worn with pleasure; whenever I fixed my eyes upon the little bits of red or blue ribbon attached to the dress, and smiled approbation, I was met by a responsive smile, sometimes by a deep modest blush. The third and highest order of merit, which was a certificate of good conduct and steady industry during three years at least, conferred the privilege of entering an order destined to nurse the sick in the infirmary, or entrusted to keep order in the small classes; they had also a still higher privilege. And now I come to a part of the institution which excited my strongest sympathy and admiration. Appended to it is an infant Hospital for the children of the very lowest orders, children born diseased, or deformed, or maimed by accident—epileptic or crippled. In this Hospital were thirty-two poor suffering infants, carefully tended by such of the penitents as had earned this privilege. On a rainy day I found these poor little things taking their daily exercise in a long airy corridor. Over the clear shining floor was spread temporarily a piece of coarse grey drugget, that their feet might not slip, and so they were led along creeping, crawling, or trying to walk or run, with bandaged heads and limbs, carefully and tenderly helped and watched by the nurses, who were themselves under the supervision of one of the religious sisters already mentioned. There is a good dispensary, well supplied with common medicines, and served by a well-instructed Sister of Charity, with the help of one of the inmates whom she had trained. Any

inmate is free to leave the Refuge whenever she pleases, and may be received a second time, but not a third time. I was told that when these girls leave the institution, after a probation of three or four years, there is no difficulty in finding them good places, as servants, cooks, washerwomen, and even nurses; but all do not leave it. Those who after a residence of six years preferred to remain, might do so; they were devoted to a religious and laborious life, and lived in a part of the building which had a sort of conventual sanctity and seclusion. They are styled 'les Madeleines' (Magdalens.) I saw sixteen of such; and I had the opportunity of observing them. They were all superior in countenance and organization, and belonged apparently to a better class. They were averse to re-entering the world, had been disgusted and humiliated by their bitter experience of vice, and disliked or were unfitted for servile occupations. They had a manufactory of artificial flowers, were skilful embroiderers and needlewomen, and supported themselves by the produce of their work. They were no longer objects of pity or dependent on charity; they had become objects of respect—and more than respect, of reverence.

“One of them who had a talent for music, Madame de Barol had caused to be properly instructed; she was the organist of the chapel and the music mistress; she had taught several of her companions to sing. A piano stood in the centre of the room, and they executed a little concert for us; everything was done easily and quietly, without effort or display. When I looked in the faces of these young women—the eldest was not more than thirty—so serene, so healthful, and in some instances so dignified, I found it difficult to recall the depth of misery, degradation, and disease, out of which they had risen. The whole number of inmates was about 140, without reckoning the thirty-two sick children. Madame de Barol said that this infant Hospital was a most efficient means of thorough reform; it called out what was best in the disposition of the penitents, and was indeed a test of the character and temper. If this institution had been more in the country, and if some of the penitents (or patients) whose robust *physique* seemed to require it, could have been provided with plenty of work in the open air, such as gardening, keeping cows or poultry, &c., I should have considered the arrangements for a Catholic country perfect. They

are calculated to fulfil all the conditions of moral and physical convalescence. Early rising, regular active *useful* employment, thorough cleanliness, the strictest order, an even rather cool temperature, abundance of light and fresh air; and more than these, religious hope, wisely and kindly cultivated companionship, cheerfulness, and the opportunity of exercising the sympathetic and benevolent affections." Madame de Barol is assisted considerably by funds from the government, in addition to her own large private means. She is therefore enabled to carry out her efforts on a scale and with an organization to which we in England can bring no parallel; but she would be the first gratefully to acknowledge that the life-blood of her community, which enable each sinew and muscle to have full play, are the Sisters of Charity; and these we also can show Mrs. Jameson. She need not go so far as Turin to see how the holy influence of persons devoted to a life of self-sacrifice can soften and elevate the most abandoned of human creatures. She has but to visit the Convent of the Good Shepherd at Hammersmith, to witness the quiet, orderly appearance of the hundred poor girls who have there found an asylum, to hear the joyous shouts at recreation, or the sweet singing in their chapel, to be assured that the hopelessness of success which prevails in Protestant communities extends not here; that though there are many disappointments, many failures, the work nevertheless is achieved, and many are won by the sight of the love and tenderness of the *servants* to cling to the infinitely greater of the *Master*. The point of Mrs. Jameson's work, and from which it derives its title, is the necessity of a thorough co-operation of men and women in charitable works, both of whom, she argues, have hitherto pursued the path alone, studiously avoiding contact with each other. From this she conceives many evils have arisen; and here she is undoubtedly right. Women with the best intentions and the most self-denying motives, require the calm judgment and sound sense of men to guide them; while on the other hand, it would be simply impossible for men to carry on works of mercy to any extent without the aiding hand of woman. How this communion of labour is accomplished among Protestants Mrs. Jameson does not inform us. Among Catholics the need is at once met by due submission to the priestly office; but without finding any fault with what she has witnessed of its working, Mrs. Jameson

strongly hints that any such submission is quite inadmissible in a Protestant scheme; yet she confesses herself at a loss to suggest a remedy either for this or any of the other evils she has laid before the world. Her great aim is to call the minds of others to consider what she has so deeply weighed, and to assure them that the case is not hopeless; that though it might seem at the first glance success lay exclusively in the hands of the Catholic Church, it is not so in reality, the proof being her own strong faith that it is not. This strong opinion arises from that utter misconception of the real mainspring of the religious life which, with all her admiration, Mrs. Jameson has brought away with her from an inspection of Catholic works; and it is remarkable how her powerful intellect, which can so clearly discern every vein and artery in the material working, should yet fail in tracing them to their fountain. "Really," she exclaims, "I do not see that feminine energy and efficiency belong to any one section of the Christian community." Certainly not; and very little have these to do with the formation of religious orders. Individual efforts may be found scattered far and wide; but the spirit of charity—of that which grows and multiplies from generation to generation, is found only within the pale of the true Church. Let us turn to familiar instances to prove the truth of this. We have little doubt that were Mrs. Jameson to organize a refuge or an hospital, and devote to its furtherance her life and energies, she would succeed; it is probable she would see fruit to her labours; that others animated by her spirit would gather round her, and she might be led to believe that in time to come the work she had commenced would be continued. But are there no examples to show the fallacy of such a hope? There was one some thirty years ago, who although her creed was the coldest and most barren of the many sects of this land, yet rose up with the love of God burning so strongly in her heart, that it soon won back to Him the most abandoned of her sex; that it feared not to enter the "den of wild beasts," as Newgate was then called. Who ever read the history of her deeds and was not moved to admiration? But Elizabeth Fry went the way of all living. Not twenty years have rolled by; and who amidst her countrywomen of the Protestant faith emulate her actions? What body of women follow her footsteps and reverence her memory? In one house

in London a few respectable hired nurses bear the name of "Mrs. Fry's Sisters;" but what she wonderfully achieved is almost forgotten. While Mrs. Fry was in the midst of her glorious work; while her Sovereign spoke words of approval; while her name was honoured in Parliament, and noble ladies and noted statesmen acknowledged her friendship as a privilege—there lived in Dublin Katherine Macaulay; divine love dwelt in her heart, and the bloom of her youth and strength of her talents were offered on the Altar of her God. No earthly sovereigns bade *her* to their courts; no Acts of Parliament were passed by *her* influence. She died and the world missed her not. Some twelve years have passed since her burial day; and in Ireland, England, and many of our colonies, the works of Katherine Macaulay live and flourish. In crowded schools, in refuges for young innocent girls, in orphanages, in the wretched abodes of the sick and afflicted poor, and (whenever permitted) in hospitals, prisons, and workhouses, her daughters bear witness that "she being dead yet liveth." When the cry of anguish from the battle-field and the hospitals of the East, rang through the land awaking an echo in every heart and calling with thrilling accents, where are *your* Sisters of Charity, a band was hastily organized to meet the emergency. Application was made to the women called Mrs. Fry's Sisters, to give their help; not one responded to the call. Foremost in that band were the Sisters of Mercy founded by Katherine Macaulay; no less than twenty-eight laboured in those scenes of horror, and two sealed with their deaths the devotion of their lives. Who has not heard of, who does not honour the *Sœurs de Charité* of France, an order which in two hundred years, numbers more than twelve thousand members, and yet what was its origin? a touching sermon in an obscure French town. Where was its first foundation? in a small house in Paris by four young girls and their superior, Madame le Gras, who afterwards averred that so repeated were her failures in infusing into their hearts the true spirit, that she was tempted to give it up in despair. Yet she lived to see the Hotel Dieu reformed by their means; the *Enfans Trouvés* founded; to send them into military hospitals and wherever any pestilence raged, and into many foreign countries. This order, one of the most fruitful the Church ever saw, was begun by its founders

with not an idea of what they were about to undertake ; for they were but tools in His hand, " Who giveth the increase." We need not, however, look so far back ; let us turn only to the record of our own day ; in Hospitals and Sisterhoods we find an account of Anglican sisterhoods, and their history is a striking development of that wonderful movement of the present age on which Catholics have ever gazed with a strong interest, and in which so many now numbered within the one fold have borne their part. It will be well remembered how some twelve years ago a foundation of communities on the model of monastic orders within the borders of the Established Church was determined upon by some of the leaders of the Tractarian party ; their object in this undertaking was twofold ; they already knew that the " parochial system was inadequate to grapple with the fearful wants of our neglected town population ;" * and while they determined that works of mercy to meet this vast want should form part of the new institutes, they should also satisfy that longing for a holier and stricter life which the stirring of hearts, the new views of life and its duties, and above all the perusal of the lives of " Romish Saints" had created. A Sisterhood of Mercy was decided upon as the most feasible means of carrying out the scheme ; and in 1845 the work was commenced in London, and the Sisterhood of Holy Cross founded by Dr. Pusey ; apparently the undertaking would seem to have prospered ; for after some years spent in a hired house, a conventual looking establishment rose up, and was taken possession of by the Sisters. Previously to this event another Sisterhood of Mercy was begun at Plymouth with a more imposing aspect than the first ; for this was under the sanction and authority of the Bishop of Exeter, while episcopal blessings and supervision were resolutely denied the institution in London. A vulgar attack from the ultra Protestant party at Plymouth, brought Miss Sellon and her band into notice ; and as it was followed by frequent public appeals for pecuniary aid in their works of mercy, couched in touching and graceful language by their superioress, all were soon familiar with the intentions of the Plymouth Sisterhood. Indeed, the works of charity undertaken by these ladies were so numerous and so

* Guardian.

spirited that many prejudices were dispelled and persons of different shades of opinion gave sympathy and help which they would otherwise have denied. A flourishing account of these works taken from their reports appears in Hospitals and Sisterhoods; funds were abundant and Miss Sellon bade fair to possess a strong influence over a large portion of the Anglican party. A more hopeful prospect could hardly have been desired; and now we may ask, how have these hopes been fulfilled? are these Sisterhoods still giving proof of life and vitality? and have they numbered on their rolls the names of those many gifted women with their warm aspirations after better things than the joys of earth, for whom they were intended?

How many hundreds have passed in, how many foundations have been sent forth from their central institutions? We find that both Dr. Pusey's and Miss Sellon's institutions together have numbered but thirty professed Sisters, and many of these have gone away, some to become Catholics, others to return to social life.

The Sisterhood of Holy Cross has literally dissolved into fragments, its members scattered, its convent and property made over to Miss Sellon; a few of the Sisters also entered her Sisterhood. And the Plymouth Sisterhood with its Bishop's sanction and its fruitful deeds of love? The Bishop has vanished from the scene, withdrawn his sanction, and gone so far as to deny all knowledge for years past of its proceedings; and Miss Sellon, poor lady, left without a Bishop, saw no other resource than becoming one in her own person, and has actually assumed the title of Lady Abbess, and her ascent to such a pedestal has fairly turned her head. Every kind of wild eccentricity is rife among the community, such as our readers would hardly credit. The whole system has become a travestie of the holy orders of the Catholic Church which would be ludicrous if it were not so melancholy. Holy obedience, the crowning grace of the religious life, with its due gradations from nun to superior, from superior to bishop, from bishop to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, becomes, in the Sellon "Abbey," a system of abject slavery to one unauthorized woman, who exacts from her deluded subjects a submission of thought and judgment, as well as of outward action, which those who rule with authority of Christ cannot comprehend. Almost all the works of charity recorded in Hospitals and Sisterhoods, as performed by

the Plymouth Sisters, have fallen to the ground ; the formation of a contemplative order is the last theory ; and without that especial call from God and those heavenly aids which the Church affords to those who tread that difficult and most solemn path, it is very certain that its only practical results will be a sad if not a terrible failure. Are such attempts as these, what Mrs. Jameson desires to see ? She would hasten to tell us that all such absurdities as we have described, are as abhorrent to her as to us ; but why then, may we ask, does she so strongly condemn an extract from a late work of Mr. Paget's upon this subject, calling it the verdict of a person who is " accustomed to see things only on one side, and from one side " ? Mr. Paget's remarks appear to us extremely just. " Look out," he says, " a clever enthusiastic woman, with a strong will of her own, and no stronger will to control it ; make her the Lady Superior of a Sisterhood without any man to come with a weight of years, authority and holiness, to say to her, *this* must not be, *that* would be very silly or unreasonable, or improper, and I positively forbid it ; do this, and you will do the devil's work in frustrating a means of good as effectually as himself could do. You will get Sisterhoods in all the slavish misery of nuns, and with none of the protection of convents, a pack of unhappy women, forbidden to exercise common sense, and rendered morbid, sensitive, and undevout, by the system which the uncontrolled power of the Lady Superior exercises over them ; and not rarely you will have the Lady Superior go crazy, because of the unlimited indulgence of her talent for governing." Mr. Paget, in the retirement of his country village, has doubtless no acquaintance with Catholic nuns, else he would not have imagined either slavery or misery to be their lot ; with this exception, his comments are forcible, and we rejoice to see a clergyman of the Church of England raising his voice against such an abuse as we have described. For the sake of common sense and humanity, we cannot credit that the clergy or members of the Anglican party continue to lend their sanction to Miss Sellon's proceedings ; but so long as they remain silent, so long as the warm approval, once publicly given by them, is not withdrawn, so long will they share in the responsibility ; so surely will they be rendering vain the wish they have at heart—the gathering of Christian women to supply the needs of our perishing poor.

¶ Earnestly do we implore Mrs. Jameson not to lend her powerful advocacy to evil as well as good. She had pondered on well, and searched deeply, before she praised and defended Catholic orders. Let her equally weigh Protestant institutes in the balance; and, in urging her countrywomen on in the path of charity and benevolence, let her warn them against the pitfalls into which so many who set out on that road with good intentions have fallen. We are not ignorant that the spirit of charity among the Tractarian body has been by no means confined to the Sisterhoods upon which we have commented, although they were undoubtedly the principal. Many are the excellent and self-denying women in different parts of our land who are bravely doing their part to stem the torrent of vice and misery which rushes so rapidly upon us, and are emulating the deeds of those in the Catholic Church whom they have lately learnt to love and honour. Far it is from Catholics to refrain from taking a deep interest, from feeling a warm sympathy in every good work outside the Church's pale; but while we honour and respect these efforts, we cannot acknowledge that they bring any argument against our assertion that the *spirit* of the religious life dwells only in the One Fold of Christ.

We can honour those who have, within the last few years, endeavoured to imitate the labours which for near two centuries, have been practised by the nuns of the Good Shepherd, and devote themselves to the task of reclaiming fallen women; or those again, whom the history of Louise le Gras, or Jeanne Jugan, have stirred up to take home destitute orphans, to tend the aged with a daughter's care, to smooth the sick pillow of the forsaken, and for the performance of these tasks to bid farewell to the things the world holds dear. We doubt not those efforts are very acceptable in God's sight, and these noble individual acts will have reward from Him; but individual acts they are and will remain. They will not cast their seed and multiply, they are sown in stony ground where they have not much earth.

One feature in their constitution, strikes a Catholic forcibly; they are all separate foundations, they have not sprung one from another. Their Superiors go through no training, but commence the work of guiding others with all their own prejudices unsoftened, their own defects unsubdued. How can they rule wisely who have never

learned to obey? Striking, also, is the gloom which invariably hangs over them, and which contrasts strangely with their oft repeated assertion of happiness in their work. Visit them, and you will meet with a singular constraint of manners cold and uncourteous, and an anxious sorrowful look, very unlike the bright faces and the graceful courtesy, and the warm sympathy universal in Catholic Convents; and no wonder; for they possess not the inestimable treasure which brings to every convent the joys of Bethlehem, the dwelling of our Lord in the Tabernacle. He sheds around Him a sunshine before which the light of earth grows dim; and they who are so blessed as to dwell in His house, cannot do aught but praise Him with a glad and thankful heart; and beside, this gloom and constraint must always be found where freedom of thought and speech are forbidden; and this is most prevalent in Anglican Sisterhoods. On the subject of the Catholic Church, silence is strictly enjoined. We have heard that the very mention of the name of an eminent convert, once cherished in the Church of England, has been proscribed; a rupture with close and dear friends, who have entered the true Church, is an invariable rule; the visits and letters of such are avoided as if they brought infection; and the free perusal of Catholic books is disapproved of; and this practice is pursued with those whose very study of Catholic works, whose very admiration of Catholic saints has led to their adopting their present mode of life; whose very rules and observances are imitations of Catholic orders.

No wonder, then, that this fear of friendly intercourse with Catholics, so plain a proof of the weakness of their cause, paralyses the mental powers, and casts a gloomy aspect over their life. In what Catholic convent are the presence or works of a Protestant feared? Rather it is to the convent the Protestant goes for instruction and encouragement. Freedom of thought is the atmosphere in which they whose faith is built upon a rock, live and move. The total misconception which exists among Protestants of the real source of the religious life, in which Mrs. Jameson so fully shares, is, that they constantly mistake the effects for the cause. It is common to hear among Protestants a qualifying admission that, under certain circumstances with certain regulations, conventual establishments might be useful; they must not interfere with social

ties; that for those who have no homes, the solitary, melancholy, and crotchety ladies who are not likely to settle in life, and who "really want an object,"—for these such asylums would indeed be excellent; and yet it is precisely this class who are totally unfitted for the cloister life, and who will scarcely ever be found there. By far the greater number of nuns have entered in the freshness of their youth, while the world lay before them with its bright illusions undisputed; and those to whom the vocation has come in maturer years, are certainly the very women fitted to adorn society, and shed sunshine around their homes; and this because celibacy has ever been held by the Church as the highest and most perfect state. She who has raised Holy Matrimony to the dignity of a sacrament, pouring thereby riches of grace on those whom God wills to serve Him thus, has yet in the harmony of her wise counsels taught her children to esteem it a gift when called to relinquish its joys. Therefore they seek not the cloister because they are tired of an idle life, or sick of the world and its cares, or afraid of becoming solitary and useless members of society, or because they want a comfortable home, or to gain a respectable livelihood; none of these motives could sustain a soul through the rigours of a religious life. But a divine whisper is heard within their hearts. The charities of home, of parents, and brethren, the bliss of wife and mother, are less dear to them than to sit at the feet of their Lord; therefore, talented, accomplished, and refined, if they move in higher rank, or gentle, industrious and intelligent, if from a lower grade, all they possess is joyfully offered to their God. Nor the farewell spoken, the convent entered, is the work completed. Patiently they try their hearts to be certain it is neither enthusiasm, nor excitement, nor any lower motive that has impelled them to the step. Humbly do they submit to the decision of others, and carefully prepare themselves for the life they trust is before them; and the novitiate of Catholic convents consists comparatively little in the training for works of mercy in which their future years are to be spent; it is more passed in acquiring the spirit of detachment from the world, in a vivid realization of the nearness of eternity, in contempt of earthly praise and honour, in subduing the proud will to the childlike meekness of Christ, in the forgetfulness of self, in the crucifying of the flesh till austerities and hardships become sweet to them. These are

the lessons those long years of preparation are spent in ; and long do they seem to those who pant for the moment of their heavenly espousals, for the embrace of Him whose love can wither not, nor change, and from Whom death has no power to part them ; and the time arrived, and the vows spoken and accepted, the sacrifice is complete ; but now ended, day by day do they offer themselves afresh, body and soul ; each day's toil, each new call upon their strength and energy is hailed by them as a new gem to be won and worn for all eternity. Ask a professed nun whether she would change with the queen on her throne, or the bride in the quiet fulness of her joy, and she will tell you that she esteems her lot far happier, far more glorious. Now it is easy to imagine that deeds of love to their fellow creatures would be rife amongst those whom God has so richly endowed with His peace, and whose hearts are burning with such pure emotion. Therefore, the religious life does not spring from the desire of doing good works, as Mrs. Jameson imagines, but from that very life arise the desire and the ability to do them. "What," exclaims Mrs. Jameson, "cannot we have sisters of charity without accepting also an infallible pope, transubstantiation, the immaculate conception, and heaven knows what, the terror and abomination of our evangelicals?" Assuredly you cannot, because in union there is strength ; and where is the union to support the Protestant sister ? She may be an Evangelical, her next sister a Tractarian, her superior a Broad churchwoman, and half-a-dozen other shades might be found in the community. Would such teaching or ministrations be very beneficial, or would peace dwell in such homes ? If, on the other hand, to avoid this, each party should form a community for itself, and agreement of religious views should exist at least within their walls, then their efforts would be small and isolated, having no centre and no power of extension. We repeat then, that out of the Catholic Church religious orders will never flourish ; here and there you may have a hot-house plant, but it will last for a little while, and then fade away. Catholic orders grow luxuriantly in the open air, flowers of every hue the heart of man can desire, no frost can blight, no storm overthrow them ; crush them for awhile, they will spring up again the sweeter,—let human sin and laxity creep in for a time, and some fervent spirit shall be raised up among them,

and the reformed order surpass even the foundation ; their root is deep, their soil fruitful,—that root is unity, that soil is faith.

The knowledge that the want of active works of charity is beginning to be felt deeply by Protestants, should urge on English Catholics in the good path. The crushing effect of the penal laws, the pressure of our poverty, unable to meet, as we would, the innumerable claims upon our sympathy, have sorely pressed down our spirit ; but the necessity of the time calls on us to lay aside fear, and do the little we can with good courage. Since England in her blindness shuts the door of our public charities against our religious, let not our seculars neglect the additional labour that for this cause falls to them ; let them still break up the ground that it may be ready for the good seed in future days. Paris, fruitful as she is in religious orders, yet abounds also in deeds of mercy done by seculars. In the society of S. Vincent de Paul the ladies alone number seven hundred. We do not overlook the difficulties of working in a Protestant country, but they are not insurmountable ; here and there, and but little known, men and women inspired with the love of Christ, pursue their arduous and anxious task, yet one which brings with it a reward even on earth, in enlarging the power of sympathy, in warming the heart, in giving consolation to their own griefs while affording it to others.

Many of the apparent difficulties in our way have been proved to be visionary ; it has been proved that by working in a spirit of love and forbearance, prejudices have been dispelled, and a cordial spirit between ourselves and Protestants awakened. Great care must be taken to guard our steps that we give not up one iota of principle for the sake of peace ; but with the class of intelligent Protestants, of whom Mrs. Jameson forms a specimen, we could work with good will and comfort. We must not forget that patience is peculiarly our lot in these evil times ; but let us not be discouraged.

The cry that souls are perishing rings in our ears ; our little children fill the streets, growing up in ignorance, which will become infidelity if we do not succour them ; our poor lie unconsoled in our hospitals and workhouses. In their hour of suffering and distress the soul can easily be reached ; how many are there who have been strangers to God, being without the sacraments, having their faith

indeed, but having it only to condemn them, who, by the encouraging words of those who sought them out have been brought back to the Good Shepherd, and their souls saved, and the dishonour they had done to God wiped away? Can we, upon whose souls the tide of holy sacraments is ever flowing in their gracious fulness, refrain from extending to others the wondrous gift? Only contemplate for one moment with the Catholic eye the work-houses which Mrs. Jameson so truly pictures. We think not of the bodily suffering, or even of the contact with evil. That is not ours to remedy; but we think of that spiritual desert in which they are, where the Holy Sacrifice is never offered, where (except on rare occasions,) the priest of God is proscribed, and then has to enter, as if it were some great favour; and surely every heart will burn to do its little towards strengthening the faith that is in those poor exiles, and to comfort them as well as we are able. A field of work indeed lies before us in regaining only our bad Catholics. Let us show our Protestant brethren who are now bestirring themselves, that we will be foremost in the work for God's glory; for communion of labour is no new thing to us, who live in the blessed atmosphere of the Communion of Saints.

ART. VI.—1. *England and Wales.* Tables showing the Number of Criminal Offenders in the Year 1854.

2. *Ireland.* Tables showing the Number of Criminal Offenders in the year 1854. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.

THERE are some people who live and die in the belief that everything Catholic is inferior to anything Protestant. They have always been told so, everybody says so, and of course it *must be so*. The good, easy, large-eared, glib-tongued matter-of-course people who talk in this sort of way, are usually beyond the reach of fact or argument, because they have never been accustomed to trouble themselves with either the one or the other, and they can-

not be *fashed* to give their attention to either. They go through the ordinary duties of life in a respectable manner, but of any mental exertion in order to search into and arrive at the truth of anything, they are utterly incapable. Their habit, and the habit indeed of people in general, is to glance at and pass easily over matters, picking up as to each some convenient popular phrase, specious in sound and sentiment, and capable of being used as ready change in current conversation. On the particular subject of crime the phrase commonly adopted and circulated will be flavoured with Protestantism and love of country, two very acceptable ingredients, and thus of course become the reigning belief of general society. In such a facile and superficial manner is public opinion too often adopted. Sidney Smith, as we well know, when he wished to ascertain the popular opinion on any topic, consulted a Foolometer, or, as he described it, an average English fool, who formed no opinion of his own, but who passively reverberated the opinions of the majority of those with whom he fell into conversation; and doubtless every English foolometer will repeat that the people in Catholic countries are far more criminal than in Protestant countries, and especially that Ireland is very black indeed when compared with England.

We cannot expect to disabuse *these people* of their prevailing impressions, because they read little and think less; just catch the passing rumour as it flies, and pass it on with voluble perpetuity. It follows from the very state of things to which we have alluded, that when once an error becomes current in the popular mouth, truth may be talked at it and written at it, but in vain; for this truth seldom reaches the popular ear, and the popular mind will not be troubled with it; the prevailing impression is comfortable and satisfactory; people do not wish to have their present ideas disturbed and unsettled; and it is only with the most persevering efforts, after a long time, and very gradually drop, drop, drop, as water wears its way through stone, that truth can displace any well recognized popular tradition. Still however unwelcome its approach or limited its reception, Truth has to be investigated, if possible ascertained, and as far as possible announced, in the hope that some few minds may take the trouble of enquiring what really is true and what erroneous.

It would be easy to quote from Protestant sources

statistical accounts of the state of crime in Protestant and in Catholic countries, proving the larger proportion of crime to population in the Protestant countries; but we candidly acknowledge that we do not think that any general inferences can safely be drawn from such comparisons, because, unless both the criminal law and the mode of carrying it into execution be in each country the same, the results compared will not in each instance represent the same thing. We think there is much force in the following remarks of Mr. Maculloch in his statistical account of the British empire.

“We may further observe, that many false inferences have been drawn from comparing together returns as to the state of crime in different countries, and in the same country at different periods. Such returns are obviously good for nothing, except to deceive and mislead, unless the classification of offences in the countries and periods compared together were the same, and unless the police and the laws were similar, the former possessing nearly the same vigilance, and the latter being enforced with about the same precision; but it is needless to say that the greatest discrepancy obtains in all these particulars. The classification of offences is not the same in any two countries, and it is perpetually varying even in the same country. The greatest differences are, however, to be found in the state of the police, and the administration of criminal justice in different countries and periods. Were one to compare the returns of committals in a place without a police, with the returns from the same place after a police had been established, or the returns under an inefficient with those under an efficient police, there would, we doubt not, appear to be an extraordinary increase of crime; whereas the fair presumption is, that, instead of being increased, it is not a little diminished. The cause of the excess is obvious, it results entirely from the circumstance that many offences that formerly escaped all public notice, have latterly been brought under the cognizance of the tribunals; though it is, at the same time abundantly certain that this greater vigilance must have materially diminished the real number of offences. Unless, therefore, we are well assured the classification of crimes, the activity of the police, and the spirit of the tribunals are nearly the same in the countries and areas for which we have returns, little or nothing that is to be depended on can be learned from comparing them together.”

In one particular which does admit of exact comparison, and which is a tolerable gauge of general morality, we do know from the Protestant Laing, that the Protestant kingdom of Sweden is remarkable beyond any

country in Europe for the number of its illegitimate births; and we know also from the Protestant and prejudiced Head, that the women of Catholic Ireland are distinguished for their peculiar morality. Omitting, however, those foreign comparisons, the results of which cannot for the reasons we have stated be depended upon, and which serve rather to fortify prejudice than to elicit truth, let us proceed to a domestic comparison between two parts of this kingdom where the laws are nearly, if not entirely the same. Let us compare England and Wales on the one hand, with Ireland on the other. With regard to police, Ireland has the reputation of possessing the best constabulary force in Her Majesty's dominions, which has produced that best test of its efficiency, the possibility of its safe reduction; and at this moment many of its officials are being imported on account of their recognized qualifications into English counties. If, then, there be any unfairness in the comparison, it is in favour of England, the more wealthy, and against Ireland, the poorer portion of the kingdom.

As far back as January 1839, the present writer, in a short Article which appeared in the Number of this Review for that month, made at that time a comparison between the criminal returns of England and Wales, and of Ireland, which we would ask our readers to turn to again.

We repeat now as we wrote then, that "prepared as we ever are, to defend the Irish from unjust attack, we would not, if we could, screen them from merited rebuke; it were not the part of a friend to do so. We will state the facts plainly, and as clearly as we can; and let that statement serve to vindicate the character of the Irish people, by a proof of their comparative innocence if they be unjustly maligned, or to make them blush for their greater national guilt, if it be really established against them."

We then quoted and stated the purport of the Criminal returns for England and Wales, and for Ireland in 1837, (the latest then published,) and it may be useful to compare the state of crime *then*, with the state of crime *now*, in both countries, as well as its state in each country as compared with the other.

Then we stated that the returns established the fact that, if Ireland exceeded England in the *number* of crimes, England fully made up for it in *greater enormity*. *Now*, as will shortly be apparent, the convictions in Eng-

land and Wales exceed those of Ireland, both in number (in proportion to population,) and in enormity.

For the year 1837 the total number of convictions in England and Wales, and in Ireland respectively, was divided or classified as to punishment, and of consequences as to guilt, in the following manner.

Sentences in 1837.		England and Wales.	Ireland.
Death,		438	154
Transportation for life,		636	266
“ for 14 years,		545	17
“ for 7 years,		2,592	818
“ for other periods,		12	7
Imprisonment above 3 years,		0	0
“ for 3 years and above 2 years,		14	0
“ for 2 years and above 1 year,		394	82
“ for 1 year and above 6 months,		1,628	1,035
“ for 6 months and under,		10,258	6,186
Whipping,			6
Fine,		562	378
Discharge or sureties,			592
Respite and pardon,		11	15
		17,090	9,556

And the proportion of population in Ireland to that of England being *then* as 8 to 14, or 4 to 7, as near as it could be stated in round numbers, the total convictions in England and Ireland respectively were in 1837 in a proportion with each other so marvellously corresponding with that of their respective populations, that the proportions might be termed identical, there being then in England one conviction to 813 inhabitants, and in Ireland one conviction to 812 inhabitants. But when we proceeded for the year 1837 to deduct on each side the convictions for petty offences, then England and Wales stood out in the bold relief of deeper and darker criminality.

Deduct from Convictions in England in 1837, viz.		17,090
Six months' imprisonment and under,	10,258	
Whipping, Fine, Discharge on Sureties, Respite and pardon,	573	10,831
Leaving of more heinous crimes in England & Wales,		6,259
Deduct from Convictions in Ireland in 1837, viz.		9,536
Six months' imprisonment and under,	6,168	
Whipping, Fine, Discharge on Sureties, Respite and pardon	991	7,159
Leaving of more heinous crimes in Ireland,		2,377

And comparing as before the proportion of crime to population, the result for 1837 was,

In England and Wales one heinous criminal in 2,220 inhabitants.

In Ireland one heinous criminal in 3,267 inhabitants.

This was the state of things in 1837—how little known and appreciated by our fellow-subjects on the English side of the channel!

Let us now see how the fact stands at present. In the latest year for which we can obtain the returns, which is 1854, after an interval of fourteen years, involving political and social changes of no slight moment, including a great increase of population in England and Wales, and, fearful and anomalous fact, a serious diminution in the number of human beings existing in Ireland. Here is a corresponding tabulated statement of the sentences in 1854.

	England and Wales.	Ireland,
Death,	49 .	6
Transportation for life,	29 .	8
Above 15 years,	35 .	0
15 years and above 14 years,	0 .	31
15 years and above 10 years,	246 .	0
10 years and above 7 years,	0 .	0
7 years,	0 .	0
Penal Servitude for life,	2 .	1
“ 10 years and above 6 years,	100 .	22
“ 6 years and above 4 years,	408 .	96
“ 4 years,	1,598 .	550
Imprisonment above 3 years,	1 .	0
“ 3 years and above 2 years,	6 .	2
“ 2 years and above 1 year,	664 .	173
“ 1 year and above 6 months,	3,208 .	859
“ 6 months and under,	16,509 .	4,481
Whipped, fined, and discharged,	192 .	730
Sentence respited,	0 .	92
	<hr/> 23,047	<hr/> 7,051

The population of England and Wales being, according to the census of 1851, 17,922,768, and that of Ireland 6,515,794, (less, alas! than it was twenty years before,) and the proportion of population in Ireland to that of England being therefore now as 13 to 36, as nearly as it can be conveniently expressed, it follows that in England and Wales in 1854 one person in 782 was convicted of crime, in Ireland one in 928.

Compare these with the corresponding numbers in 1837, and it will appear that in respect of the total number of convictions for all kinds of crimes, England and Wales are now a little worse, and Ireland much better than in 1837.

But let us, as in 1837, consider the character of the crimes for which convictions occurred in each country, some being slight, and punished only with slight punishment.

Deduct from the total convictions in England and			
Wales in 1854,	.	.	23,047
Six months imprisonment and under,	.	16,509	.
Whipped, fined, and discharged	.	192	16,701

Leaving of heinous criminals in England & Wales,	6,346
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Deduct from the total convictions in Ireland			
in 1854,	.	.	7,051
Six months imprisonment and under,	.	4,481	.
Whipped, fined, and discharged,	.	730	.
Respited,	.	92	5,303

Leaving of more heinous criminals in Ireland,	1,748
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The due proportion for Ireland being 2263 in order to be equal to the heinous criminality of England; or otherwise expressed there was,

In England and Wales one heinous criminal in 2855 inhabitants.

In Ireland one heinous criminal in 3724 inhabitants.

It thus appears, comparing 1837 with 1854, that both England and Wales, and Ireland, have now fewer crimes in proportion to population than in 1837, but that Ireland still continues to be more free from guilt than England.

Of the convictions in England and Wales there were capital			
sentences	in 1852,	.	60
Do.	in 1853,	.	55
Do.	in 1854,	.	49
			164

Of the convictions in Ireland there were capital			
sentences	in 1852,	.	22
Do.	in 1853,	..	15
Do.	in 1854,	.	6
			44

Out of the 104 capitally sentenced in England and Wales in 1853 and 1854, thirteen were executed in England and Wales, and out of the 21 capitally sentenced in Ireland in the same years, thirteen also were executed. The returns do not furnish us with the means of stating the number of executions in each country for the *three* years ending with 1854.

The 49 capital convictions in England, and the 6 in Ireland, during 1854, were respectively for offences as follows—

	England & Wales.	Ireland.
Murder,	11	4
Conspiracy to murder,	0	1
Attempts to murder with wounds,	7	0
Sodomy,	15	0
Bestiality,	0	1
Burglary with violence to persons	4	0
Robbery with wounds,	7	0
Arson of dwellings, persons being therein,	5	0
	<hr/> 49	<hr/> 6

It may be useful to point the attention of our readers to those crimes which seem to prevail in either country, in any considerable degree beyond the due numerical proportion; and though the exact proportion of population is about as 36 to 13, we will for greater convenience notice, 1st, those crimes in Ireland which are far more than *one-third* of those in England and Wales, and on the other hand those crimes in Ireland, which are far less than one-third of those in England and Wales; and thus some general conclusions may be suggested, not only as to the comparative extent, but also as to the peculiar character of crime in each country.

First, then, the crimes in Ireland, which are far more than one-third of those in England.

The convictions for manslaughter in England and Wales, and Ireland respectively, in 1854, were as follows:—

In England and Wales,	96
In Ireland,	50

Those for assaults were as follows:—

	Eng. & Wales.	Ireland.
Assaults and inflicting bodily harm,	232	} 679
Assaults, (common)	284	
Assaults on peace officers in execution of duty,	175	
	691	733

These returns deserve the serious consideration of our excitable fellow-countrymen, and of all who have any influence over them.

For Burglary.—England and Wales,	384
Ireland,	240
For Robbery.—England and Wales,	51
Ireland,	93

To cattle stealing Ireland seems more addicted than England and Wales, whilst the latter are more prone than Ireland to horse stealing and sheep stealing.

For Arson. (Capital).—England and Wales,	5
Ireland,	8
For Riot, Breach of Peace, & Pound Breach.—England & Wales,	144
Ireland,	562
For rescue and refusing to aid Peace Officers.—England and Wales,	8
Ireland,	116

On the other hand, the convictions for the following crimes are far more than three times as many in England and Wales as in Ireland.

Shooting at, stabbing, wounding, &c., with intent to maim, do bodily harm, &c.—England and Wales,	9
Ireland,	17
Breaking into shops, &c., and stealing.—England and Wales,	108
Ireland,	16
Robbery by persons armed.—England and Wales,	210
Ireland,	2
Larceny from the person.—England and Wales,	1570
Ireland,	389
Larceny by Servants.—England and Wales,	2,140
Ireland,	44

This last return is very remarkable, and is not peculiar to the year 1854, the same extraordinary disproportion having been observable in 1837, and it furnishes a striking testimony to the superior honesty of Irish servants, which may deserve the attention of those English housekeepers who have been accustomed to say, "No Irish need apply."

Larceny simple.—England and Wales,	12,562
Ireland,	3,329
Frauds and attempts to defraud.—England and Wales,	676
Ireland	62
Forgery.—England and Wales,	149
Ireland,	4
Uttering and having in possession counterfeit coin.—Eng- land and Wales,	674
Ireland,	4

These instances we have selected as those in which the crimes are numerous, and apparently much more remarkably developed in the one country than the other; the general conclusion towards which they seem to point is, that Ireland is more addicted to crimes of personal violence and England to crimes of fraud or of violence arising from motives of lucre.

In order, however, to enable our readers to judge for themselves, we beg to submit for their examination the following tabulated list of the whole of the convictions for criminal offences in England and Wales, and in Ireland, for 1854.

The arrangement is not ours, but altogether that in which they are presented to parliament, only that, for the purpose of facilitating the observations of the reader, we have added a mark (*a*) to those which are disproportionately large in Ireland, i. e. more than one-third of those in England, and have added another mark (*b*) to those which are disproportionately large in England, or more than three times those in Ireland.

CONVICTIONS FOR CRIMINAL OFFENCES IN 1854.

No. 1.—Offences against the Person.

	Eng. & Wales.	Ireland.
<i>a</i> Murder	11	6
<i>a</i> Attempts to murder, attended with dangerous bodily injuries	7	9
<i>a</i> Attempts at murder, not attended with bodily injuries	7	5
<i>b</i> Shooting at, stabbing, wounding, &c. with intent to maim, do bodily harm, &c.	97	18
<i>a</i> Manslaughter	96	50
<i>a</i> Attempts to procure the miscarriage of women	1	2
<i>a</i> Concealing the births of infants	39	20
<i>b</i> Sodomy	15	0

Carried forward 273 ... 110

	Brought forward,	Eng. & Wales.	Ireland.
	273	...	110
b Assaults, with intent to commit sodomy, and other unnatural misdemeanors	41	...	0
b Rape, and carnally abusing girls under the age of ten years	41	...	9
b Assaults with intent to ravish and carnally abuse	89	...	24
b Carnally abusing girls between the age of ten and twelve years	15	...	2
b Abduction	4	...	3
b Bigamy	72	...	5
b Child stealing or desertion	5	...	30
a Assault and inflicting bodily harm	232	...	0
a Assaults (common)	284	...	679
a Assaults on peace officers in the execution of their duty	175	...	54
a Total of No. 1.	1231	...	916

No. 2.—Offences against Property with violence.

b Sacrilege	11	...	0
a Burglary	384	...	240
b Burglary attended with violence to persons	4	...	0
b Housebreaking	520	...	75
a Breaking within the curtilage of dwelling houses and stealing	46	...	24
b Breaking into shops, warehouses, and counting-houses and stealing	106	...	10
b Misdemeanors with intent to commit the above offences	43	...	12
a Robbery	51	...	93
Mail robbery	0	...	0
a Robbery of arms	0	...	4
b Robbery and attempts to rob by persons armed in company	212	...	0
b Robbery attended with cutting and wounding	7	...	0
b Obtaining property by threats to accuse of unnatural crimes	1	...	0
a Assaults with intent to rob and demanding property with menaces	22	...	8
a Stealing in dwellinghouses persons therein being put in fear	1	...	2
Sending menacing letters to extort money	0	...	0
Piracy	0	...	0
a Taking and holding forcible possession	0	...	63
a Total of No. 2.	1408	...	531

No. 3. Offences against Property without violence.

	Eng. & Wales.	Ireland.
<i>a</i> Cattle stealing	28 ...	57
<i>b</i> Horse stealing	96 ...	13
<i>b</i> Sheep stealing	153 ...	45
<i>b</i> Larceny to the value of £5 in dwelling houses	274 ...	72
<i>b</i> Larceny from the person	1579 ...	389
<i>b</i> Larceny by servants	2140 ...	44
<i>b</i> Larceny simple	12562 ...	3329
<i>a</i> Larceny from shops	0 ...	18
<i>b</i> Stealing from vessels in port, on a river &c.	125 ...	5
Plundering wrecked vessels	0 ...	0
<i>a</i> Stealing from bleach ground	0 ...	4
Stealing goods in process of manufacture ...	0 ...	0
<i>b</i> Stealing fixtures, shrubs, trees growing, &c.	344 ...	1
<i>a</i> Misdemeanors with intent to steal	70 ...	84
<i>b</i> Embezzlement	404 ...	39
<i>b</i> Stealing and receiving letters stolen from the post office by servants	21 ...	2
<i>a</i> Receiving stolen goods	576 ...	258
<i>b</i> Frauds and attempts to defraud	676 ...	62
<i>b</i> Total of No. 3.	19048 ...	4485

No. 4.—Malicious Offences against Property.

<i>a</i> Arson (capital)	5 ...	8
<i>b</i> Setting fire to a house, warehouse, cornstack, &c.	56 ...	0
<i>b</i> Setting fire to crops, plantations, heath, &c.	8 ...	0
<i>a</i> Attempts to commit arson, set, fire to crops, &c.	3 ...	2
<i>a</i> Riot & feloniously demolishing buildings, machinery, &c.	0 ...	13
Destroying silk, woollen, linen, or cotton goods in process of manufacture	0 ...	0
<i>b</i> Destroying hop binds, trees, and shrubs growing	5 ...	0
<i>a</i> Attacking and injuring dwellinghouses, lands, &c.	0 ...	2
<i>a</i> Killing and maiming cattle	7 ...	6
Sending letters threatening to burn houses ...	3 ...	1
<i>b</i> Other malicious offences	26 ...	5
Total of No. 4.	113 ...	37

No. 5.—Forgery and Offences against the Currency.

	Eng. & Wales.	Ireland.
<i>b</i> Forging and uttering forged bank notes ...	21 ...	3
<i>b</i> Forging and uttering other forged instruments ...	128 ...	0
<i>a</i> Forging and uttering forged wills and powers of attorney for transfer of stock, &c. ...	0 ...	1
Forgery of stamps and uttering ...	0 ...	0
<i>a</i> Having in possession, &c., forged bank notes ...	2 ...	0
<i>a</i> Uttering other forged instruments ...	0 ...	6
<i>b</i> Counterfeiting the current gold and silver coin ...	9 ...	1
<i>b</i> Having in possession implements for coining ...	21 ...	4
<i>a</i> Buying and putting off counterfeit gold and silver coin	54
<i>b</i> Uttering and having in possession ditto ...	674 ...	4
<i>b</i> Total of No. 5.	855 ...	73

No. 6.—Other Offences not included in the above Classes.

High treason and felony compassing to levy war, &c.	0 ...	0
<i>a</i> Assembling armed to aid smugglers ...	0 ...	6
<i>a</i> Assaulting and obstructing revenue officers ...	0 ...	6
<i>b</i> Deer stealing, and felony resisting deer keepers ...	1 ...	0
<i>b</i> Being out armed, taking game, and assaulting game-keepers ...	62 ...	0
<i>b</i> Taking and destroying fish in enclosed water ...	3 ...	0
<i>b</i> Returning from transportation before time ...	3 ...	0
Offences connected with illicit distillation ...	0 ...	0
<i>b</i> Prison breaking, harbouring, and aiding the escape of felons ...	6 ...	1
Rescuing prisoners ...	0 ...	0
<i>b</i> Perjury, and subornation of perjury ...	56 ...	9
<i>a</i> Riot, sedition, &c., administering and taking unlawful oaths ...	0 ...	1
<i>a</i> Riot, breach of the peace, and pound breach ...	144 ...	562
<i>a</i> Rescue, and refusing to aid peace officers ...	8 ...	116
<i>b</i> Keeping disorderly houses ...	44 ...	5
<i>a</i> Indecently exposing the person ...	2 ...	8
<i>a</i> Vagrancy ...	0 ...	5
<i>a</i> Bestiality ...	0 ...	2
<i>a</i> Felonies not included in the above denominations ...	8 ...	72
<i>a</i> Misdemeanours, ditto ...	55 ...	214
<i>a</i> Total of No. 6.	392	1002
Total	23,047	7044

An examination of these lists may, we hope, suggest some useful reflections to our fellow-countrymen in both divisions of the kingdom.

There is one class of offences, those against chastity, in respect to which the contrast between the two countries appears rather remarkable. We have before noticed how very seldom the women of Ireland offend in this respect; and Irishmen appear to manifest a degree of respect for the other sex, far greater, unfortunately, than seems to prevail in England. In England and Wales the convictions in 1854 for crimes of personal violence on women and young girls were 141, in Ireland 35. Nor is this peculiar to the year 1854; in the previous year, 1853, the convictions for the same offence were 151 in England and Wales, and 33 in Ireland.

Bigamy also seems an offence very unusual in Ireland, there being in 1854 only 5 convictions for that offence in Ireland, and 72 in England.

There is one offence which will be found in the list which appears to be almost unknown in Ireland, as no conviction for it can be found in Ireland in either 1853 or 1854, whilst the returns disclose an average of 50 convictions for that offence in England and Wales in each of those years.

We do not consider the classes into which Government has divided offences in the preceding list to be incapable of improvement, since it does not appear sufficiently to consider the divisions of crime according to *motive*; but, adopting the divisions as we find them, it is observable that in No. 1 offences against the person, the offences in Ireland are much beyond the due proportion, principally owing to the number of Irish assaults. In No. 2 assaults against property with violence, Ireland is also beyond its proportion. In No. 6, offences not included in the other classes, Ireland actually exceeds England in number, owing principally to the very great number of Irish riots. Whilst on the other hand, in No. 3, offences against property without violence, (which is more numerous than all the other lists put together,) England develops far more than its due proportion of criminality. In class No. 4 malicious offences against property, the offences in each country are about in due proportion to population. In class No. 5, forgery, and offences against the currency, the disproportion is so great, that whilst they prevail very

extensively in England, they may be said to be almost practically unknown in Ireland.

We have added these few remarks in order to assist our readers in the examination of the returns. We have nothing extenuated, or set down in malice, and we may plainly, but earnestly and fearlessly say that these returns effectually vindicate the character of poor and Catholic Ireland, when compared with rich and Protestant England; and we repeat that, notwithstanding the circumstances which might a priori lead us to expect a different conclusion, the convictions for crime, and especially for the more heinous crimes, are considerably less in proportion to population in Ireland than in England and Wales, the exact figures being given above. The greater poverty of Ireland would prepare us to expect a greater number of invasions upon property there; the contrary is the fact, and we cannot hesitate to attribute this fact to the influence of our holy Religion. If we had found that property was less secure in Ireland than in England, we could have accounted for it by the more pressing poverty of the Irish people; but, finding that it is more secure, notwithstanding the pressure of that poverty, we are urged to the conclusion that there is a stronger moral feeling in the main body of the poor population of Ireland, which keeps them honest in spite of the keenest temptation to fraud and theft. And to what is the moral feeling thus practically manifesting itself in their lives and conduct under peculiar difficulties to be attributed but to their Catholic Religion, and to the good influence of their Catholic Priests? These facts deserve, and will repay a little quiet reflection.

The lesson which these returns teach to Ireland is, that her character, though bearing on the whole, an advantageous comparison with that of England and Wales, yet does not shine with that degree of superior brightness which would otherwise distinguish her, because so many of her sons are yet slaves to passion, and revenge, and drink, for to these causes, we presume, may be attributed the assaults and riots which form just one-sixth of all the crimes for which Irishmen are convicted.

On the other hand, dishonesty and fraud, in all the forms in which they can develop themselves, seem peculiarly to preponderate in England and Wales.

- ART. VII.—1. *Un Graffito blasfemo nel Palazzo dei Cesari.* [In the *Civiltà Cattolica*. Serie III. vol. iv.] Rome, 1856.
2. *Graffiti de Pompei.* Inscriptions et Gravures tracées au stylet Recueillies et interprétées par Raphael Garrucci, S.J. 4to. Paris, 1856.
3. *On the Recent Excavations and Discoveries on the Aventine Hill in Rome.* [From the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature.] By Cardinal Wiseman. London, 1856.
4. *A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography*, by Various Writers. Edited by W. Smith, D.D. [Article "Pompeii."] 2 vols. 8vo. London: Walton and Maberly, 1855-7.

THE Antiquities of Italy are, it would seem, inexhaustible. For four centuries they have supplied to the learned of Europe endless material for research and for speculation. Every town and province of Italy has contributed its share. Antiquarians, local and general, have explored every known site of interest, and there are few of them who have not, in some form or other, made public the result of their explorations. It would seem therefore that now at least their labours might end, or that, at all events, no notable addition to our knowledge of the ancient world could be hoped from their continuance. It is true that the search after specimens of ancient art, of coins, medals, rings, trinkets, and even larger objects, can never be deemed utterly hopeless, as long as any single spot, once the site of any considerable edifice, public or private, remains unexplored; but such explorations can no longer possess the interest which they had of old. Among the multitude of such objects of art that have been accumulated in the private collections of Italy, and in the public museums of that and of every other country of Europe, it may be fairly supposed that there is hardly a form of ancient art of which some type is not to be found; and the most that it would seem reasonable to expect from future successes in explorations, is to repeat and multiply (perhaps in greater perfection) the forms which we already possess.

Such a supposition may, at first sight, seem natural;

but no one who has attended to the progress of antiquarian research in Italy for the last twenty years will for a moment entertain it. We have come in truth to a second and entirely new period in the work. The history of this branch of ancient learning has been very similar to that of the revival of classical literature itself. In the first burst of public interest—in the days of the Aldi and the Etiennes—editors hastened to give to the world the great works which lay first to their hand—the celebrated poets, philosophers, and historians of the pagan world, and the great and prominent ecclesiastical writers of the Christian. The more obscure writers of both were for a time neglected. And even of those authors who were first chosen for publication, many of the smaller and less important treatises were overlooked in the early editions. The first generation of editors, in a word, did little more than the rough work of their art. Then came a second more laborious and painstaking generation, who took, expressly as their especial work, the duty of collecting and arranging the minor authors, and of completing the collections of the works of the greater. And of these editors may be traced several successive series, each following up with increased exactness the work which its predecessor had but partially accomplished, until in the classic age of this great art—the age of the Benedictines and the Bollandists—the days of Mabillon and Montfaucon, of Papebroch and Muratori—it might seem that not a fragment of the ancient learning, sacred or profane, had escaped the searching eye and the capacious hand of the literary explorer. Nevertheless it was only then that a third age—the age of the gleaners—can be said to have begun—the age of “*Spicilegia*” and “*Bibliothecæ*”—an age to whose critical and cautious spirit literature owes many obligations. Last of all came the Palempsest editors—Knittel, and Peter Bruns, and Barrett, and above all, Mai—who chose for themselves a department the existence of which had hardly been suspected by their predecessors; and who have filled up many a broad gap in the work left imperfect by the editors who had gone before them, from materials which these editors had regarded as utterly unworthy of their notice;—nay, in some cases, from the very manuscripts which they had examined and edited, unconscious or unobservant of the hidden treasure which they contained. Kuster obtained his interesting and valuable readings of the Greek text of the Codex Ephremi,

under a manuscript of the works of St. Ephrem, to make room for which the original Gospel text had been effaced. It was in the same circumstances that Peter Bruns recovered the fragments of the lost ninety-first book of Livy; and Cardinal Mai's *De Republica* had lain unnoticed for generations, covered by a manuscript of St. Augustine's Commentaries on the Psalms, which had been written over the *De Republica* by a scribe of the fourteenth century.

Something extremely like this has been the course of the more recent antiquarian exploration at Rome, and in other parts of Italy. A new generation of antiquaries has arisen, whose vocation resembles very closely that of the Palimpsest editors in the literary department. Passing by the more prominent and striking objects of research—the obvious and tangible remains of the ancient world; leaving to others to pursue what yet remains to be done, in the excavation of temples and theatres; the restoration of palaces, and baths, and theatres; the identification of the several portions of circuses, amphitheatres; and the exploration of sepulchres and columbaria, the modern explorers have begun to address themselves to minutæ, which, while the harvest of antiquity was still new, were deemed too small to excite, still less to reward, curiosity—to the examination of the buried remains, which, like the original writing of the Palimpsests, had been as it were effaced, in order to make way for the more useful or attractive edifice by which they have been succeeded; of the substructions of the great remains of the ancient city—many of them portions of pre-existing buildings which were sacrificed to some variation of fashion, of taste, or of caprice, while they still retained much of their primitive proportion, and sometimes even no little of their original freshness.

The knowledge thus obtained, we need scarcely say, must necessarily be precarious and fragmentary, and will often be but an imperfect repetition of what we have known before in a more complete form. But a considerable portion of what has been discovered, too, has proved well worthy of the newly awakened interest which it has created. Some of these results have thrown upon the ancient world a light entirely new and unexpected. Some have opened to us glimpses of the past, brief and broken it is true, but equalling, if not surpassing, in vividness, distinctness, and life-like reality, almost everything hitherto discovered of the ancient world, with the single exception

of what may be described as the hermetically sealed repositories of *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii*.

These new and interesting researches have taken place chiefly in Rome; but much also has been recently found in *Pompeii*, or, we should more truly say, a good deal of what had been found at an earlier period has been collected and made public. We propose to lay before our readers a short account, narrative, rather than descriptive, much less critical, of the most important steps hitherto made. For the full details of the results to which these researches may eventually lead, we must await the completion of the patient and laborious investigations which they necessarily involve.

In Rome, the first of these discoveries to which we shall allude was made several months since, in the course of certain excavations in the garden of the monastery of *Santa Sabina*, an ancient convent of the Dominican order, and one of the oldest religious establishments of the city. Of these discoveries a very interesting account is contained in a paper read by Cardinal Wiseman, for the Royal Society of Literature, which we shall take for our guide in this portion of the subject.

The Convent of *Santa Sabina* is situated upon the *Aventine Hill*; of which it is truly remarked that although "of the seven hills of Rome, there is not perhaps one more intimately connected with the origin of the city, real or mythological, yet scarcely one less interesting in general to the antiquary, than the *Aventine*. It preserves the traces of no historical edifice, scarcely the lines of walls or obscure masses of brickwork, which leave room for interesting conjecture. Any new discovery therefore, in this portion of the ancient city, comes upon us with double interest, and seems well worthy of record."

We must leave his Eminence to describe the actual site of the monastery.

"Any one who has visited Rome will easily remember the position and appearance of the *Aventine*. As he has directed his steps towards the *Ostian Gate*, to visit the rebuilt *Basilica of St. Paul's*, he may recollect, that after passing the beautiful temple of *Vesta*, the high-road, yet within the walls, becomes narrowed, on the right side by the *Tiber* running close under it, on the left by a high hill rising almost perpendicular, clad in green to its summit, which

is crowned by gardens and the towers of three churches close together.

"After the third, the hill gradually slopes down to the Tiber ; but beyond the valley thus made, it rises again gently, so as to present another eminence less lofty, and much richer in ruins, known by the name of the 'false Aventine.' It is with the first, that is the 'true Aventine,' that we have to deal this evening. An easy road, from near the temple mentioned, leads us along its ridge, within or beyond the line of churches and their enclosures, to which we have alluded. The first of these is the Basilica of Santa Sabina, which flanks the road on the right, having however a considerable opening between it and the roadway. It is not my duty to describe this interesting monument, nor to speak of its many peculiarities ; but my hearers must be good enough to go into the adjoining convent with me, by a door beside that of the church, to pass through a curious covered court, once the *atrium* of the church, and to rise by a few steps, through a spacious cloister, resembling others of the middle ages in Rome, into the spacious garden, which reaches to the very edge of the hill, and commands one of the most beautiful views that I know.

"Even this however must not now detain us. Suffice it to say, that from the parapet we look down upon the road below, the Tiber, and on its further bank, the magnificent hospital of San Michele a Ripa, till the view is bounded by the Janiculum ; while on the left, Rome is seen unrolled as on a map, with that wonderful commingling of ancient and modern, ruin and freshness, stone and greenness, which form its peculiar charm, till the purple line of Sabine hills cuts the azure of the sky.

"In this garden is situated the scene of our present researches, and therefore we must make ourselves acquainted with its history and its inhabitants. As to the first, our traveller's guide will have told us that the cave of Cacus was supposed to have been at its foot, and perhaps the grove of the Furies : while above we are on comparatively modern ground. The monastery was the site of the palace of Pope Honorius III., who was Pontiff in 1226. He bestowed it upon St. Dominic ; and his Order, that of the Dominicans, has held possession of it since. The community now established there, is remarkable for its exact observance of rule, and edifying discharge of every duty. It is extremely poor, and was plundered of the little which it possessed, indeed of all its furniture except three beds, in 1848. At its head however is a French Prior of peculiar qualities. Those who know the history of the Dominican Order will not be surprised to hear of its possessing artists of high eminence. The celebrated Fra Giovanni da Fiesole, known generally by the name of Beato Angelico, and Fra Bartolomeo della Porta, are the greatest artists of the Order, but many others have belonged to it.

"Père Besson, the present Prior of Sta. Sabina, was a painter of great merit before he joined the Order; and since that time he has painted in fresco the walls of the Chapter-house of San Sisto, the first house of the Dominicans."—pp. 1-3.

The discovery, in its origin, was in fact accidental.

"About last October the religious of this community undertook to remodel their garden, and to reduce it more to what is called on the Continent, out of compliment to us, an English garden. As I have said however, they were poor in the extreme, and therefore they depended entirely on the labour of their own hands, and could not afford to hire workmen. During their recreation hours they laboured hard and cheerfully, until their exertions took a new direction. For suddenly and unexpectedly, in digging, they broke into a vault, which arrested their previous operations, and from gardeners turned the good religious into excavators.

"Now came the advantage of having an artist at the head of the community. Any one who has seen and known P. Besson, will recognize in him perhaps the finest type which he has ever seen of a Christian artist; but still so gentle, subdued, sweet, and devout is the expression of his countenance, and the tone of his voice, that one might fear his enthusiasm and fire had been smothered under the asceticism of his life and pursuits. It soon appeared however that it was not so. He had for years desired to make a trial, and see if some discovery could not be made in that interesting spot. And now that accident had led to one, he was all eager to pursue it. After clearing a sufficient opening, the religious descended into the vault, and commenced removing the rubbish which had accumulated during centuries, or rather had fallen in at an earlier period, as I will later explain. As soon as one room was cleared out, an entrance was found into another; this was generally found to be full up to the ceiling of broken fragments of brick, stone, and mortar, which had to be removed, before the value or worthlessness of the discovery could be ascertained. And so the work proceeded, carefully and perseveringly, if not most skilfully. For with the exception of one friar, who had been a mason, there was not among all those religious labourers one who had ever handled an instrument necessary for the work. They could not even afford a windlass to haul up the broken materials, but all was carried away by hand. Nor was it a labour unattended with danger. Portions of masonry became detached, broke and fell; and on one occasion, when the Prior was engaged in studying or copying some painting just discovered, he was suddenly called away to attend a person taken dangerously ill; he obeyed instantly, and the moment after, a huge mass from above filled the place on which he had stood.

"Still the unaided work went on till February, when some ex-

perienced excavators were furnished by the Government, to whom the community at length applied for assistance; as the important results of their exertions had now become evident, and the antiquaries of Rome had ascertained the value of many of the new discoveries."—pp. 3-5.

The rooms or passages thus successively excavated amounted to no fewer than sixteen; and although some of them presented nothing of importance whatever, there are others the superior interest of which has amply made up for the deficiency.

It had long been known that the wall of Servius Tullius traversed the slope of the Aventine, and was carried down its declivity till it reached the Tiber. But even as far back as the days of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the growth of the city around it, and the accumulation of buildings which had taken place in the long series of ages since its construction, had rendered it difficult, if not impossible, to trace its course, and in some spots even to ascertain its direction. It is an interesting result of the late excavations, therefore, that they have actually fallen upon the Servian Wall, for a considerable part of its course at this spot of the Aventine. The brethren, in the progress of their work, came upon "a wall of primitive construction, formed like the Cloaca Maxima, and other works of the kings, of huge blocks of tufo, though here irregular in shape." It is curious that this rude wall, which carries us back to a period so remote, and, as many deem, so legendary, had actually been incorporated with the more modern structure which has just been disinterred. It forms, for a considerable distance, an interior division wall, (the stones being merely covered with plaster, without any lining,) on each side of which are ranged the chambers of this building. The discovery of this bit of the ancient City wall is the more important, inasmuch as another portion of it had been found a few years since by the Jesuits, in their garden on the opposite side of the Aventine; and thus, not only can its direction be easily traced over the Hill, but we are also enabled to determine the site of the Temple of Hercules, which had long been a puzzle to the antiquarians. This temple is known to have been built at the meeting point of the Servian Wall with the Tiber;—a position which is identified by the late discovery, beyond the possibility of being mistaken.

Another discovery of considerable classical interest is, of a fragment or inscription relating to the little-known fraternity, or religious college—the *Fratres Arvales*. Although the name of this institution was well known, and is often alluded to, none of the earlier classical antiquarians had succeeded in satisfactorily explaining its nature or constitution. “Two passages in Varro, and one in Pliny,” says Cardinal Wiseman, “and a few lines in Minucius Felix and in Fulgentius, was all that antiquity told us about a college of priests with which the imperial families and all the principal houses of Rome were in connection, which performed the most splendid public rites, met in the palace, and were possessed of one of the most sacred spots in the neighbourhood of Rome,—the grove of the Goddess Dia (*Dea Dia*), unmentioned also in ancient mythology, but believed to be the same as Ceres. Singular it is too that when Livy, Cicero, or Pliny enumerates whole classes of soothsayers or priests, not one of them should ever allude to the existence of this tribe (Marini, *Atti dei F. A.* p. 16). To endeavour to account for this silence is useless, and now unnecessary. There is no body of ancient pagan priests whose offices, ceremonies, words, names, dates, we are so minutely acquainted with, as with those of the *Fratres Arvales*; and this we owe to inscriptions, and to the sagacity, learning, and perseverance of one man.

“No scholar ever exhausted a subject more maturely and more satisfactorily than Monsig. Marini in his ‘*Atti e Monumenti dei Fratelli Arvali*’ (Rome, 1795). In excavating for the foundation of the new sacristy attached to St. Peter’s, a number of Arval inscriptions were found, and the learned priest undertook the study of the whole subject. He collected every fragment (in copies at least), and thus produced an unrivalled collection of sixty-seven inscriptions,—some much mutilated, some very full. But one helps the other, till the complete system of this curious fraternity stands as clear before us as that of any city guild or corporation can do.

“They carved their annals year by year on marble tablets; they publish at the beginning when the sacrifices will be, only leaving a blank after the word house as it might be at that of the master or pro-master; they tell us who were present there and at the grove; who the noble boys in attendance, what dress they wore (whether *riciniati* or

prætextati); who the brothers present, how they crowned themselves, went to the bath, ate of the sacrifice, received sweetmeats, carried away baskets of good things crowned with flowers. Sometimes an augur tells them that a tree has fallen in the grove, when peculiar expiatory ceremonies are to be performed; sometimes they record the barbarous archaic song which followed their secret dance (tav. xli.) In fine, they have concealed nothing from us which we can care to know. But, indirectly, these Arval annals have thrown great light upon obscure and minute points of history. They contain so many names in full, with titles after them, and the names of fathers, that the history of families can be made out wonderfully from them. For the completion of the Consular Fasti the information is invaluable."—p. 10—12.

It is in reference to the point last alluded to—the Consular Fasti, that the fragment discovered at Santa Sabina is particularly valuable. It clears up several genealogical difficulties till now unresolved, and has enabled the antiquarians to determine more than one hitherto uncertain identity. To those who know how material, in relation to chronology, are even the minutest points connected with the Fasti—often our only guide in dates of the last importance, the value of this discovery will be easily intelligible. The fragment, imperfect as it is, has supplied to the learned Cavaliere Borghesi material for an interesting dissertation.

The walls of two of the disinterred apartments were originally covered with paintings, which, however, have now almost entirely disappeared: but they still retain numerous inscriptions and scribblings, which have exercised the ingenuity of the discoverers. The apartments appear to have been originally intended as waiting-rooms, probably for slaves; and as some of the inscriptions are mere catalogues of names, (and these, with hardly an exception, names of slaves,) it is conjectured that they comprise lists of the slaves belonging to the household.

Some few of the inscriptions, we should add, are of more interest.*

We have alluded, however, to this portion of the discoveries at the Aventine, less for its own interest than on account of its connexion with another far more important discovery of the very same class, and of a still more recent date. In describing the scribblings and scratchings on the walls of the rooms at the Aventine, Cardinal Wiseman also referred to certain similar discoveries in the Palace of the Cæsars. Far from regarding them as mere matters of amusement or idle curiosity, he described the discovery as "opening to the antiquary a field of research almost entirely new." It is curious that the Part of the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*, which contains his Eminence's paper, had hardly been issued, before his prediction was verified by a most strange and startling discovery, which has fallen to the lot of the learned Jesuit, Father Garrucci, already well known by his labours and successful researches in the same department at Pompeii.

There is no locality of Ancient Rome which has passed through so many architectural phases as the Palatine Hill—the site of the Palace of the Cæsars, or at least of that nucleus of building from which the gigantic structures which the successive emperors added to the original edifice, spread out in various directions over the adjacent region. From the modest beginnings of Augustus, who purchased for his own use the residence of Cicero's great rival, Hortensius, on the Palatine, it gradually advanced in extent

* One of these inscriptions (which is given by the Cardinal,) is an amusing combination of piety and anger.

VOTUM FECI
SI RECTE EXIERO
QUI ERUNT
INTRO VINI
SEXTARIOS
THEONAE
MORBUM

"I have vowed, if I shall get out of this all right, as many sextaries of wine as there may be within. A plague on Theonas!" The Cardinal pleasantly suggests that it is "an inscription worthy of Falstaff, if shut up by Poins in a cellar, when he had already drunk his fill!"

and magnificence. A stately palace was erected at the public cost for Augustus himself, though, with politic humility, he never would consent to inhabit it. Tiberius enlarged the proportions of this building, which he carried as far as the Velabrum. Caligula extended it still further, to the very verge of the Forum. But it reached its fullest development under Nero, from whose ambitious plan (in which it was carried by arches and galleries over several streets,) it obtained the name of *Domus Transitoria*; and under whom it was extended over the Coelian and Esqueline Hills, as far as the gardens of Mœcenas, (close to the site of the present church of Santa Maria Maggiore) thus comprising a circuit of three miles and a half!* These enormous dimensions were variously contracted by successive Emperors, by whom the existing buildings of Nero were removed or modified to make way for later structures of different destinations. Thus the Baths of Titus occupied the site, the substructions, and in part even the buildings, of the Golden House of Nero.

In the course of these successive modifications it necessarily happened that portions of the pre-existing structure were occasionally preserved. Sometimes, when the inequalities of surface rendered it necessary to resort to the expedient of levelling, the first building was actually used as the substruction of the second, its apartments being carefully filled up with rubbish for the purpose of greater solidity. In such cases the expedient adopted by the architect has been the means of preserving in almost its primitive integrity the original chamber, or series of chambers which he thus sacrificed to the convenience of his own plan. None of the general moveable objects which it may have contained, of course, are preserved; but the forms of the buildings, its rooms, its passages, its walls, and in many cases the paintings which had adorned them, and almost always the inscriptions or sketches scratched upon the plaster, remain in such a state of preservation as to be decipherable without difficulty in all their substantial parts.

It is to a very remarkable and indeed startling sketch

* This was the occasion of the well-known epigram—
Roma *Domus* fiet!—Veios migrata, Quirites,
Si non et veios occupet ista Domus!

of this description, discovered by Father Garrucci, that we now allude. Several paintings and inscriptions, some of them of a very curious character, had already been found in the chambers of the Golden House which now form part of the ruins of the Baths of Titus. F. Garrucci's discovery lies in an opposite direction, and upon the site of the Palace of the Cæsars, properly so called. The ruins to which it appertains stand near the church of St. Anastasia in the so-called "Orto Nusiner," at the south-west angle of the Palatine. It was uncovered some years since; and some of the apartments then explored were found to contain a considerable number of figures and legends scratched upon the plaster with a stylus. Of these figures and inscriptions Father Garrucci has published fac-similes in his *Graffiti de Pompei*, of which we shall speak before we close. Still more recently, however, in November, 1856, a second apartment was disinterred; and Father Garrucci was speedily attracted to the spot by information that the portion of the wall which had been laid bare contained some traces of Greek letters. On proceeding carefully to remove the rubbish, he observed above the Greek legend which his informant had discovered, a human figure with the head of an animal of the horse kind, and with its arms extended in the attitude which is commonly seen in the pictures of the catacombs, and which in early christian pictures always represents the act of prayer. A little further examination detected a human figure standing below and at one side of that which had first been discovered; and at length, having obtained the permission and assistance of Mgr. Milesi, the Minister of Public Works, Father Garrucci was enabled to decipher the entire sketch, and to perceive that the ass- or horse-headed* figure was represented as fastened to a cross, and that the man pictured by its side was in the attitude of address or supplication.

But the subject will be better understood by a facsimile,

* It may seem trifling to reason critically regarding a sketch so rudely and unartistically executed. The head certainly resembles that of a horse more than of an ass. But it must be remembered that the animal referred to in the popular calumny was the *onager* or wild ass, which resembles the horse much more than the domestic one.

which we copy from F. Garrucci's own interesting account in the *Civiltà Cattolica*.*



The attitude of the standing figure can hardly be mistaken. The outstretched hand, with its rudely delineated extended fingers, was evidently meant to be represented as just withdrawn from the lips; and can indicate no other than that gesture of worship or adoration to which we so often find allusion, not only in the Roman, but even in Oriental Pagan worship. It is distinctly described by Job (xxxi. 26) "If I beheld the sun when it shined, and the moon going

* November 19, 1856.

† The scale of this engraving is one-third of the original.

in brightness: and my heart in secret hath rejoiced, *and I have kissed my hand with my mouth; which is a very great iniquity, and a denial of the most High God.*" An equally unmistakable allusion to it is found in 3rd. Kings (xix. 18), where God declares that "He will leave Him seven thousand men in Israel, whose knees have not bowed before Baal, and every mouth that hath not *worshipped him kissing the hands.*" St. Jerome explains that this was an ordinary form of Gentile worship; and even Juvenal, in his sketch of those parasitical arts practised by sycophants towards the rich on whom they fawn, which he lashes with such severity, enumerates

A facie jactare manus.

But even though the gesture itself was less ambiguous, its signification is at once determined by the inscription Ἀλεξάμενος σέβετε [σέβεται] θεόν. (Alexamenus worships God) which stands beneath. There can be no doubt that this rude sketch is a Pagan caricature of the Christian worship of the Crucified God.

But beyond this general fact it is difficult to proceed with certainty. Who was the "Alexamenus" whose worship is thus ridiculed? There is no means of determining. The name, though not unknown, is unusual in antiquity, nor are we aware of any example in early ecclesiastical history. We shall merely say that, from the fact of its being found upon the wall of what (as appears from the numerous names of slaves which occur in the inscriptions) was seemingly one of the Slave's halls or waiting-rooms of the palace, it may not unnaturally be conjectured that Alexamenus, like so many of the early Christians of Rome, was of servile condition, and that this sketch was the work of one of his fellow slaves.

The precise date, too, is a matter of some uncertainty. The form of the letters of the rude inscription, is (beyond a certain limit,) only an imperfect guide. They resemble, in everything, the characters of the similar remains discovered at Pompeii, and figured by Father Garrucci in his interesting work. The bricks, too, of this portion of the ruin, which Father Garrucci has carefully examined, bear an early date. One fragment is dated in the consulship of Poetinus and Aponianus, (which corresponds with A. D. 123): another has that of Verus "the third time," and of Ambibulus, (A. D. 126.) These dates, however,

can only determine a period beyond which we must not ascend. It is only by conjecture that we can approximate to the actual time of the execution of the sketch.

Father Garrucci is disposed, from the circumstance that the Emperor Severus was a known favourer of the Christians, and that many members of that community were to be found in his household, to fix upon his reign as a not unlikely date, and to regard Alexamenus as one of the Christian household of this Emperor, whom his fellow-slaves selected as the object of their ridicule. To the argument suggested by F. Garrucci we may add that, as this rude representation is but an embodiment of the popular calumny which assailed the Christians as "worshippers of an ass's head," it may most naturally be traced to a date at which this calumny is known to have been current. Now there is an interesting passage in Tertullian's *Apology* which is very precise on this particular:

"For as some of you," he says, "have dreamed of an Ass's head being our God; a suspicion of this sort Cornelius Tacitus hath introduced. For in the fifth of his Histories having begun the account of the Jewish war from the origin of the nation, having also discussed what questions he chose, as well touching the origin itself, as the name and the religion of the nation, he telleth us that the Jews being delivered, or, as he supposed, banished, from Egypt, when they were pining with thirst in the wastes of Arabia, places most destitute of water, took as their guides to the springs wild Asses, which, it was supposed, would perhaps, after feeding, go to seek water, and that for this service they consecrated the image of a like creature. And so, I suppose, it was thence presumed that we, as bordering on the Jewish Religion, were taught to worship such a figure. But yet the same Cornelius Tacitus, (that most untact man forsooth in lies,) relateth in the same history, that Cneius Pompeius, when he had taken Jerusalem, and thereupon had gone up to the temple to examine the mysteries of the Jewish religion, found no image therein. And without doubt, if that were worshipped, which was under any visible image represented, it would be no where more seen than in its own holy place, the rather because the worship, however vain, had no fear of strangers to witness it; for it was lawful for the priests alone to approach thither; the very gaze of the rest was forbidden by a veil spread before them. Yet ye will not deny that beasts of burden and whole geldings, with their own Epona, are worshipped by yourselves. On this account perchance we are disapproved, because, amidst the worshipping of all beasts and cattle, we are worshipping of asses alone.

"But he also who thinketh us superstitious respecting of the Cross, will be our fellow-worshipper, when prayer is made to any wood. No matter for the fashion, so long as the quality of the material is the same; no matter for the form, so long as it be the very body of a God. And yet how doth the Athenian Minerva differ from the body of the Cross? and the Ceres of Pharos, who appeareth in the market, without a figure, made of a rude stake and a shapeless log?

"Every stock of wood which is fixed in an upright posture, is a part of a cross; we, if we worship him at all, worship the God whole and entire. We have said that the origin of your Gods is derived from figures moulded on a Cross. But ye worship victories also, when, in your triumphs, crosses form the inside of the trophies. The whole religion of the camp is a worshipping of the standards, a swearing by the standards, a setting up of the standards above all the Gods. All those rows of images on your standards are the appendages of Crosses; those hangings on your standards and banners are the robes of Crosses. I commend your care: ye would not consecrate your Crosses naked and unadorned. Others certainly, with greater semblance of nature and truth, believe the sun to be our God. If this be so we must be ranked with the Persians; though we worship not the sun painted on a piece of linen, because in truth we have himself in his own hemisphere. Lastly, this suspicion ariseth from thence, because it is well known that we pray towards the quarter of the east. But most of yourselves too, with an affectation of sometimes worshipping the heavenly bodies also, move your lips towards the rising of the sun. In like manner, if we give up to rejoicing the day of the sun, for a cause far different from the worship of the sun, we are only next to those, who set apart the day of Saturn for rest and feasting, themselves also deflecting from the Jewish custom, of which they are ignorant.

"But now a new report of our God hath been lately set forth in this city, since a certain wretch, hired to cheat the wild beasts put forth a picture with some such title as this, '*The God of the Christians conceived of an Ass.*' This was a creature with ass's ears, with a hoof on one foot, carrying a book and wearing a gown. We have smiled both at the name and the figure. But they ought instantly to adore this two-formed God, because they have admitted gods made up of a dog's and a lion's head, and with the horns of a goat and a ram, and formed like goats from the loins, and like serpents from the legs, and with wings on the foot or the back."*

It is impossible not to recognize in the picture which Tertullian here describes, the same general type as that

* *Apology.* (Oxford Translation.) p. 36-9.

of the grotesque and blasphemous representation before us. It is true that some minor differences may be discerned. The figure in our sketch has no book; nor is there the "hoof on one foot"* which Tertullian describes. Neither does Tertullian's description suppose that the figure was represented as fixed upon the cross. But it cannot be doubted that the two pictures are merely varieties of the same popular calumny; and as Tertullian speaks of that to which he alludes as "new," we can hardly err widely in assigning the caricature of the Palace of the Cæsars to the same date. Indeed, if we adopt the opinion that the Apology was written in Rome and addressed to the Senate, Tertullian's allegation that the picture had been "lately set forth in that city," would seem to fix the date about, or a little before, the year 198, in which year the Apology was probably written. Even if the Apology were written in Carthage, our inference from the above passage as to the date, would not be notably affected.

The form of the letters of the rude inscription, too, and especially the twofold form of the E—the angular as well as the rounded one—falls in well with this date; and although the false orthography of the inscription—the use of *σέβετε* for *σέβεται* may be met at an earlier period, as early indeed as the Augustan age, yet the same error was continued to a considerably later date also, and occurs in some inscriptions in the catacombs, which certainly are not earlier than the fourth century.

We need not hesitate, therefore, to regard this curious relic of Pagan bigotry as a production of the last years of the second, or the beginning of the third century, while such calumnies as Tertullian details in the remarkable passage extracted above, still entered into the popular notions of Christianity which pervaded the pagan world. It can hardly interest us, however important it may be in certain recent controversies in Germany, to observe that even these popular notions of the contemporary pagans

* The passage as translated in the Oxford translation supposes the reading to be *ὀνοκότης* ["begotten by an ass."] There is another, however, and in our opinion a better reading: *ὀνονυχώτης* ["having the hoofs and ears of an ass."] It seems clear from Tertullian's own description of the picture, that the latter must have been the title inscribed beneath it.

supply a curious evidence of the Christian belief of the Divinity of Christ at the close of the second century. The caricaturist who turns Alexamenus into ridicule, describes him as "*worshipping his God*"—who from the very nature of the blasphemous representation can be no other than the crucified Christ,—the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity.

The subject, however, is more interesting in its bearing on the question of the use and honour of images, (and especially of the cross and the crucifix,) among the early Christians. Although the caution and reserve in the use of all images which were observed in the Church, or at least in its public worship, as long as the prevalence of the old paganism, and of the inveterate notions of idolatry which it had fostered, rendered their use among Christians a source of scandal and offence to the unbelievers, and of direct danger to the weak and uninstructed neophytes themselves, have long been known and admitted, yet the recent excavations in the Catacombs have made it plain, that, in their more private, and as it were domestic worship, where they were released from the dangers to which we have referred, they indulged much more freely than had hitherto been imagined, that natural instinct by which men are impelled to seek, in external representations of sacred objects, an assistance for their own feeble and inconstant imagination, a protection against wandering thoughts, and even an incentive to warmer and more vivid devotional feeling. Mr. Northcote, in the admirable volume on the Catacombs, which he has just published, has described with much feeling and simplicity the great variety of sacred subjects which are still discernible on the walls of the chapels in the various catacombs of Rome:—of the Good Shepherd; of the several scenes in the history of Jonas; of the Raising of Lazarus; of Daniel in the Lions' Den; of the Temptation of Adam and Eve; of Noe in the Ark; of Moses Striking the Rock; of the Healing of the Paralytic in the Gospel, &c.

We are tempted, even at the risk of seeming for a time to turn aside from our immediate theme, to transcribe one or two paragraphs of Mr. Northcote's interesting description of those among the sacred subjects thus depicted, which have more especial reference to the mysteries of the New Law, and particularly to the Sacraments.

It is impossible, for instance, to mistake the allusion to

the Sacrament of Penance, which is contained in the representation of the Healing of the Paralytic, as we find it occasionally depicted.

"Another frequent subject of painting in the Catacombs is the healing of the paralytic by our Lord; and a reference to the circumstances of that miracle, and the language used by our Lord on the occasion, sufficiently explain its mystical meaning. The palsied body of the sufferer was to Him who saw both body and soul only a lively image of a soul palsied by sin; and accordingly, instead of speaking first of his bodily ailments, He at once said, 'Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee;' at which, when the Pharisees murmured, He proceeded to show them, by the miracle of healing, that 'the Son of Man had power on earth to forgive sins.' Now if we connect this saying of our Lord with that other (John xx. 23) in which He delegated this same power to His Apostles, we shall see that this miracle afforded a lively image to the faithful of the 'power' which yet remained 'on earth to forgive sins,' namely, in the holy sacrament of Penance. And that this is the sense in which it was actually used is clear, from a painting in the Catacomb of S. Hermes, where, in immediate connection with it, is the administration of that sacrament represented literally, in the form of a Christian kneeling on both knees before a priest, who is giving him absolution."—pp. 59-60.

Still more striking are the allusions which these pictures contain to the Blessed Eucharist.

"But the sacrament which is the subject of by far the greatest number of these ancient paintings is, as we should expect, that central and crowning one, if we may so call it, of the Holy Eucharist. Of this, the feeding of several thousands with a few loaves and fishes is in some respects an obvious figure; the changing the water also into wine at the marriage-feast of Cana becomes, under another aspect, a very lively memorial of the same sort; and both these miracles of our Lord are therefore frequently repeated, more especially the former. And not only is this scene represented historically, but fish and bread are also often brought together in these paintings without any reference to this particular history, as far as we may judge from the number of loaves and fishes or of the people, but simply for the sake of their symbolical meaning. The fish, from the very earliest times, was always taken as a type of our Lord. 'Christ, figuratively called the fish,' says Origen; and later writers observed how the letters which form the Greek word fish (ἰχθῦς) presented the initials of our Lord's name and office, Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτὴρ, Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour; but more especially it was taken as a figure of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist. A Greek sepulchral inscription of great antiquity bids us 'receive the sweet food of the Saviour of the

Saints, taking into our hands the fish ;' S. Austin, in his Confessions, describes the Eucharistic feast as that solemnity 'in which that fish is set before us which, drawn forth from the deep, becomes the food of pious mortals ;' and the '*piscis assus*' of the Gospels, wherewith our Lord fed His disciples by the sea of Tiberias (John xxi. 13), is always by the Fathers held to be mystically significant of '*Christus passus*.' 'Our Lord,' says S. Austin, commenting on this passage, 'made a feast for these seven disciples, of the fish which they saw laid on the hot coals, and of bread. The broiled fish is Christ ; He, too, is that bread which came down from heaven ; and in Him the Church is incorporated for the enjoyment of everlasting happiness, that we all who have this hope may communicate in so great a sacrament, and share in the same bliss." Fish and bread, therefore, when taken together, furnish a very proper secret representation of the Holy Eucharist ; the one denoting its outward and seeming form, the other its inward and hidden reality.

"Accordingly, in a *cubiculum* in the cemetery of S. Callixtus, close to the tomb of S. Cornelius, and probably of a date anterior to his pontificate, that is, belonging probably to the first half of the third century, a fish, bearing on its back a basket of bread, may be seen twice repeated, as a kind of ornament on either side of one of the principal paintings on the walls. The bread is not of the ordinary kind, in small loaves,—*decussati*, as they were called, i.e., divided into four equal parts by two cross lines,—but of the kind known among the Romans by the barbarous name of '*mamphala*,' a bread of a gray ashen colour, which was used by the people of the East, especially the Jews, as an offering of the first-fruits to the priests, and was therefore considered sacred. Within the basket, too, is painted what seems evidently to be intended for a glass chalice full of red wine ; and the whole painting brings forcibly to our recollection the description given by S. Jerome of a bishop's treasure, '*Corpus Domini in canistro vimineo*' (for the basket in the painting is precisely of this character, made of osier-twigs), *et sanguis in vitro*.' 'The body of our Lord in an osier basket, and His blood in glass.' The sacred bread and the red wine borne by the fish, form a combination, which, we cannot doubt, was typical of the Holy Eucharist.

"Another chapel of this same cemetery was the burial-place of several bishops of Rome, from S. Pontianus in the year 235, to S. Melchiades in 314 ; and in its immediate neighbourhood is a series of chambers designed only for purposes of sepulture, and ornamented with paintings belonging to the same high antiquity. In one of these is represented a table, with two loaves and a fish ; and in another, a table of the same kind, with a single loaf and a fish, over which a priest is stretching forth his hands for the purpose of blessing, while on the opposite side of the table stands a woman with uplifted hands in the attitude of prayer. It may be doubted

whether this last figure were intended to represent the Church, or only the particular individual buried in an adjacent grave; but we cannot doubt that the whole picture, as well as those in the adjoining chambers, in which seven disciples are seated at a feast consisting only of bread and fish, refers to the Holy Eucharist."—pp. 60—62.

There is a symbolical significance, too, in the treatment of one of the subjects from the Old Testament, which is too remarkable to be overlooked—we mean the representation of Peter under the figure of Moses, and the evident application to Peter in the New Law of the characteristics of Moses, the Founder and Lawgiver of the Old, and the chosen Head of God's chosen people in the Old Covenant.

"At another time, the same doctrine is alluded to under another historical type,—Moses striking the rock; and there are peculiarities in the mode of treating this subject, which are worthy of serious and candid consideration. Moses taking off his shoes before obeying the summons of God which called him up into the mountain, and Moses striking the rock, are sometimes to be found on opposite sides of the same chapel, and sometimes in immediate juxtaposition to one another, actually forming parts of the same picture; but in a picture of this kind in the Catacombs of S. Callisto, the heads of the two figures of Moses are perfectly different. Moreover, on the bottom of one of the glass chalices found in the Catacombs, this same scene of Moses striking the rock is represented; but over the head of the person striking is inscribed the name, not of Moses, but of Peter. Lastly, in many of the carved sarcophagi of the fourth and fifth centuries, to be seen in the Museum of Christian Art at the Lateran Palace, the same event is carved in bas-relief, not among the actions of Moses, but of S. Peter. Now we know that Moses was especially typical of our Lord, as being to the old dispensation, in his measure, what our Lord Himself was to the new; and we know that this particular action of striking the rock was symbolical of baptism, for S. Paul tells us that 'that rock was Christ;' and everything in the Old Testament that has to do with water is universally interpreted by the Fathers as having reference to baptism and the grace given under the New Law. Christ, however, did not remain on earth to administer His Sacraments and to preach His law, and these specimens of early art sufficiently testify who it was, in the belief of the ancient Church, that He appointed as His delegate, to be to the New Israel what Moses was to the old,—their leader and head; even he to whom He specially intrusted the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and gave the solemn charge to feed His sheep."—pp. 57—58.

From these and many similar remains of the early centuries, it is abundantly clear that, where Christian worship was withdrawn, as in the catacombs, from the scrutiny of the unbeliever, and where the danger of leading to idolatrous notions among the still carnal-minded converts from paganism did not exist, the great principle of the use of Sacred Art, as a help to devotion, as well as an instrument of instruction, was much more fully recognized than even Catholic writers had commonly imagined. It is chiefly, however, in reference to the use of the cross and crucifix that the curious relic of pagan times, discovered by Father Garrucci, is interesting. The well-known Christian monogram, and the rude cross, without a figure, are among the emblems of the catacombs. But of the crucifix, properly so-called, the paintings of the catacombs present no example. Indeed, it is to the crucifix, that is, to the image upon the cross, that the danger of idolatrous worship from the neophytes, to which we have already referred, as the motive which led the early Christians to abstain from such representations, is chiefly, if not entirely applicable: for the constant use of the sign of the cross, to which Tertullian bears witness, involved equally with the visible representation of the cross itself, the whole principle upon which our modern practice is based.

The first question, therefore, which is suggested by this blasphemous caricature of the worship ascribed to Alexamenus is: whether we should not hence infer that the Christians of the second century actually did render honour, if not to graven, at least to painted, representations of the crucifixion?

Such is, undoubtedly, the inference which would at first sight suggest itself. The caricature of Alexamenus worshipping before the crucifix, would seem to have no significance except upon this supposition. A caricature is an exaggeration of the reality, but it necessarily supposes *some* reality, which underlies and gives point to the grotesque idea which it embodies.

It may be said, on the other side, that this rude sketch is but an *ideal* representation of the supposed absurd worship of the Christians; that it was merely intended to combine the popular notion which Tertullian commemorates of the Christian "God conceived of an ass," with that of the worship of a condemned and crucified man; and that it had no other foundation in reality than that

the artist chose to embody in this coarse sketch, his conception of the absurd nature of Alexamenus's religion.

But Father Garrucci is strongly disposed to regard it not as a fancy sketch, but as a representation of an actual scene; and, therefore, as a caricature of Alexamenus, as supposed to be *engaged in the act of worshipping before the cross* with his God suspended thereupon. And undoubtedly there is much in the whole piece to give probability to this idea.

There is one of Father Garrucci's arguments, indeed, which we do not consider conclusive. He argues from the very figure itself, that the Pagan caricaturist must have sketched this grotesque crucifixion, not from his own unassisted fancy, but from some actual type of the subject, such as it existed among the Christians. Had he drawn from his own imagination the ideal of a criminal affixed to a cross, he would have represented that form of punishment, such as it actually existed among the Romans. Now, we know, both from the Gospel history of the crucifixion, and from other sources, that the Romans commonly crucified criminals naked and not clothed. Hence, had this sketch been a mere ideal one, the figure would have been represented naked, and not as we find it, fully clad, not merely in the tunic, but even in the ordinary clothing of the lower extremities. The argument is certainly an ingenious one, but we cannot think it decisive; not merely because we believe that the practice of stripping the criminal naked was not universal, but still more because in the contemporary caricature of the Christian's God, which Tertullian describes, he was represented as *togatus*.

In other respects, however, the sketch has much to make it appear intended as a representation of an actual scene. The position which Alexamenus occupies in relation to the cross; the act of worship itself, in which he is portrayed; the language of the inscriptions which describes a present scene, and proclaims Alexamenus as actually "worshipping" ^{αἰνέετε} his God; all in themselves naturally import a reality which the artist proposed to depict;—a reality which he had himself witnessed, or the nature which he had learned from others.

And it must not be forgotten that, even from the cautious language of the fathers of the time, we learn that this was the belief which pagans commonly entertained

of their christian fellow citizens. What else is the meaning of the pagan imputation against christians to which Tertullian alludes in the passage cited above—that they were “worshippers of the cross”—[*superstitiosi crucis*]? Why does Tertullian take so much pains to retort upon the pagan accusers the same imputation of cross-worship? Why does he try to find parallels for the worship of the cross in the various usages which were received among them?—in the trophy to which the soldiers rendered religious honour, and which, stripped of the spoils suspended upon it has nothing but a cross?—in the form of the standard?—in that of the military banner upon which the military oath was solemnized?—in the very frame upon which the potter or statuary moulded the images which they worshipped as Gods?

And if it be said that Tertullian here only speaks of the nude cross, without the image of Christ upon it, do we not find him elsewhere describe as one of the ordinary usages of the christians of his time, the practice of engraving upon their chalices the image of Christ as the good shepherd?*. Was not this usage so universal that he is even enabled to appeal to it as an argument whereby to establish a principle of Catholic doctrine?

At all events, without entering into the doctrinal question, since it will be freely admitted that the very existence of a belief among Pagans that the Christians adored the cross, is in itself a presumption that there must have existed among them some practice of honour or reverence of the cross to serve as a foundation for this exaggerated calumny, Father Garrucci's discovery is simply interesting, as placing this pagan calumny in a new and more startling light than it could have in the bare recital of it in any of the literary records of that time. This singular relic of the second century carries back to those very times themselves, and brings us face to face with the actual strife of the new and the old religions in its crudest and most palpable form. And, what is perhaps equally important, it places before our very eyes an actual and living example of the motive to which Catholics, in their controversy with the modern iconoclasts, ascribe the policy of the early Church in abstaining from public use of images during those

* *De Pudicitia*, chap. vii. p. 1199.

ages while idolatry still prevailed, and while images could hardly have been introduced into public worship without creating in the minds of the pagans the idea that they were worshipped as idols. The rude sketch disinterred by Father Garrucci, is at once the witness and the justification of the policy which Catholics describe.

We shall not delay to detail the other discoveries of Father Garrucci in the apartment of the Palace of the Cæsars. With the exception of the Christian monogram which is scratched on the wall of one of the adjoining passages, none of the other writings or figures which he has deciphered, possesses any religious interest. But we cannot close our observations without devoting a few paragraphs to his curious and learned work on the similar remains of Pompei, which the same learned antiquarian has just published. We had originally proposed, indeed, if space permitted, to enter at some length, into the general results of the excavations in Pompei up to the present period. But for the present we are compelled to deny ourselves this gratification; and we can only refer for a most full and comprehensive, though compendious account of Pompeii, such as it now stands revealed, to the excellent article on that subject in Dr. Smith's admirable "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography," just completed.*

Father Garrucci's publication, however, is confined to one particular department of Pompeian antiquities—a department which, from the causes referred to in the commencement of this article, had hitherto received but little attention. He has taken the pains to reproduce a facsimile with incredible labour, the vast body of *Graffiti*—that is, the figures or inscriptions scratched upon the plaster

* We take the earliest opportunity of expressing our high admiration of this learned and valuable publication. It is a worthy companion and successor to the other publications of the same learned editor—the "Dictionary of Antiquities," and the "Dictionary of Biography." We know no books upon any subject connected with classical learning, at once so simple and so profound, so accurate, and yet so popular so full of erudition, yet so free from pedantry, and uniting so well a just appreciation of every new conjecture or theory, which modern scholars have put forward, with the calm and practical good sense which is the only solid foundation of judicious criticism.

of the walls, pillars, pedestals, and statues, of the buried city. This work consists of two parts;—one a series of thirty-two large plates, containing the facsimiles of the original *Graffiti*: the other, a volume of letter-press, descriptive and explanatory of the plates, and of learned disquisitions on the general subject to which they belong. A portion of these inscriptions, (especially those from the buildings of the forum) had already been published by Mommsen. Dr. Wordsworth, too, published in 1837, a small collection of thirty of these inscriptions, for the most part in verse. In the *Archæological journals of Naples*, a few of the more striking ones have since then been printed from time to time; but nothing that had hitherto been done, could be regarded as more than a preparation for the great work of Father Garrucci. Some of the inscriptions are in Greek, some in Latin, some even in Oscan—a curious evidence of the tenacity with which the population clung to the primitive language of Campania, despite the successive colonizations of Greeks and Romans, even down to so late a period. The blunders in orthography are, in many cases, exceedingly amusing, and the inscriptions themselves often throw a curious light on the habits and pursuits of that class of the population to which, of course, they are chiefly to be referred. The rude sketches which accompany them are amusing in the highest degree. They are, for the most part, gladiatorial subjects, and, with all their rudeness, illustrate far better than many a learned disquisition, the various forms of gladiatorial contest which were in use in the amphitheatre. We would refer particularly to plates ix-xvi. Others of the subjects are professedly caricatures, some of them infinitely grotesque and laughable; and, in some instances, the inscriptions which accompany them, give point and character to the sketch.

But it would carry us far beyond our proposed limits to enter into detail, and we must content ourselves with earnestly recommending the work to the study of classical antiquarians. The commentary which accompanies it, reflects the highest credit on the erudition as well as the critical judgment of Father Garrucci; and is not unworthy of the most brilliant period in the literary history of the great Order to which he belongs.*

* We rejoice to observe in the French Province of the same

ART. VIII.—*The Legend of the Wandering Jew.* Illustrated by Gustave Doré. Translated with critical remarks by George W. Thornbury. Folio. London: Addey and Co., 1857.

THERE is something so awful and wild in the legendary tale of the Wandering Jew, that we are not surprised at its having become the groundwork of many modern poems and romances. The idea that a man yet lives who witnessed the scenes of Calvary, and that from time to time he tells his piteous tale, sometimes in Armenia, sometimes in Germany, now in Palestine, then in Spain, has something fearfully sublime in it. Such a man is a chain, rather than a link, between our time and the first period of christian civilization, and can be made the centre round which may be wound or unravelled any length of "yarn;" he may be the hero of a tale beginning with Tiberius and ending under Napoleon, carrying on in himself a plot which requires for its maturity, the overthrow of a dozen dynasties, the growth and decay of some sixty generations, and the knocking down and rebuilding of at least a hundred capitals. We can imagine him scheming wars in Tartary, displacing kings in China, whistling down Barbarian tribes from Scythia, sending over Anglo-Saxons into Britain, Visigoths and then Saracens into Spain, Northmen into France, and Lombards into Italy, mingling races, crossing languages, blending or confusing civilizations; then keeping these fermenting, and mutually re-acting, ingredients in the black, covered cauldron of dark ages, dancing and seeth-

distinguished Order, the same evidence of literary activity and enterprise which, for many years, have characterized the Italian fathers. A series has just been commenced in Paris by Péres Daniel and Gagarin: *Etudes de Théologie, de Philosophie, et d'Histoire*, which cannot fail at once to command an important place in contemporary literature. The first volume (just issued) is extremely interesting. It contains Essays on "Russian Theological Literature," on "Rationalist Exegesis," on the "Authenticity of the Gospels," on "Moral Philosophy before and after the Gospel;"—all of which are of the highest merit, and precisely adapted to the tone and spirit of the age. Not the least interesting part of its contents are some inedited historical documents connected with the Society.

ing, and recombining in dismal hubbub, but protracted night, till he, the magician, takes off the lid; and out bursts modern society, new learning, fresh art, infant science;—winged powers that fly everywhere, now single, now combined, till the great masses of modern empires and kingdoms take their shapes, and carry on the life and acts of the actual world. The wandering Jew could be the only worker of such a grand scheme, just about as sensible as some modern French romances; and though one might be a little puzzled what to make the object or end of such a grand life of intrigue pursued through ages, one need not be troubled about that. For there are plenty of things which many persons would think quite cheaply bought at any imaginable price. It might be the founding of the Rothschild commercial prosperity, or the establishment of the first newspaper-press, or the bringing about the Reformation, or the Evangelical alliance. What successive pictures, what moving panoramas of every age, unrolling before us Italy and Africa, Arabia and America, with their cities, costumes, and letters, as the unwearied traveller sees them, in each century, while hurrying from one to the other, would not the wondrous tale unfold! Gifted with a sad ubiquity, with an unenviable locomotiveness, becoming the annalist of the entire world, able to trace the chronicle, from personal observation, of any people, or to sketch contemporary *tableaux* of what existed at any time, he anticipates the employment of electric telegraphs, and of connecting railroads. He cares not for viaducts, or causeways, cuttings or embankments, tunnels or inclines; glaciers, ravines, rocks, rivers, and seas, form no obstacle to his everlasting tramp; and if he starts on his fresh journey of ten thousand miles, he has, if he likes, his next hundred years to do it in, so that if he takes a message from a young man at one end, he will probably deliver it to his friend's grandson, in mature age, at the other.

Such is the Wandering Jew, whom Gustave Doré has undertaken to depict in the volume before us, in which we must be permitted to treat the plates as the book, and the letter-press as the illustration. In speaking of the extraordinary legend of this mysterious being, we should hardly think it necessary to repeat its supposed origin, were it not requisite to keep this in view, for understanding and feeling Doré's treatment of his subject. The Wandering

Jew, variously, and perhaps successively, known as Joseph, Cartaphilus, Ahasuerus, and Isaac Laquedem, is supposed to have been a Jewish cobbler, who rudely ordered Our Lord away, when He leaned against his stall for rest, on the road to Calvary. The sentence pronounced against him was, that he himself should find no rest, till He whom he had insulted should come again. Converted by the scenes which he witnessed that day, and duly baptised, he began his perpetual career of indefatigable perambulation, without hope of respite till the crack o' doom.

Matthew of Paris, an English writer, is the first who mentions him, with any clear details, or on any definite authority. A certain Armenian Bishop came to England in pilgrimage, and received hospitality in the chronicler's house, the Abbey of St. Alban's, in 1228. He related, in his own tongue, which was translated into French by a knight from Antioch in his train, how he had not only seen this mysterious personage, but had entertained him a short time before at his table, and found him a man of holy conversation and great piety, by no means loquacious, and requiring gentle compulsion from holy personages, to give his marvellous narrative of what he had seen, with tears of compunction, and with unrelaxing gravity. This account, coming from so reliable a source spread throughout Europe, and gave a definite outline to the dim visions of the erratic Israelite, which had before haunted the imaginations of the vulgar.

It is, however, singular, that three centuries should have elapsed between this first report of his appearance in Armenia, and his next apparition, which was in Germany, in 1542. Thirty-three years later, two Germans met him in Spain, on the road. Shortly after he appeared at Strasburg, and signified his intention of visiting the West Indies: but he must have travelled quick, for in 1604, he was in France. In the interval, too, he had been seen, in 1559 at Vienna, in 1601, and in 1603 at Lubeck. Between 1640 and 1643 we have accounts of most irreconcilable apparitions, and of his detention in Palestine. Learned Germans now began to publish essays full of erudition on the subject: Thilo, or, in his true name, Frentzel, gave out a dissertation "*De Judæo immortalis*;" Martin Schmied, under the name of Schultz, another entitled "*De Judæo non mortali*," and Martin Drascher a bolder one "*De duobus testibus vivis Passionis Christi*:" for

he dualises the Jew, in the persons of Cartaphilus and Ahasuerus.

At length on the 22nd of April 1772 at six p.m. the Jew entered Bruxelles, as is proved by the indubitable record of a popular ballad, which has been set to music by M. Ernest Doré.

We have here condensed all that is told us in the prose part of the folio before us. What has become of the pilgrim no one knows. Perhaps he is frozen up in one of his arctic expeditions, and awaits a thaw; perhaps he has got shut into a chancery suit, and is standing out for a decision; or possibly he is "the coming man," whom some people expect from nobody knows where.

The rest of the volume is poetry, at least verse. One piece indeed is worth all the rest, and will redeem a great amount of trash, Béranger's Chanson. We will quote only the last stanza, which gives the moral of the legend. The Jew is represented as driven on by a furious whirlwind, which scarcely allows him to conclude his speeches. Each stanza ends with the same *refrain*.

"J'outrageai d'un rire inhumain
L'Homme-Dieu, respirant à peine,
(Mais sous mes pieds fuit le chemin :
Adieu, le tourbillon m'entraîne.)
Vous qui manquez de charité,
Tremblez à mon supplice étrange!
Ce n'est pas sa divinité,
C'est l'humanité, que Dieu venge!
Toujours, toujours,
Tourne la terre où moi je cours
Toujours, toujours, toujours, toujours."

There is more poetry, we suspect in Béranger's few stanzas, than in the ten dramas of the French stage, which take their title and theme from the Wandering Jew. The poem, which forms the bulk of the volume, is only the text for Doré's illustrations, one object of which, we are told, was to show the capabilities of wood-engraving. In this the success has been complete. Copper-plate could not have produced, even with its advantages in folio dimensions, more deep shadows filled with distinct details, more lucid and softly blended middle tints, or purer and brighter lights, than we find in these extraordinary prints. The style indeed of all is charged, exaggerated, so as to

become fanciful, capricious, or rather fantastic. It is not a waking, but a night-mare, imagination, that directs the pencil. Nothing can be more lonely and desolate than its inhabited regions, nothing more swarming with life than its solitudes. The high-gabled houses of a German city, the towers of churches in a country pass, are sunk into a melancholy gloom, and soldiers marching into their lanes, seem about to plunge into an eternal darkness. The castle on the river side, and the battlements of the beleagured city run up inaccessible into the sky; the one so cankered, time-eaten, and crumbled into monstrous spectral shapes, that it looks like a piece of frost, or sugar-work; the other uplifted above the clouds, so that the inhabitants might be well taking their breakfasts, without being aware of the assault on their outer works, or the tumult of unnatural and ferine war that rages below them. Here particularly the artist shows himself versed in that strange exercise of fancy, so peculiarly Breugel's which consists in combining the ludicrous and the disgusting, the phantasmatic and the coarse, into impossibilities, which carry their own correction, and consolation, with them. Thus, for instance, (Plate IX.) we have an archer that beats Widdrington in Chevy Chase, "fighting on his stumps." For, quietly sitting legless, in a pool of blood that flows, placidly from both the femoral arteries, he is taking cool aim with his arbalist; looking certainly as rugged a villain as ever dined on stolen sausage and purloined schnapps. Near him we have an unfortunate wight, or rather his head, just peering over a mound, stuck so completely everywhere with arrows, eye, brain and cheek, that he looks like an animated shuttle-cock; for though, carved all over with arrow-headed, characters, this head might be considered a monument of a dead tongue, it gives plain evidence of a living one; for you can almost hear its roar, through the grinning and writhing mouth. On the other side you have two knights, evidently of Kilkenny race, probably both bearing the celebrated cats of that city for their cognizance, who have so cut one another up, that all that remains of them is—two right arms hacking at each other on the ground, two heads cheek by jowl gazing, the one furiously and the other stolidly, on the contest, and finally two hearts blazing at one another, or at least smoking angry puffs. Near them is another worthy gentleman, in dashed doublet, with a comical expression of

pain on his countenance; and well he may have; for he has come to such grief as to be reduced, like a cod, to a head and shoulders, walking, that is his head, upon his hauds, which must have borne him from some distance, for we see no trace of his body a long way behind him. Finally, a brave cavalier, rivalling our doughty bowman, and having lost both arms is making a ferocious thrust with a sword held in his mouth, against a foe, who is taking the unfair advantage of him, of cutting him down with his left arm, truly the *left* one, for the other seems gone by the board.

Through these ludicrous monstrosities, after having passed through the more real atrocities of a mediæval battle, stalks the wanderer, his white beard streaming like an oriflamme, and his coarse gaberdine strained by his rapid pace, and his long stride; his knotty staff just plunged down inadvertently between the arm and the head of a wounded knight, (who gives two unequivocal though vulgar signs of uncomfortableness, kicking up his heels, and scratching his poll,) and his averted look cast in scornful gaze on the scenes of death behind him, as who should say: "Ye fools that *can* die, and love life, how gladly would I make an exchange with you for one or for the other, and buy from you either the power to die or the wish to live! But with both in your hands, what madness is this?

We must, however, lead our reader more systematically through this gallery of the Wandering Jew.

The first picture contains his sentence. Elevated on a rude flight of steps leading to his shop, stands the shoemaker, hammer in hand, thrown into dark shadow by his house which runs down the left side of the drawing, like a frame, from which protrude the sharp Jewish features of the culprit. He seems thus placed in a very pillory. For all the lower part is filled by a group in shadow, composed of the most portentous specimens of Hebrew physiognomy ever collected together. The Judenstrasse of Frankfort, as drawn for Messrs. Brown and Co.'s continental trip, is nothing to it. Such sensual, covetous, debauched, selfish, pelfish, cunning and hypocritical faces we never saw brought together. The Pharisee, Sadducee, Scribe, and Doctor of the Law are all there, most unmistakeably. Above this mass or heap of heads, rises the hill, on the middle space of which, and of the picture, is the motley

procession ascending diagonally to Calvary. It is painfully composed, and shows that the artist's skill does not lie in the region of more religious art. Except the Mother who in front seems helping to support the Cross, not a friend is in the train. There are none but mockers, and scoffers, or the eagerly curious, or the professionally indifferent. But in the midst of these stands the Son of Man, as if roused to an attitude, and an act of justice, with a brilliant radiance round His Nazarite hair, with outstretched arm and hand pointing to the caitiff, and speaks his award. The whole scene is too different from what we have been accustomed to contemplate in that hour and place, too harshly contrasting with the sorrowful speech to the daughters of Jerusalem, to please the mind. We are glad to think it is but a legend.

Plate II. discovers the wanderer just passed through a gloomy defile, from one wall of which springs up into the rainy sky a German spire. He is walking with bent, averted, head in the teeth of the storm, just under the figure of a life-size, way-side Crucifix. Its countenance seems to look down on his with a pitying glance; but a ruthless decree appears to stand between it and mercy. A sickly light, as from a veiled moon somewhere, plays upon the image, on the head and beard of Ahasuerus, and on his broad path, which has that most uncomfortable appearance that a road has in moonlight after rain, the plashy, slimy look of an everlasting puddle. And round this, the bushes, quivering in the wind, have a most irritating, briery, quarrelsome and provoking sharpness, that makes the passer by feel aggrieved and insulted by them.

The next two engravings place the poor outcast so provokingly in public life, and civic society, that we can fancy he would feel glad to be back again in the wilderness. The first scene finds him in the high-street of some Teutonic city, hemmed in by pinnaced and turreted gables, all woful looking, and sad to live in. He is the centre of a double circle; the inner one composed of some burgomasters, for hofraths in portentous wigs and luxuriant pigtails, and a donkey that is munching the fringe of his beard; the outward one of three children and twice as many geese; all seemingly equal in curiosity and intelligence. The second presents a coarser scene. He is leaving a beer-shop, in which he has been taking refreshment, and all the inmates are around him, pressing him to

stay. The old women are particularly clamorous, and amiable. But even the offered glass of beer cannot tempt him; for high among towers and pointed roofs through which his snow-white drapery droops and blends, is poised the sorrowful angel of his doom, pointing with his sword towards the way on which he needs must walk.

These are the two grossest, and least agreeable of the series, which from this point assumes a more imaginative and legendary form. With the exception of the ludicrous, though powerful, battle-piece already described, the pilgrim is alone, at least in solitude; he lives in the world of shadows and phantasms. Now, for instance, (Plate V.) he is crossing a river, not wading, nor swimming, but treading its curly surface. The back-ground, as usual, is a wall of dark, spectral trees, with serpentine roots, above which rise the elfish battlements, turrets and bastions of a Rhenish castle, melting and dripping, rather than crumbling, to pieces. But as the wanderer strides across, bending his head, and holding in his cataract of beard, he cannot fail to see in the shiny patch of moonlight on the waters, the shadowy picture sketched by the rippling surface—of our Lord sinking under His cross, and the executioner raising his staff to strike Him.

This now becomes the vision that haunts him, on earth, in the heavens, in rocks, trees, clouds, snow, grass, and shadow. He is next passing, of course at night, through a church-yard. A bright rack of moon-lit clouds occupies the lower part of the sky, and its driving fleeces resolve themselves into that same spectacle; two crosses stand ready, a third is travelling up the cloudy steep, borne by the likeness of a fading form, crowned with rays, behind which follows a *cirrus* of mob, and mares' tails of sticks and lances, till so evanescent do they become, that you doubt whether it is the artist's pencil or your own imagination that portrays them. Into this ghastly atmosphere penetrate, first the bluff edges of more distant rocks, then the stiff ridge and homely tower of the village church, whose bells are swinging out of their windows, ringing a spontaneous knell, a *passing*-bell, to the affrighted traveller. And well may he be so. For within a belt of funereal cypresses, there stands right before him a group of hobgoblin tomb-stones, all mowing and leering at him with a most tragi-comical expression. But on the sward before him, his own shadow forms the same dismal picture as the

clouds. Nay the very grass playing in the breeze, as if composed of malicious elves, twists itself into a rude sketch of that harrowing recollection.

But next we find him (Plate VII.) in the very depths of nature's visionary horrors. The picture might be taken for an illustration of the following passage. "In those desolate regions, it is said that trees often, from the singularly-unnatural, and wildly-stimulating properties of the slimy depths from which they spring, assume a strange, and goblin growth, entirely different from their normal habits. All sorts of vegetable monsters stretch their weird fantastic forms among its shadows. There is no principle so awful through all nature as this of *growth*. It is a mysterious and dread condition of existence, which, place it under what impediment or disadvantage you will, is constantly forcing on, and when unnatural pressures hinder, it developes forms portentous and astonishing."* Without accepting the philosophy of this passage, we may admit its facts, when combined, and applied by an excited, or a morbid, imagination. We can see "a whale," or something "very like" it, or a crocodile, or a horse and rider, or a boat, or a tree in the lazy clouds that bask in the setting sun, or we can, almost at will make them melt from one to the other, in the golden furnace through which they roll and rise like foam. And who, that was a lover in his childhood's days of Bewick's Beasts and Birds, has not looked with delight, at the charming tail-pieces, where the benighted traveller sees dark grinning faces, and threatening foot-pads looking out in every bush and tree?

Some such idea pervades the plate before us. The unhappy Jew in hurrying down a rugged mountain pass, his hair and beard streaming like a comet, trying, by self-concentration to avoid catching a glimpse of the outer world, its mockeries and its bewitchments. For around all things are flying at him, hooting after him, staring at him like ghouls, with unearthly looks and gestures. The black and brawling torrent that seems running a race with him might be the Styx, one side of it covered, and hovered, over by ghosts. Dry and withered stumps of trees seem flying, with extended arms, ending in vampyre

* Dred, chap. 50.

claws, and hideous grimness of feature in their rugged bark; among which again one clearly distinguishes the ascent to Golgotha, and the Victim bearing the dry wood for sacrifice, while javelins and pikes, formed of arid stems and branches, mark the mob concealed in the dark shadow. The very rocks among which the stranger has to pick his way assume fantastic shapes, looking like a wall of huge bull-frogs or gigantic toads. But above, as if cut clean out of the dark shadows, in their deepest depth, floats an angel of snowy brightness, every ray from his head bristling clearly against the gloom, and with a flaming sword uplifted, the wavy blade of which dies away against the morning gleam that touches the mountain-top.

The next representation (Plate VIII.) makes a bold advance on the last. The poor wretch is high among the mountains. It is day, and the icy glacier above reflects a peculiar happy light on the sombre rocks which fill the picture. Well may he steady his swinging pace by leaning on a rock round which his steep path turns, and look up. The snowy height is a plastic mass, like one of the half-effaced sculptures which Egyptians or Persians left on rocks, as their armies passed, at Nahr-el-kelb, or Behistun; or even more like one of Michelangelo's half finished blocks, out of which protrudes insipient life, figures full of struggling expression, trying to disengage themselves from their marble prison, themselves again resembling the dead that rise amidst sculptured sarcophagi on a relief of the old Pisan school. Horses and men are just blocked out, by frosty juttings, from the white mass, light sketches upon light almost evanescent forms, among which is painfully prominent the threatening figure of our Lord. But still bolder, indeed beyond the license permissible to visionary liberties, with nature, is the life communicated to the craggy heights beneath; for every prominence has a decided shape, bearing Apostles and holy women, crowned with halos, and looming sorrowfully in the shade, so as to require but a touch, to make them vanish and become rocks again. This exaggeration of Don Giovanni's punishment is indeed overdone; but one is delighted with the cleverness of its execution, and reconciled to it by the ideality of the whole story.

We pass over Plate IX, because we have described its battle-scene, and find our traveller again walking on

the water. But this time it is a boisterous sea. A ship has been thrust high on the rocks, and its crew is scattered over the seething waves. A boatful of them is just going to sink among the breakers: a spar to which half-a-dozen are clinging is being very perpendicularly, and very deliberately absorbed, like a skewerful of larks, by a portentous pair of jaws, most unichthyological in appearance, that protrude from the deep: while *dissecta membra* of heads, and arms, floating about are stretched towards the Jew, who walks on, nothing heeding. Some have clung to him or his staff, one is seizing the cordage of his beard, and a much safer life-boat will he make than even that of Broadstairs. The stormy driving clouds typify the usual reminiscence of the carriage of the Cross.

Plate XI. gives the real, instead of the imaginary, horrors of nature. It is indeed the "dismal swamp," along the edge of which the modern Cain is travelling. The way, by which he has reached the spot where we find him, seems shut up in impenetrable darkness, it is a veritable valley of death, traceable as a narrow defile up the mountains beyond, by a fringe of dark trees rising up them. This leads down to the luridly gleaming forest that shuts in the back ground, of rank pines with straight shafts clustered as close as the mouldings of cathedral pillars, and overtopped by meagre palms that wave gloomy tufts above them, like the feathers of a funeral. The lower part of the picture is filled with a slough of despond, a slimy, stagnant, unrippled lake, a dead sea—yet all alive. For it seems the very paradise of every loathsome brood of Saurians, crocodiles, alligators, lizards, newts, and shapeless, nameless things that crawl in steel-proof armour, diving, basking, swimming, creeping, playing, fighting, nay leering at the passer-by or threatening him: but doing all most hideously and disgustingly. And he, poor soul, walks on, as if either used to it all, or too safe against it. He has planted his foot and his staff right in the coil of a huge boa, which is rearing and hissing at him, while another of these amiable creatures curled round a tree, which it seems able to crush in its folds, hangs down from the topmost branches, so as almost to mingle its forked tongue with his silver tresses. Here a hippopotamus is smelling at him, there a lion mounted on a rocky eminence glares indignantly on the intruder into his fastnesses, there an elephant is crashing

down the trees to get at him. The road before him is strewn with every sort of reptile and mollusc, with whatever the human eye most loathes and abhors.

This is his last trial. The last plate sees him happy at last in the arrival of the final day, seated on a rock, and uncasing from the long confinement of their tattered boots, his unwearied feet. The look of satisfaction on his face is drunken and almost idiotic: as if a reaction had taken place in him, and he revelled to intoxication in mere repose, or sunk powerless beneath the unusual exertion of inertness. All the usual pictorial extravagances of the last day are to be found in this engraving. There is in one upper corner, a sort of explosion of radiance, a downward flight of angelic rockets, shot as it were from a celestial fire-work, some blowing trumpets, horns, or bassoons, some clapping cymbals, all fitting and whisking about, in the flashing glory. One is hovering in the dark directly over Ahasuerus, blowing into his ear, in the form of rays issuing from a huge trumpet, the welcome news of his deliverance. Below is an opening with flames issuing of a more volcanic character, surrounded by grinning, and not very dignified, demons, with the usual appliances of pitchforks and ropes. In every direction are shadowy forms, some risen in the flesh, most only in the bone, some in armour, some in pilot-coats with huge buttons. Larvæ and strange shapes of all sorts flit about, or peer through the darkness.

Such is Doré's presentation of the legend of the Wandering Jew. We confess we should have liked to see his conception of him under circumstances of more complicated trial, to see him where others perish and he *must* escape; in an earthquake, in the conflagration of a city, in the actual shipwreck. Or we should have been pleased to behold him amidst more modern circumstances of trial. For example, how would he be, on board an eight-dollars New Orleans steamer, at the moment of an explosion, or when just snagged, and everybody is going down. Or still more in our way, what a position of real trial this would be. He has taken a short cut on his journey, through a railway tunnel, and is walking right along the tram. Nothing more deep than the darkness of the cavern; but the figure of the Jew stands in a brilliant glowing light, which shines on the path before him. We see it at once; it is the furnace glare of the fire-box of an engine at full

speed; while beyond the two red staring lamp-eyes have cast disks of vague fitful light. On is coming, flashing, hissing, roaring, the very image of inevitable fate, the ponderous yet rapid train. And the Jew looks straight forward towards it, winces not in a feature, blinks not in his eye, and seeks not to turn away. *Impavidum ferient ruinæ*. If the artist can give expression to this, we shall believe in the Wandering Jew's faith in his own unextinguishable immortality, his unquenchable everlastingness.

ART. IX.—*Judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on the Appeals of Liddell v. Westerton, and Liddell v. Beal, from the Court of Arches, delivered March 21, 1857. London: 1857.*

THE memorable St. Barnabas controversy at length is at rest. Just on the eve of publication we have received the long-expected judgment of the Privy Council, which, it may be presumed, is the closing scene of this complicated ecclesiastical drama. Although the interest of an affair so protracted, and broken up into so many seemingly unimportant episodes, may now be deemed well-nigh exhausted, the solemn decision in which it has resulted involves some principles which appear to affect so vitally the present and future relations of the conflicting parties in the Anglican church, that we cannot allow it to pass without a few observations.

The St. Barnabas case differs from most of the other controversies which have recently come before the ecclesiastical tribunals in England. The questions directly at issue in the Gorham case, in that of Archdeacon Denison, and in that of the lamented Archdeacon Wilberforce, so far as it had proceeded, were purely doctrinal. The St. Barnabas case comes before the courts as a mere question of ceremonial discipline. Nevertheless, while such is its seeming character, it differs very materially from other questions of ceremonial which of late years have occupied the public mind. The Surplice controversy, for instance, could hardly be regarded as other than a mere dispute

about the rubric, or at all events, it would be difficult to argue it upon any clear and tangible principles independent of the rubrical regulations which were supposed to affect it. But the rubrical or ceremonial principles involved in the discussion to which the *St. Barnabas* controversy has given occasion, are so closely connected with certain vital doctrinal principles which they seem to involve, and of which indeed they appear but to be the natural external embodiment, that it is difficult to investigate it thoroughly without considering the truth or falsehood of those doctrines, and almost impossible to pronounce a definitive decision regarding it, without deciding how far such doctrines are reconcilable with the teaching and the formularies of the Church of England.

It will be seen accordingly that the Judgment of the Privy Council on the seemingly rubrical controversy which has arisen at *St. Barnabas*, is no less plainly a doctrinal decision than that in the purely theological question officially submitted for judgment in the memorable *Gorham* case.

It is unnecessary to remind our readers of the early history of the church of *St. Barnabas*. The forms, the services, the practices, and the teaching which prevailed there during the incumbency of Mr. Bennett, have often been the subject of discussion in this Journal. The case on which the Privy Council has just given judgment in appeal, although it is but the natural and inevitable issue of what was then begun, has arisen in the form which it now assumes under the incumbency of the present clergyman, Mr. Liddell, and we must confine ourselves in the brief space now at our disposal, to the actual details of the case which came before the court.

The judgment in reality is a double one, being given not in one but in two appeals, which arose out of two distinct suits already decided in the Court of Arches;—one regarding the “*District Church or Chapel of St. Paul’s, Knightsbridge*,” the other, the *Chapel of Ease of St. Barnabas, Pimlico*: but as both cases involve precisely the same principles, or rather as one of the two, that of *St. Paul’s*, is clearly included in the other as the lesser in the greater, they have both very properly been considered and decided in the same judgment. In both cases an order had, at the suit of members of the congregation, been obtained against the incumbent for the removal of “certain

ornaments of the church." The cases only differ in this, that as we shall see the "ornaments" in St. Barnabas were of a much more elaborate character, and that in this case both the chapel-wardens agreed in opinion with the incumbent as to the propriety of the ornaments, while in that of St. Paul's one of the wardens was opposed to their use. This gentleman indeed, Mr. Westerton, was the promovement of the suit regarding St. Paul's. In the case of St. Barnabas the suit was instituted by a Mr. Beal, "a resident of the chapel district of St. Barnabas."

Mr. Westerton called upon his rector and his fellow church-warden to "show cause why a faculty should not be granted for removing the altar, or high altar, and the cloths used for covering the same, together with the wooden cross elevated thereon and affixed thereto, as well as the candlesticks thereon, together with the credentia, preparatory altar or credence table, used in the said church or chapel, and for substituting in lieu and stead thereof a decent and proper table for the administration of the Lord's Supper and Holy Communion, and a decent cloth for the covering thereof."

Mr. Beal had a longer list of *rerum evitandarum*. By the monition which he procured to be issued against Mr. Liddell and the wardens of St. Barnabas, they were "monished to remove from the said chapel the rood screen and brazen gates, together with the cross elevated and fixed on the said screen, and also the stone altar and cloths now used for covering the same, and the cross ornamented with jewels elevated thereon and fixed thereto, with the candlesticks and candles placed thereon, and also the marble credentia, preparatory altar or credence-table, and to substitute in lieu and stead thereof a decent table for the administration of the Lord's Supper and Holy Communion, and a decent covering thereto, and to set up on the east end of the chancel of the said chapel the Ten Commandments, as by the laws, canons, institutions, and customs of the United Church of England and Ireland is prescribed."

The Judgment of the Privy Council briefly states the principles embodied in the answers to these several monitions. As these answers contain in its most authentic form the argument which is advanced in the case of St. Barnabas, and all similar instances for the compatibility of these practices with the articles and canons of the

Church of England, it may be well to advert to the summary of them contained in the judgment.

Against the order for the removal of the "ornaments" of St. Paul's it is urged that the article of church furniture called in the citation an altar, or high altar, is in fact, and according to the true and legal interpretation of the 82d of the constitutions and canons of England and Ireland as by law established, *mensa congrua et decens*, or a convenient and decent table, such as is required by law for the celebration of the Holy Communion, and denies that the wooden cross is inconsistent with the laws, canons, customs, and constitution of the said church. In subsequent passages of the answer this table is always spoken of as the altar or communion table, and it is alleged that the said altar or communion table, and the platform on which the same is raised, the wooden cross attached thereto, the gilded candlesticks, and the said side-table or credence-table, were placed in the same church as the same now exist, and formed part of the furniture thereof at the time of the consecration of the said church and of the furniture thereof by the Lord Bishop of London on the 30th of May, 1843.

It is to be observed that in St. Paul's Church the table described as an altar, or communion table, "is made of wood, and is not attached to the platform, but merely stands upon it; that it is placed at the east end of the church, or the chancel, according to the ordinary usage as to communion table; that at the end nearest the wall there is a narrow ledge raised above the rest of the table; that upon this ledge, which is termed 'super-altare,' stand the two gilded candlesticks, which are moveable, and between them the wooden cross, which is let into and fixed in the super-altare, so as to form part of what is thus described as the altar or communion table."

Now in this first case the Judgment of the inferior court did not order the removal of the table or of the candlesticks, but only of the cross, the credence-table, and the cloths. The Judgment adds that "the evidence as to the wishes of the parishioners upon this subject appears to their Lordships to show what, in such a case, might perhaps be expected, that with respect to these ornaments there are many persons of great respectability who from conscientious motives are strongly attached to them; many of equal respectability who, from motives equally conscientious, feel an invincible repugnance to them; and some,

it may be hoped not a few, who, whatever opinion they may form of their intrinsic value, consider them as of no importance whatever in comparison with Christian charity and concord. and who, whether they approve or whether they disapprove them, would infinitely rather sacrifice their individual feelings and opinions than secure their triumph at the expense of disturbing and distracting the church of which they are members."

It will be remembered that the ornaments in the chapel of St. Barnabas are of much more elaborate character, and to the complaining party of the parishioners much more objectionable. Besides those which are complained of in St. Paul's, there is also "*a rood-screen with brazen gates and a cross elevated and fixed thereupon*;" a "*stone altar with a cross ornamented with jewels elevated thereon and fixed thereto*," "*cloths for covering the same*;" and a "*marble credence-table or preparatory altar*."

The defence of these ornaments is thus recited in the judgment:

"The answer admits that between the chancel and the nave of the church there is a screen of carved wood, on the summit whereof a wooden cross is affixed. It admits, in substance, the existence of the stone table, or altar, with the metal cross attached thereto, and it insists that the article of furniture so described is a *mensa congrua et decens* within the meaning of the canons, and such a communion table as is required by law for the celebration of the Holy Communion. It admits the use of various cloths differing in colour from each other as coverings of the communion table at different seasons, and that the coverings used on the said altar or communion table at the time of the administration of the Holy Communion is of worked and embroidered white linen, ornamented and enriched with and bordered at the ends with elaborately worked lace, and that the other articles of linen used in the said office are also decorated and enriched with white lace. It denies that the credence-table is attached to the chancel, and alleges that the same is a moveable table, necessary and convenient for the decent celebration of the Holy Communion according to the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer. The answer then alleges that these ornaments existed in the church when it was consecrated in 1850, and that the services are attended by large and devout congregations, whose religious feelings would be violated by their removal."—Judgments, pp. 3-4.

Now the decision against which the appeal of Mr. Liddell appeals had ordered the church or chapel wardens of St. Bar-

nabas "to remove the present structure of stone used as a communion table in the said church, and to provide instead thereof a moveable table of wood; to remove the credence-table; to remove the cross on the screen, as also the cross on or near the present structure used as a communion table; to take away all the cloths at present used in the said church or chapel for covering the structure now used as a communion table during the time of divine service, and to provide and substitute in place of the said cloths one only covering for the communion table of silk or other decent stuff; and, further, to remove any cover used at the time of the ministration of the sacrament, worked or embroidered with lace or otherwise ornamented, and to substitute a fair white linen cloth, without lace or embroidery or other ornament; to cover the communion table at the time of the ministration of the sacrament, and to cause the Ten Commandments to be set up on the east end of the church in compliance with the terms of the canon." (p. 4-5.) It should be added that there was no appeal against that part of the order which regards the setting up of the Ten Commandments.

With the several branches of the appeal, as thus stated, the Judgment of the Privy Council proceeds to deal seriatim: but by far the most careful and elaborate part of the Judgment is the first;—that which regards the question of the crosses. The judges in the courts below, although agreed as to the inadmissibility of these emblems, grounded the order for their removal on different reasons.

Dr. Lushington argued upon the Rubric, and held that the only question was, "what ornaments could be shown to have been in churches in the second year of the reign of Edward VI., by authority of Parliament, according to the rubric of the present Prayer-book, according to the true construction of those words?" On the other hand, Sir J. Dodson "considered the question to depend on the effect of certain Royal injunctions and an Act of Parliament against the use of images, among which he considered crosses to be included."

Now, as to the first of these grounds of argument the rubric is in these words:—

"And here it is to be noted that such ornaments of the church and of the ministers thereof at all times of their ministry shall be retained and be in use as were in this Church of England, by authority of Parliament in the second year of King Edward VI."

"Dr. Lushington," the judgment observes, "was of opinion that by the true construction of these words reference must be had to the Act of the 2d and 3d of Edward VI., and the Prayer-book which it established, for the purpose of determining what ornaments were thereby sanctioned, but he was perplexed by the difficulty that, although there were words in that Prayer-book describing the ornaments of the ministers, there were none which applied to ornaments of the church in his understanding of this expression."

We should be glad to detail the curious and elaborate argument in which this view of Dr. Lushington is disposed of; but we must content ourselves with briefly stating that the Judgment of the Privy Council distinctly limits the construction of the Rubric to ornaments used in the actual services or ministrations, to the exclusion of those which permanently form part of the decorations of a Church. They hold that "the word 'ornaments' applies, and in this rubric is confined, to those articles the use of which in the service and ministrations of the church is prescribed by the Prayer-book of Edward VI.," (p. 6.) and they conclude "that although the rubric excluded all use of crosses in the services, the general question of crosses not used in the services, but employed only as decorations of churches, is entirely unaffected by the rubric. If crosses of the latter description were in use in the second year of Edward VI. they derive no protection from the rubric; if they were lawfully in use they are not excluded by the rubric, though they might not have the sanction of the authority of Parliament." (p. 10.)

Their lordships next examine, with even greater detail the ground put forward by Sir John Dodson;—viz:—that the term "images" may apply to crosses; that "imagines crucis" are often mentioned, as well as "imagines crucifixi, et sanctorum;" that the cross, at the accession of Henry VIII., was itself an object of superstitious worship in the Roman Catholic Church; that two services in its honour are found in the Roman Catholic missal; that it was abused like other images, and was abolished like other images, and consequently that "crosses" are to be included among the "images" which are prohibited by the Injunctions and Act of Parliament of Edward VI., on which Sir John Dodson relies. The argument considered historically is a curious and interesting one; but as our

principal concern is with the actual Judgment itself, we are unable to enter into the particulars of the reasoning by which Sir John Dodson's view is set aside. It will be enough to say that the Judicial Committee decides that the images contemplated in the Act and Injunctions must not be understood as including crosses as such. We can only find room for one passage of this portion of the argument. After detailing the proceedings under Henry VIII, and Edward VI. and Mary, the Judgment proceeds :—

“On the accession of Elizabeth, in the year 1558, the statutes of Queen Mary on these matters were repealed, the supremacy of the Crown was established by the Act of the 1st of Elizabeth, chap. 1, and all such jurisdiction in spiritual matters as hitherto had been or lawfully might be exercised by any spiritual or ecclesiastical authority was annexed to the Crown of England, and power was given to the Queen and her successors to appoint commissioners for the purpose of exercising ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

“By the 1st of Elizabeth, chap. 2, the second Prayer-book of Edward VI., with certain alterations, was re-established, injunctions were issued, and articles of visitation framed, much to the same effect with those already promulgated in the reign of Edward VI., but which do not appear to their Lordships to extend the prohibition with respect to images.

“It is known, indeed, that at this time great differences of opinion prevailed among the early reformers with respect to the use of crosses and crucifixes, and that the Queen was favourable to the use of both; that she retained them in her own chapel, and although they were removed for a time in consequence of the remonstrances made to her, they were afterwards restored. (Cardw., Doc., Ann., 268.) But a great distinction was made between the cross and the crucifix, and the use of the former might well be permitted, while the other was forbidden.

“This is very manifest from the letter of George Cassander to Bishop Cox, dated at Worms, 1560, printed in the second series of the *Zurich Letters*, p. 43. He there expresses himself in these terms :—

“I understand that you are not altogether agreed among yourselves with respect to the setting up the image of the cross or the crucifix in the church; but I do not sufficiently understand whether this question refers to the mere figure of a cross, or also to the image of Christ hanging upon it. I have seen here a certain print which contained a cross only in the middle, with some text of holy Scripture written on each side; whence I suspect that your question only refers to the figure of the cross. . . . Your Excellence is aware in what frequent use and in what great esteem the figure of the cross was held among the early Christians, insomuch that it

was everywhere placed and represented in their buildings, sacred and profane, public and private, and this, too, before the practice of setting up other images in the churches, whether of Christ himself or of the saints, had come into use; that on the destruction of all monuments of idolatry, by which everything was defiled, the figure of the cross, which was as it were a sacred symbol of Christianity, succeeded under better auspices into their places. And like as the word cross in the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles mystically signifies the passion, death, and triumph of Christ, and the afflictions of the saints, so also by the figure of the cross everywhere set up and meeting the eye, they intended all these things to be set forth, as it were, by a mystic symbol and infixed in men's minds; wherefore they made a just distinction between the figure or representation of the cross, and all other images.'

"Of the cross thus used Cassander signifies his approval.

"That many of the English bishops objected both to crosses and crucifixes, and either ordered or sanctioned their removal from churches within their dioceses, and that in many others they were defaced or destroyed by the violence of the people, can admit of no doubt; and that this violence extended also to monuments in churches appears by a proclamation issued by Queen Elizabeth against defacers of monuments in the year 1560; for it speaks of these proceedings as 'in slander of such as in times past had in charge only to deface monuments of idolatry and false feigned images in churches and abbeys:' expressions which tend strongly to confirm the meaning their Lordships have already attributed to the injunctions and Act of Parliament of Edward VI."—Judgment pp. 18-20.

Having thus disposed of the grounds upon which the "courts below" had ordered the removal of *all the crosses* from St. Paul's and St. Barnabas's, their lordships call attention to the fact that although no distinction was taken by the Courts below between the different crosses which are the subject of appeal—between the crosses on what are termed the altars or communion tables, both at St. Paul's and St. Barnabas, and the cross on the chancel screen in St. Barnabas, and although the judges treated them as being all subject to the same considerations, and have ordered them all to be removed as illegal ornaments; there is nevertheless, a very intelligible distinction. Of the crosses which were in use in the Catholic ritual there was a great variety, some with, some without, the image of the Saviour, which were in use in the Roman Catholic ritual; altar crosses, processional crosses, funeral

crosses, and others; and that in addition to all these moveable crosses, there were also many painted or carved representations of the cross not used in the services, but set up as architectural decorations of churches.

Now it is upon this distinction that the most important part of the Judgment is founded. They rule that as an architectural decoration the cross may be permitted in churches consistently with the canons and discipline of the Anglican Church.

The result of their investigation of the authorities is declared to be "that crosses, as distinguished from crucifixes, have been in use as ornaments of churches from the earliest periods of Christianity; that when used as mere emblems of the Christian faith, and not as objects of superstitious reverence, they may still lawfully be erected as architectural decorations of churches; that the wooden cross erected on the chancel screen of St. Barnabas is to be considered as a mere architectural ornament; and that as to this article they must advise Her Majesty to reverse the judgment complained of. The laws in force respecting the consecration of any building for a church, and which forbid any subsequent alteration without a faculty from the ordinary, will be sufficient to prevent any abuse in this respect."—(p. 20.)

The cross of the chancel-screen of St. Barnabas, therefore, remains undisturbed, the judgment of the courts below being so far reversed.

But the remaining part of the Judgment is far more important, both in itself and in the doctrinal results which it involves. "This decision, however," the Judgment proceeds, "by no means disposes of the question as to crosses attached to communion tables, which it will be convenient to deal with in connection with the altar at St. Barnabas, which is ordered to be removed. This article of church furniture consists of a thick marble slab, with a super-altare on the side nearest to the wall of the chapel. It stands apart from the wall, supported upon stone carved arches, the arches resting upon a stone plinth, which is let into and embedded in the pavement on which it stands. The cross is attached to the super-altare, and stands between two large candlesticks, which are moveable. The question is whether this structure is a communion table within the meaning of the law.

In discussing this question the Lords of Privy Council enter at full length into the vital question, what is the true nature of the Communion Service, as it exists in the Anglican Church. The matter is so important that we shall give the Judgment in their Lordship's own words.

"The appellants, in their pleadings, term these tables altars or communion tables; and in the argument they have referred to two recent statutes in which the word 'altar' is used to signify the communion table. When the same thing is signified it may not be of much importance by what name it is called; but the distinction between an altar and a communion table is in itself essential and deeply founded, in the most important difference in matters of faith between Protestants and Romanists—viz., in the different notions of the nature of the Lord's Supper which prevailed in the Roman Catholic Church at the time of the Reformation, and those which were introduced by the Reformers.

"By the former it was considered as a sacrifice of the body and blood of the Saviour. The altar was the place on which the sacrifice was to be made; the elements were to be consecrated, and, being so consecrated, were treated as the actual body and blood of the victim.

"The Reformers, on the other hand, considered the Holy Communion, not as a sacrifice, but as a feast, to be celebrated at the Lord's Table; though as to the consecration of the elements, and the effect of this consecration, and several other points, they differed greatly among themselves."—Judgment, p. 21.

That the Catholic ritual consistently carries out the Catholic view of the Eucharistic service in all the appurtenances of its church decoration, they proceed to point out—

"That the Roman Catholic altars are constructed with a view to this doctrine of sacrifice admits of no doubt.

"Cardinal Bona speaks of them in these terms :—'*De Altaribus Novi Testamenti agendum est in quibus corporis et sanguinis Christi sacrificium inæruentum immolatur.*'—Lib. i. chap. 20, p. 251.

"With respect to the question, what is required to constitute a Roman Catholic altar, we have been furnished with valuable information by a treatise entitled *Institutiones Liturgicæ ad usum Seminarii Romani*, by Fornici, the present text-book of the Pope's Seminary.

"In the first part, '*De Sacrificio Missæ*,' chap. 3, page 18, '*De Altari ejusque ornatu*,' it is laid down in the first place, '*nunquam extra altare hostiam immolari.*' It is then stated that altars originally were made indifferently of wood or stone, but that many centuries ago the church ordered that they should be only of stone.

The term altar is thus explained :—‘*Nomine autem altaris intelligitur superficies plana ad sacrificium Missæ immediate deputata.*’ The altar is to be in the church ; it is to be fixed and immoveable, ‘*immobile seu fixum definitum super suis pedibus seu base quod habet totam integram superficiem seu mensam superiorem ;*’ and it is required to be ‘*lapideum et ab episcopo consecratum.*’ The treatise then proceeds to state that by most ancient usage, as early as the Council of Tours, in the year 567, the standard of the cross, ‘*vexillum crucis,*’ was to be placed in the middle of the altar ; it states that by the term ‘*cross*’ is meant the crucifix ; and it refers to two comparatively modern declarations on the subject by the Holy See, one in 1746, and another in 1822, by which orders are given with respect to the size and position of the crucifix on the altar.

“It then refers to the lights upon the altar :—‘*Ad utrumque crucis latus cereum in Missæ sacrificio accendi jubet ecclesia,*’ p. 22 ; and it refers to the rubric by which it is ordered :—‘*Colloceatur crux et candelabra saltem duo.*’

“Such, then, as regards its form, is the Roman Catholic altar. A stone structure fixed in the church, and immoveable, with a plane surface or mensa, on which the unbloody sacrifice (‘*sacrificium incruentum*’) may be offered ; on which the host and the cup (‘*hostia et calix*’) may be placed : with a crucifix and two candlesticks, as essential adjuncts to it.”—pp. 21-2.

So far the Judgment presents no particular difficulty. But we commend what follows to the especial attention of our Tractarian friends.

“At the date of the first Prayer-book of Edward VI. the doctrine of the English church as to the real presence and the nature of the Holy Communion was undecided ; the book therefore enjoined no change in the form of the altar, but spoke of the rite itself as the Lord’s Supper, commonly called the high mass, and of the structure indifferently by the names of the altar and the Lord’s Table.

“It contains a prayer for the consecration of the sacred elements, in which the sign of the cross is to be used. The bread is to be unleavened, and round as it was aforetime. The corporas, the paten, the chalice, the vestments are all articles directed to be used in the Roman Catholic ritual, and spoken of by those names in the missal.

“But by the time when the second Prayer-book was introduced a great change had taken place in the opinion of the English church, and the consequence was that on the revision of the service these several matters were completely altered ; the use of a surplice was substituted for the several vestments previously enjoined ; the prayer for consecration of the elements was omitted, though in the present Prayer-book it is restored ; the bread and wine delivered to the

communicants were no longer described as *the body and blood of Christ* as was the case in the first Prayer-book; the table was no longer spoken of as *the altar*, but as the Lord's table, or as God's board; and the table is to have, at the time of the communion, a fair white linen cloth upon it, and is to stand in the body of the church or in the chancel, where morning prayer and evening prayer are appointed to be said. And it is declared by the rubric that,—

“‘To take away the superstition which any person hath, or might have, in the bread and wine, it shall suffice that the bread be such as is usual to be eaten at the table with other meals, but the best and purest wheaten bread that conveniently may be gotten. And if any of the bread and wine remain the curate shall have it to his own use.”

“The distinction between the Supper of the Lord and the sacrifice of the mass is set forth with great precision in the articles agreed upon in Convocation in the year 1562, soon after the accession of Queen Elizabeth, and which still form the Articles of the Church of England.

“The 28th Article, ‘of the Lord's Supper,’ contains this clause:—

“‘The Supper of the Lord is not only a sign of the love that Christians ought to have among themselves one to another, but rather is a sacrament of our redemption by Christ's death; insomuch that to such as rightly, worthily, and with faith receive the same, the bread which we break is a partaking of the body of Christ, and likewise the cup of blessing is a partaking of the blood of Christ.’

“The article then contains a declaration against transubstantiation: and article 31, entitled, ‘of the one oblation of Christ finished upon the cross,’ declares that ‘the sacrifices of masses, in the which it was commonly said that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.’

“This change in the view taken of the nature of the sacrament naturally called for a corresponding change in the ancient altar. It was no longer to be an altar of sacrifice, but merely a table, at which the communicants were to partake of the Lord's Supper.”—Judgment pp. 23-4.

It is hardly necessary to add that the partial triumph accorded to the admirers of things as they are at St. Barnabas, is far more than countervailed by the momentous consequences involved in the solemn putting forth of such views as these with the authority of the Privy Council.

As regards the present Judgment, the first consequence is, that their Lordships affirm the order of the Courts below for the removal “of the stone structure at St. Barnabas and the cross upon it, and the substitution of a communion table of wood.”

(2) The Judgment also affirms the order for the removal of the "wooden cross attached to the communion table of St. Pauls."

"Their Lordships have already declared their opinion that the communion table intended by the canon was a table in the ordinary sense of the word, flat and moveable, capable of being covered with a cloth, at which or around which the communicants might be placed in order to partake of the Lord's Supper, and the question is whether the existence of a cross attached to the table is consistent either with the spirit or with the letter of those regulations. Their Lordships are clearly of opinion that it is not, and they must recommend that upon this point also the decree complained of should be affirmed."—Judgment, p. 28.

The Catholic reader will perhaps have some difficulty in understanding how "the existence of a cross attached to the table," can affect what their Lordships afterwards call "*the essential distinction between an altar and a table.*" The well-known passage of Tertullian regarding the early Christian use of the cross, *ad mensas*, is actually one of the cases explicitly referred to. And even those Christians who repudiate the idea of the Eucharist being a sacrifice, and who hold it to be a mere feast, must at least admit that it is, to use Cudworth's words cited in this Judgment, "a participation of that sacrifice," of which the cross is the most fitting and expressive emblem. But strange as it may seem, such is actually the ground of this branch of the Judgment.

The remaining provisions are of comparatively little interest. The order for the removal of "the credence table" is reversed.

The order for the removal of the embroidered cloths or coverings for the communion table in like manner is reversed, their Lordships in both cases considering that no rubric or other regulation to the contrary has been established.

But lastly, as a sort of compensation for the indulgence extended in this instance to the practices of St. Barnabas, their Lordships have affirmed the order for the discontinuance of the use of "embroidered linen and lace on the communion table at the time of the ministration of the Holy Communion. The rubric and the canon prescribe the use of a fair white linen cloth, and both the learned judges in the court below have been of opinion that embroidery and lace are not consistent with the meaning of

that expression, having regard to the nature of the table upon which the cloth is to be used. Although their Lordships are not disposed in any case to restrict within narrower limits than the law has imposed the discretion which, within those limits, is justly allowed to congregations by the rules both of the ecclesiastical and the common law courts, the directions of the rubric must be complied with; and, upon the whole, their Lordships do not dissent from the construction of the rubric adopted by the present decree upon this point, and they must therefore advise Her Majesty in this respect to affirm it."—*Judgment*, p. 30.

Such is the purport of this long expected Judgment. We have neither space nor inclination to criticise it, considered as a legal or constitutional ordinance of the English Church. Our function in relation to it can be little more than that of historians.

But to those who have hitherto cherished the idea of reconciling Catholic doctrines with Anglican formularies, and of combining the essentials of what they conceive to be Catholic practice with Anglican ceremonial, we earnestly commend this important Judgment as a solemn and instructive lesson. It is another example hardly less striking than the Gorham Judgment itself, of the solemn repudiation by the last and highest ecclesiastical authority in the English Church, of what has long been known as the Catholic element of Anglicanism.

It distinctly rejects all idea, even the lowest, of the commemorative Sacrifice of the Eucharist.

It plainly adopts the principles on which were founded the changes introduced in the Second Prayer-book of Edward VI., the change of the name 'altar' into 'table,' and the ceasing to speak of the bread and wine as the Body and Blood of Christ.

If any doubt could be entertained as to the view on these subjects which it seeks to enforce, it would be removed by the very authority which is quoted in the Judgment—that of Bishop Burnet—one of the most unmodified of all the adherents of the Sacramentarian School.

It exhibits in a new, and hardly less painful form than the Gorham Judgment, the complete subjection of the Church in doctrine as well as discipline, to the civil power—the Privy Council sitting in judgment in the last appeal

upon what in a free church should fall exclusively within the province of a free assembly of the Church herself. As if to make the servitude the more apparent, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London were present while the official organ of the Privy Council delivered its judgment. To our ears there is a strange mockery of ecclesiastical authority in the concluding sentence of the Judgment, which expresses the "satisfaction" of their Lordships in being able to state that "both the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London concur in the judgment which has just been delivered!"

Above all, those who still flatter themselves with the dreamy belief to which we have been referring, cannot fail to see in this important decision of the Privy Council a new evidence that while the principle is still laid down, as it was laid down in the Gorham case, that "the Church of England is founded upon a compromise," and that in accordance with that compromise the limits of her communion are to be widened rather than narrowed, yet the practical tendency, as it has always been, still continues to be, to widen and extend those limits upon one side only, the side of latitudinarianism, and maintain, if not to contract the boundary lines which shut out the Old Religion, and all that savours of its principles. If any doubt of this tendency had remained after the Gorham case, it will be set at rest by the decision just delivered in the St. Barnabas appeal.

ART. X.—1. *Divorce and Matrimonial Causes.* A Bill intituled an Act to amend the Law relating to Divorce and Matrimonial Causes in England. (Presented by the Lord Chancellor.) Ordered to be printed 10th Feb. 1857.

2.—*Industrial Schools.* A Bill to make better Provision for the Care and Education of vagrant, destitute, and disorderly Children, and for the extension of Industrial Schools. (Prepared and brought in by Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Adderley, and Mr. Headlam.) Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed Feb. 10, 1857.

THE Parliamentary Session of 1857 has been cut short, to begin a new life in the course of a few weeks. The House of Commons will pass through the fire of a fresh election, and will come forth either more purified or more drossy, than it was before. The meaning of these words will be differently taken by partizans of different sides in politics: some will consider a greater infusion of what is still called whiggism, though nobody understands what it is, to be the improvement; while others will rejoice at every accession of strength to the conservative interest.

The simplest way, however, of now describing parties seems to be by the names of their leaders. Lord Palmerston is neither whig nor radical, tory nor conservative; if he is a pillar of the state he is of the composite order; if he is a philosopher, he is of the eclectic school; if a luminary he is of an erratic, and rather eccentric course. It would be difficult to characterise his policy, and we find few who try, succeed in doing so. Some think that, on the whole, he is the best man, or the only man, to hold the reins of government, though they hate many things that he has done. Others like his spirit and pluckiness, and readiness to assert the honour of his country, but would like all this to be done with a reduced taxation, and greater reforms at home. One set will give him a general support, but will never follow him into every measure; they will still be independent. Another, of course, will oppose him in everything, through thick or thin. Then if we enter into details of his political acts, his conduct is like the celebrated Greek painting on which every one was requested to chalk first the faults, and then the beauties which he discovered in it, till the entire picture became, each time,

like a miller's sack. One puts his finger on Naples, another on Persia, a third on Nicaragua, a fourth on Mexico, a fifth on the United States, a sixth on China, a seventh on the Principalities, an eighth on Spain, a ninth on the income tax, a tenth on the tea-duties. And having thus exhausted both hands to praise, if we begin again, there is not one of these marks which will not be overlaid with tokens of disapprobation, and detestation. If two colours are to be used, we may well say

"Illa prius creta, mox hæc carbone notasti."

The real colouring is invisible beneath the marks of applause and censure. Cheers and counter-cheers are all that reach us of the Premier's declarations. Few people will say that they approve of his conduct in every one of the above matters. It is not the old adhesion to the guidance of one statesman, of fixed views, that is expected in the followers, nor the ancient condescension to the wishes of a party, which now constitutes the principle of the ruling majority. The chief startles, annoys, and disgusts his own people by the waywardness of his measures; to-day he sees himself in a majority through the courtesy of his habitual opponents, to-morrow he will be in the lesser side, because determined liberals are against him. If he steers clear of many rocks or shoals, he has to thank his stars, and not his compass, if he have any. Nobody can tell what will be the policy of the next month; no one can foresee how many wars, expeditions, bombardments, withdrawals of embassies, treaties, congresses or protocols may find place between one prorogation and a new meeting of parliament, nor what sudden or unexpected reductions of army, navy, taxes, duties or other burthens may be made in a fortnight after the budget has been arranged. It would not surprise us to hear, that a measure was being prepared, either to suppress or to add, ten Anglican bishops, "as the case may be;" to make Lord Shaftesbury minister of worship, or propose a Concordat with Rome; to keep up war imposts, or return again to the system of indirect taxation.

The appeal then to the country is not, whether or no it will prefer one definite and understood system of politics to another; whether it will take a government with one set of consistent principles to regulate its dealings with

foreign powers, and its home-measures, in preference to another set. It is simply whether, knowing Lord Palmerston and all his tricks, his caprices, his waywardnesses, his inconstencies, it will rather have *him* with them all, than one untried, whose deficiencies and redundancies when in actual power are as yet unknown. It is whether it be not best to have a brilliant, clever, dashing man, whose resources, however shifting and not always creditable, seem ever up to the emergency, and ready at hand, one who embodies certain qualities that John Bull affects to love, as he loved the deeds of admiral-pirates in Elizabeth's time, or of buccaneers later, and trust entirely to him the honour and guidance of the nation. It is a personality, and not a system that is to be judged by the nation; it is neither a whig nor a conservative policy that is on its trial: it is simply that Lord Palmerston is to be taken as he is, or as he may hereafter choose to be, or a scramble be opened for some unknown power. So publicly is the contest avowed to be one between leaders, rather than between great political sections, that a new paper we believe has appeared with the bold, or rather insolent, title of "*The Derbyite*." We shall expect "*The Palmerstonian*" to follow it; and then the country will see more plainly that two candidates for its government are going to the national poll. Talk now of "measures and not men," indeed! The question is about the man altogether, nobody can foresee the measures of either statesman. Lord Palmerston may restore the corn-laws, and Lord Derby may march on Peking, for whatever any one knows.

Before anything that we write can be in the hands of its readers, the contest will be over, and it will be simply matter of whipping-in calculations, which chieftain musters the larger host: and that for a warfare, in which success at least is always on the side "*des gros bataillons*." In ages and countries wherein there is the least faith in God, there is generally the greatest in man; the intellect that refuses most stubbornly to bow to a divine teaching will most servilely crawl to the feet of a deceived, or deceiving man. We therefore shall be very much surprised, if the "sense of the nation," satirically so called, which has been appealed to, does not pronounce in favour of the capricious leader who is supposed to have given evidence of a capability untested in his rival—the power to get us

out of quagmires when he has got us into them. In the latter faculty possibly both are equal : at least it is a very attainable one. But the former one Lord Palmerston is positively admired for possessing.

If, however, it would be superfluous to suggest any motives to guide our friends in their choice, during election, we may venture some observations on future policy.

There are three distinct divisions of politics on which a catholic elector, and consequently a catholic member, has to make up his mind how to act. There are religious, Irish, and national questions likely to be presented to his consideration. It will be seen that we speak necessarily of those members who, returned mainly by Irish constituencies, represent, or are intended to represent, the principles and wishes of their electors, as catholics, as Irishmen, and as subjects of the British Empire. For English representations there will be one catholic member, possibly two. If therefore there is such a thing as a catholic interest to be represented, advocated, and defended, it must be by Irish members. We believe that when a constituency composed predominantly of catholic clergy and laity, select one of their own faith to represent them, they consider this circumstance as an advantageous one ; they put confidence in him in consequence of it, and they expect him to protect the honour of their religion against wanton insult, or legislative aggression. If, as they are often advised to do, they deliberately select an Orangeman, they of course renounce all claim to this representative duty, and exonerate their member from all obligations to perform it. He may give a silent vote for what they prefer, or he may have the decency to keep sometimes away ; but it will be understood that his heart will be with the Whitesides, and the Napiers, the Newdegates and Spooners, making interiorly the usual kind wishes about whither the Pope should go. We will at any rate assume, that if catholics advisedly elect a catholic, they do so with as sincere a desire to serve their religion, as protestants entertain when they systematically reject a catholic, and elect a protestant, member. No one can doubt, that whatever liberality of feeling may exist in any English, Scotch, or North-Irish constituency, it will have sufficient protestantism in it, be it mild or be it bitter, to have itself represented by a protestant, because he is one.

And in many cases, he goes in pledged to support every protestant, and every anti-catholic, measure.

The only antagonistic force, opposed to this principle, is that of members chosen in their turn, *because* catholics, by electors of their own church. It is not therefore too much to expect them to justify this selection, and to consider themselves as holding in their hands a brief, a general retainer at least, on the catholic, *religious*, side. And what is the extent of this? It will be the lowest standard that we select; when we say, at least as wide and comprehensive as their adversaries accept.

The thorough protestant members of the House of Commons, those whose names we will not repeat, do not ever consider a religious question as local, or as circumscribed by any limits, in its interest. They never say, "this does not affect us in England, or in Ireland, for places in which we sit. It is simply a measure beneficial, or hurtful to popery, and as such we must oppose, or favour it." Suppose it to be an Irish measure, the member for North Warwickshire is as ready to speak, and as diligent to vote, against it, as if it were one concerning his own county. Indeed let it be a motion in favour of catholics in India, or Canada, or of catholics in the army or navy, to protect convents in Malta, or salary a chaplain at Bermuda, in fine imagine any possible measure anywhere, of which catholics would enjoy the benefit, or rather the justice; and say if it would not be opposed, as a matter of course, by those who consider themselves entrusted with protestant interests in the house. And no matter in what form it is proposed, in a Bill, a rider, a clause; nay be it one item out of hundreds in navy, or army, or general estimates, and it has no chance of escaping the lynx-eyes of these nocturnal prowlers, the canine scent of these earnest bigots.

If protestantism can thus excite a sort of universality of sympathies, though in its very nature a divided system, it is not surely too much to expect, that a catholic, whose very title signifies universal, will feel at least as extensive an interest in matters affecting his religion, and not shelter himself behind the paltry excuse, that he has nothing to do with a religious measure, unless it affects Ireland. The individual member is not merely a delegate from one county or borough, he is an integral portion of the imperial legislature, he has confided to him the true

interests of England, as much as the English member has those of Ireland. Now no true catholic can, without creating suspicion in the sincerity of his faith, maintain, that to uphold anywhere the rights, just claims, and principles of what he professes to believe as God's own truth, is not a true interest of the Empire, and therefore a part of his conscientious duty.

But further still, the Church is one, and so bound together by intimate ties, it is an institution so unnational, so unlocal, nay so spiritual in the mutual relations of its parts, that it is a miserable and irreligious lowering of its position in the mind and in the world, to confound, or identify, its claims with those of any other order of things, however dear or preponderating. To judge of the value of a question affecting the doctrine or the well-being of religion, only by the consideration of how it will affect the morals or the purse of one particular portion of the Empire, or one set of constituencies, is surely to pull down to a lower level the high dignity and importance of our religious standard of thought. Nor after all is such a policy any wiser or more prudent, than just. An encroachment in a colony, still more in England, on liberty of religion, on ecclesiastical authority, on catholic education, once carried and sustained, becomes a precedent soon applicable to Ireland, and requires only a "short Act," to extend it. And if opposition to this be made, it must come burthened with the prejudice of previous silent consent, and with the retort ready prepared, and justly merited, of; "why did you not oppose this measure, when passed for England, if contrary to your religious principles?"

Let it not be supposed that this is but an abstract, and imaginary case. It is one, at the present moment, urgently present. And we therefore boldly state it, that in the moment of forming new combinations, of framing rules for energetic and united action in a new parliament, at a time when, to use an American phrase, the Catholic "platform" has to be constructed, this principle may be weighed, and we trust in God (for it is a sacred matter,) be firmly adopted, that, "every question brought before the legislature affecting the principles, persons, liberties, and interests of catholics in every part of the British Empire is one of interest to all catholic members in the House of Commons, without distinction, and should be

watched and controlled, promoted, or opposed, in joint action." Should the Government, whatever party may hold it, know that such a resolution has not only been taken, but is energetically acted upon, it will know well how to respect such a combined power, and will think twice, as the saying is, before introducing or countenancing vexatious and harsh measures about us.

Let us come, then, to some exemplifications of this proposed action. Looking to the past, the catholics of England have now had, hanging over their heads a Bill, which might be ruinous in an unmitigated form, and in any shape involves an infringement of the rights of the catholic church. We allude to the "Charitable Trusts' Act" of 1853. The object of this enactment was to bring all charities, in other words all ecclesiastical, educational, religious and charitable funds under the unlimited control of a Board exclusively protestant. Catholics were not exempted, as they had been in all former general Trusts' Bills; nor were they separately dealt with, in consideration of the action of penal laws. The evils of such a measure were twofold. First, it subjected charities of every sort, conventual ones for instance, funds for ecclesiastical education, and many others of a strictly ecclesiastical administration on catholic principles, to the prying and controlling superintendence of protestant laymen. Through the management of funds, with most arbitrary powers, the commissioners under the Act might have obtained uncanonical and most mischievous power in, and over, the institutions to which they belonged. Secondly, owing to the irregularity, or rather illegality of catholic investments through the iniquity of a persecuting code, the manifestations which the Act required might have proved fatal to a great proportion of our ecclesiastical and charitable funds. It was just at the last hour, at the third reading, that Lord John Russell declared to the house, that he had been assured but just before, of the ruinous effects of the measure, if applied to catholics. He therefore moved a clause, exempting them entirely from the operation of the law. Had he been supported, had there been catholic members there, to urge the injustice of a measure which put the unprotected property of catholics on the same footing as the fully recognized property of other bodies, the iniquity of bringing under law, possessions slowly accumu-

lated in spite of the iniquity of older law, there can be little doubt that the exemption would have been carried. Instead of this, Mr. Headlam, we believe, proposed, as an amendment, a delay of two years, during which remedial measures to save catholic property from confiscation were to be passed, and then it was to fall under the edge of the new law. No efficient opposition was made to this, and the catholics of England obtained a reprieve, instead of a total dismissal from the bar of the House.

What has been the consequence? Efforts were made in vain to come to some terms or understanding on the subject. Ministerial crises, the war, and other more general demands on time and attention prevented anything being done; in the given term; the avowed injustice of the law as it stood, in its bearing on catholics, forbade its enforcement; and just before the two years expired, a further year of grace was obtained. This brought us on, to the end of the session of 1856. In the interval nothing effectual had been done, though overtures had been opened, and bills proposed; and at the period just mentioned another respite was found necessary. It was granted, but with a condition or understanding, that early in the session of this year the sanatory measure, so long promised, should be introduced by Mr. Baines. Before the meeting of February, efforts were made, but in vain, to obtain a sight of the intended Bill: for it was surmised, that Government preferred consulting, not the persons who had been versed in matters of catholic church property, and its difficulties, legal and administrative, but such as were likely to give advice from party feeling, more than from knowledge and experience. And so as yet nothing is known of the intended motion; and in fact the parliament in which it had to be proposed has been swept away, and the first session of the new parliament will have enough to do; first in the "gentle passage of arms," the tourney in which Lords Palmerston and Derby must try to tilt one the other from his seat, and then in the great questions untouched, that wait their manager.

This uncertain state, these four years of anxiety to all concerned in the administration of church property in England have been harassing and perplexing; and yet we are no nearer a final solution than at the beginning. Another delay will no doubt be proposed; for it is impossible to frame a satisfactory measure now in time, if at all.

But surely it would be simpler, fairer, and more statesmanlike, to cut off all connection between catholics and an Act, pronounced by three successive votes of Parliament unjust and unpracticable in their regard, instead of letting them hang to it, by the loose thread of temporary suspension—a legislation of expedients, which may be at last defeated by an accident, by a counting out of the house, by a shortness of votes, or by a sudden dissolution, when the injustice acknowledged would become law. Were such a decisive measure taken at once, time would be given for a well-matured legislation, if really it be required. But surely it is not too much to ask, or even to entreat, or if you please, to insist, as brethren are allowed to do, that a question like this, involving vital interests of one portion of the catholics of the Empire, and made by the sworn enemies of our faith a religious question, should enlist in its favour the sympathies of all catholic members, and command their attendance, and their efficacious votes?

In addition, however, to this unseen foe, two other real and palpable ones had started living on the political stage. But for the attention of one watchful eye, the first of them might have passed unnoticed, and neutralized completely all that we had gained by our reformatory movement. It is the second at the head of our article, and we will briefly state its provisions, selecting such clauses as will best in their own words express it.

I. "V. The Police may take into Custody any Child who may be found Begging, and also any Child who may be found wandering in the Streets or Highways, or sleeping therein at Night, and not having any Home or settled Place of Abode, or proper Guardianship, or any lawful or visible Means of Subsistence.

"VI. The Police shall forthwith, or at the earliest Opportunity, bring any Child taken into Custody as aforesaid before a Justice of the Peace, who may direct due Inquiries to be made and Notice (Form) to be given to the Parent of the Child, if any can be found, or to the Persons with whom the Child is or was last known to have been residing, and to the Guardians of the Union in which the Child was taken into Custody, of the Circumstances under which the Child has been taken into Custody, and that the Matter will be inquired into at the Time and Place mentioned in the Notice, and may order the Child to be detained in the Workhouse of the Union in which he was taken into Custody, or in some other proper Place, not being

a Prison, for any period not exceeding *Forty-eight Hours*, while any Inquiries that he may deem necessary are being made."

This is the first step in arbitrary detention. A policeman takes up a child not charged with any crime or even fault. The chances are that a child, answering to the description in the Bill, would be an Irish catholic one. He is brought before a magistrate who sends him to the custody of the merciful Workhouse, and gives notice to the parents *if any can be found*, or to any one else likely to claim a child who possibly sweeps a crossing, or cleans shoes, without the protection of Lord Shaftesbury's uniform against police-tyranny.

II. "VIII. At the Time and Place mentioned in the Notice any Justices may make full Inquiry into the Matter, and may require Security (Form) to be given for the proper Care and good Behaviour of the Child for any Period not exceeding *Twelve Calendar Months*, and, in default of Security, may, by Writing under their Hands and Seals (Form), order the Child to be sent for such Period as they may think necessary for his Education and Training to any Certified Industrial School the Managers of which are willing to receive him."

This is the second step. Security is required for the "good behaviour" of the boy charged with no offence, and his "care" from parents who can give no guarantee; and in default, almost the necessary case, the poor child is sent at once to "*any* certified industrial school, the managers of which are willing to receive him." No stipulation whatever is made as to the religion of the Industrial school. Protestant managers will be always ready to take charge of any poor catholic children; and protestant magistrates will be equally ready to send them to them. Now comes the only remedy.

III. "XI. If the Parent at the Time of making any such Order, or within *Fourteen Days* afterwards, objects to the Certified Industrial School to which the Child has been sent or ordered to be sent, and proposes some other Certified Industrial School, and proves that the Managers of it are willing to receive the Child, and pays or finds good Security to pay any Expenses which may be incurred in consequence of his Objection, any Justice of the County where the Child was taken into Custody shall order the Child to be sent to the Certified Industrial School proposed by the Parent."

Let any one, acquainted with the feelings and habits of the destitute poor, in London for instance imagine how

many of them will have leisure, or courage to go spontaneously before that object of his awe, a police magistrate, to complain of the policeman of his beat, and of his own and fellow-magistrates' award. But first he must have spent time in finding out where else his child may be placed, and must "prove" that the managers of the place are willing to take his child, and give payment or security for all expenses incurred by the transfer—say from Plymouth to London! Is this even a possibility for a poor hard-working man? No—the child's fate is sealed; unless the priest, or some charitable person interposes, drags the father forward, and finds the necessary means, that poor child is consigned irrecoverably to the jaws and maw of legal state proselytism.

Such are the essential provisions of a Bill which passed through its second reading unopposed almost; and which, though somewhat modified in committee, we rejoice was lost. For we do sincerely hope that catholic members will not be prevented from doing their duty, by the cajoling thirteenth clause: "This Act shall not extend to Ireland or Scotland." The history of the Poor Law, and of the Income-tax gives us surely a lesson, that an English Act requires but little to stretch its meshes across the Channel, and avenge in Ireland any apathy of her representatives. The quotation is trite indeed, but no less therefore true;

"Nam tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet."

Let us only further remark, that this Bill almost undoes virtually the benefit obtained by the reformatory law, which compels magistrates to send children to an establishment of their own faith: and moreover now no conviction is required, so that every catholic child of good character may be sent to a protestant industrial school, while the worst and most corrupt will be necessarily thrust upon our own establishments.

The other Bill to which we have alluded is the first upon our list. It is one for the greater facility of procuring a dissolution of the marriage tie, so as to allow a second legal marriage, during the life of the divorced party. This measure goes in the very face of the catholic doctrine of marriage, will allow one party to obtain separation, and legalises what the church will continue to consider an adulterous connection; and thus protects an open violation

of the divine, and the ecclesiastical, law. Can any catholic conscientiously allow such an Act to pass without a strenuous opposition, and a record of his vote, at least, against it, as a profession of his belief on what he has been taught to consider a sacrament, symbolical of the union between Christ and His Church? It is difficult to foresee the amount of evil which this Bill, if carried, will work in families, and how it will weaken that family bond which is nowhere more sacred, or more productive of happiness than in Ireland, among rich and poor. But independent of this consideration, we must hold, that as a public legislative contradiction of a moral and dogmatic principle defined by the Church in general Council, no catholic who is a part of the enacting body, can sit down and let it be enacted, under silence on his part, which makes him a consenting party.

These illustrations will suffice to explain our meaning, of cases where a Catholic member may justly be expected by his constituents, who have returned him because a Catholic, to be in his place, and lend all his influence, his eloquence, and at least his vote, in defence of Catholic persons or principles, whenever assailed through legislative enactments. And we sincerely trust that, in any arrangements of parliamentary policy, by catholic members, this principle will be openly and distinctly avowed.

We have spoken of the two contending heads of parties, as representing rather themselves, than any definite line of politics. We may naturally ask the question, how do they respectively stand, as to any religious programme? If we look at Lord Palmerston through the medium of his past conduct, we think catholics have no reason to consider him as bearing them any personal dislike, or inclined to grudge them any just claim, which the strong feelings of others would permit him to grant. He certainly has not taken up any bigot's cry against us. He may have shown himself weak in asserting his opinion sometimes; so far as to have it surmised that his sluggishness was suddenly roused into activity by a foreign reminder. But neither in the Maynooth outcry, nor in the Convents' visitation most unmanly excitement, has he allowed his love of popularity to draw him aside from a consistent adherence to his liberal views. Even in the miserable truckling of his Premier to national frenzy, seconded, and aggravated by the ridiculous Durham letter, we do not

believe that he felt either enthusiasm in the cause, or admiration of the inconsistent course of that unfortunate statesman. When there was manifest injustice to us in the law on cemeteries, he at once, on the remonstrance of the late Mr. Lucas, had it amended. The establishment of catholic chaplains in the army in the Crimea, in the camp, and now in the Chinese expedition, has been owing, we believe, much to Lord Palmerston's liberality; and no doubt to him personally is due the most beneficial appointment of chaplains with floating catholic churches in all the great dockyards. In the recognition too of catholic reformatories, he has acted with the utmost fairness and straightforwardness; and we believe that in no case has he individually manifested a partial or bigoted spirit. It appears, indeed, that the vexatious impost called "Minister's money" is going to be given up by the present government.

As far, therefore, as catholics in the United Kingdom are concerned, we think they have as little to complain of Lord Palmerston as of any minister they have ever had to deal with. Common justice demands this acknowledgment at our hands. And on the other side, what hopes of liberal dealing have we from Lord Derby or his party? During his last brief administration, he contrived most wantonly and unprovokedly to insult catholics by a stupid proclamation against processions, issued we believe at Mr. Newdegate's suggestion, and by another still more absurd piece of littleness, the cancelling of a presentation at court. Mr. Disraeli's coquetting with the Orangemen of Ireland, about accepting their leadership is an event too recent to leave room for hope of any cordial feeling towards the population of the country. It argued either a bias and leaning towards the detestable spirit of that oppressive faction, or, what is worse, the want of all principle as to the choice of means by which to climb to power. At the party meeting held at Lord Derby's, during the late crisis, Mr. Spooner was a prominent member; and finally the noble leader himself, not having to address electors, spoke his manifesto in the Upper House, and there clearly proclaimed himself as intending, should he come into power, to pursue a protestant policy, the meaning of which, of course, every one understands. For, as no minister has ever yet professed, or followed a catholic policy, if the past systems are considered by Lord Derby to be so far Catholic

as that *his* by contrast, or *par excellence* will be deemed to be protestant, heaven help us and our rights, under his administration, if he have one. We trust, however, that by putting this broken reed as one support to his "platform," he has prepared the way for a good and speedy head-fore-most downfall.

If from what we have considered the catholic principle of action justly to be exacted from catholic members in the new Parliament, we proceed to their Irish policy, the task of definition becomes more difficult. It is plain, that for attaining the full power of controlling a Government by a combination, numbers form the element of strength. And it is no less clear, that for securing numbers together with unity, the basis of this must be as wide and as comprehensive as is consistent with justice.

We do not mean to enter into the *vexata quæstio* of Tenant-right. We are satisfied that a point on which so many high and respectable persons among the clergy and laity insist, as one which shall be the test of efficiency and fidelity in their representatives, must be one of vital importance. We are therefore quite content, that as many persons as possible be pledged to obtain a measure that shall equitably adjust the claims of the two great classes that share the soil of Ireland. But however just the wish may be to unite a strong body of electors and members on this ground, it is certain that practically it has failed for this purpose; or rather that it has led to disunion, or at least want of co-operation between zealous men of the same country and religion. If so, would it not be better to let this remain the basis of a combination of many of one mind, but not that of *the* union from which no member returned by a catholic constituency, be he catholic or be he protestant, should be allowed to stand aloof, but to which he should stand pledged by his very election? And what should this be?

The question scarcely requires an answer. It is the removal of the evil of evils, of the eyesore to every catholic from peer to peasant, from priest to layman, from old man to suckling, of the bane, the shame, the curse of Ireland. It is the sweeping away of the disgrace of Great Britain in the sight of the civilized world, the cause of foreign incredulity as to the wisdom, the justice, the sagacity, nay the common sense and honour of a country that boasts of its liberality, equality, and constitutional institutions.

The Irish protestant church is all this and more. We believe that its existence, not merely tolerated, but protected and justified by liberal and clever men, is as foul an anomaly, and as inexplicable an enigma to the minds of enlightened publicists and statesmen abroad, as is the defence of slavery in the United States, the very groundwork of whose federal existence is the proposition that "all men are born equal." For surely it is quite as absurd to pay and support a huge establishment of men called ministers, who have none to minister to, of preachers who have no listeners, of churches that have no congregations, of shepherds who have no flocks, of clergy without a church. And when this portent of wicked absurdity shall have vanished, as completely as the Druids before them, from the face of a great portion of the land, as must be if common sense has any chance of ever prevailing, two things will excite the astonishment of the historian; and we can imagine a dash of indignation too in his pen. The first will be, the incredible blindness, or stubbornness, or weakness of successive statesmen, who either could not see what every one will then see as clear as noonday, the unmitigated inconsistency of such a religious condition, or, seeing it, wilfully supported, or cowardly tolerated its existence. And the second ground of amazement will be, how the catholics of Ireland held in their hands a leverage that could upheave any government, if all hands joined in it, and yet wasted its power on questions which begot division, instead of concentrating it upon the one huge burthen that pressed on the soil, the hearts, the consciences, and the souls, of the worried population. Get rid of this abomination of desolation, and with it drain off a thousand other grievances and impurities, which now afflict and defile the land. Away go proselytism, and souperism, and the nests of pestilence which they have built amidst the neighbourhoods that they have infected, and educational strife, and the stalking missionary, and the sneaking bible-reader, and the lying apostate, and perhaps at length the unbelieving prelate, who scorns revelation and patronizes bigotry. And then too, there will be funds abundant for every noble and sacred purpose; even though the catholic church may refuse to soil its fingers with the wealth so long abused. Hospitals, retreats for the aged, orphanages, almshouses, asylums for every form of human misery; establishments for the education, without danger

to faith, or impertinent patronizing interference, of all classes, from the college to the infant-school may cover Ireland, and be its own, restored to it from the plunder of its fathers' charities, and catholic endowments.

We believe, indeed, that if the determination to give no Government rest, till it fairly and honestly put its hands to the removal of this monster grievance of a protestant church establishment, were made the bond of electoral, and representative, union, the great working principle of Irish parliamentary combination, it would soon extend to many other important objects. Every great question connected with education (such as the measures lately attempted) would be considered intimately to affect the still greater one of the entire church system: and so would every minor one about reforms in this—its tithes, livings, bishoprics, chapters. The Maynooth question, convents, the social position of nuns, the legality of monastic institutions, and other points, which from time to time agitate the surface of the political current, would be treated only as parts of the much mightier combat, and coming settlement, between a wearied and impatient people, and an alien and insupportable incubus. For it is clear that all these things would have an intelligible, and canonically regulated *status*, if the present English establishment were removed, while at present, they seem at variance with the recognized order of things.

Nor is it necessary to deal with so grave and solemn a subject in a hasty and revolutionary mode, or spirit. What has to be insisted on is, that no government shall go on, without being made to feel, year by year, that it must not assume the perpetuity of what is called "the Irish church" as a foregone conclusion, and its laws like what Smollet calls "the laws of the maids and parsons," or that it is as sacred, and as much a thorn-hedged, and unapproachable, part of the constitution as trial by jury or representative government, or that it is a palladium, or a glorious institution, or that sort of thing. It must be shown up, as a thing, to all intents and purposes, human, of the earth earthly, and requiring to be thoroughly sifted, purged of its dross, pared down to the exigencies of its followers, and denationalised most completely, even though no other be substituted in its place, and the first example be given of a people that can support its recognised religion, without the assistance, or intervention of the

State. Let every existing claim be respected. We can afford to wait; the catholic church is undying, and it can allow every living professor of her former dowry to fill up the allotted measure of his earthly fruition, protracted though it may be. But there is no time to be lost by those whose time of responsible activity is short, and on whose speedier beginning it may depend, whether they, or their children, or perhaps their grandchildren shall be the first to see this delightful clearing of the overgrowth, which has sucked up the riches and energies of a great people.

If now we contrast the prospects of Irish politics, under the respective leaderships, to which the country is to be delivered, we do not see, at present much to choose between them. *Utrum horum?* Will either grant tenant-right? Will either go manfully into the great church-incubus question? Or rather can either venture to do so? or doing so, has either strength to carry either concession? Certainly not; unless there be a great, combined phalanx, large enough to control divisions, strong enough, morally as well as numerically, to dictate terms that interfere not with general measures and government, incorruptible, unpurchasable, taking no oaths and making no protestations, beyond their baptismal vows, which are sufficient for all virtuous purposes, which will back them through the struggle, and through all its influence into the scale that bears its just demands. But depend upon it, no principle held by either of the political chieftains, without such a quiet but irresistible pressure as we have described, will ever lead him to remove a mighty grievance, like that of the church. For it is a black cloud on the side which turns to unfortunate Ireland, but a bright pillar on the side which looks, beaming with golden effulgence, towards the patronage offices of Downing street.

Coming, at last, to the third point of our political division, that of general policy, we must own ourselves to be very much in the dark. We have already observed, that the choice is between a man whose conduct follows no rule or principle, who is alone his own parallel, upon whose future acts no one can speculate, and one of whose intentions we can only judge by that most uncertain of rules,—the declaration of a statesman out of place, of what he would do, if he were in place. Of what he *would*, not what he *will*, do. For we all know that he is as

likely as not to become guardian to all his predecessor's political children.

As to the policy of the present ministry, domestic or foreign, we certainly cannot approve it. At home, it has carried, as yet, no great measures, no effective reforms. Year after year, measures of grave importance have been brought in and dropped; nor does it appear as if any general plan had been formed, or any comprehensive views taken, that depend upon a decided principle. But it is the foreign policy which is most strikingly reprehensible. It is certain that our national character has severely suffered everywhere abroad: that in almost every continental state England has the reputation of either exercising irritating influence, or of encouraging discontent, and patronizing revolution. The language used in Parliament has given just ground for such a suspicion: and Count de Montalembert's noble letter on the Premier's absurd and insulting speech about the Pope may be justly considered as embodying the feelings of all thinking men, on the conduct of our Government, bullying to the weak, and truckling to the strong.

It is probable that Lord Derby's administration, if raised into existence out of the chaos in which its future lies yet enwombed, would be more courteous, civil, and perhaps even considerate towards foreign powers, and that we should not see under his direction of public affairs, wars break out here and there, like fires, in a volcanic soil. But what security have we against other evils, which may prove as bad? The enumeration of these possibilities could, at best, be conjectural: we can only say, therefore, that untried ills may be in store under a conservative government.

The conclusion to which we come, therefore, is, that the trial of strength should not be to change masters, but to enforce good measures. Let any concentration of Irish power be, not to eject Lord Palmerston, but to make him enter seriously into the great Irish questions. Let that concentration begin even higher, and take under its protection the cause of catholics whenever oppressed or threatened. India alone will furnish plenty of work. England, as we have shown, has its claims. But the bad politics abroad, to which we have alluded, rise into the class of religious questions, when the conduct of our holy Father is rudely and unjustly assailed. Surely

voices have been silent, which should have been lifted up manfully, when abuse has been poured out upon that venerated head. Of course we know that many would rather plume themselves than otherwise, on the liberality with which they distinguish between the Pontiff and the Sovereign, and join perhaps in denying the one, while they profess great fidelity to the other. But who does not know, that any amount of error, or corruption, if existing in any German protestant state, of the same extent as his would never be made a topic of a Prime minister's speech; but that it is the spiritual and ecclesiastical character of the Pope which is sought to be lowered, and even destroyed? We have every reason to suppose that the apathy manifested, when his name is abused, by those who call themselves his children, and who would kiss his feet, must afflict his paternal and affectionate heart: especially when the things said of him and his government were so grossly and obviously false, that even a flat contradiction, or an expression of indignation might have been safely volunteered.

But enough. It is clearly necessary that catholics should keep a watchful eye on the course of events, and note the signs of the time. The decisions, contradictory and inconsistent as they appear to be in the Race and Stourton cases, show us what measure we are to expect. Some thought, that when the first decision had been given, it would rule the second. The principle had been plainly laid down as that which always guided the Court of Chancery—that a child must be brought up in the father's religion. On this declaration, many thought there could be no question as to the issue in the Stourton case. For our parts, we laughed at the idea, and expressed our certainty, than an expedient would be found for setting at nought that principle, and bringing up the second child a protestant. And another may come on, and another; and it will be the same. When the wolf protestant, has made up its mind to swallow the lamb catholic, up the stream or down the stream, itself or its dam—all is one; the finding of the excuse is easy enough, and so is the devouring. *Mentita est iniquitas sibi* is an old saying and a true. Contradictions in legal decisions are nothing to the religious public of England, so that they lead to the same conclusion, and that in its favour. The opposite ends of a stick are equally good to

beat him with, whom you are resolved to hurt. Who could have expected a judge to call us "Papists" on the bench? Who could have expected him to drag in a declamation against Jesuits, in his award? *Fecit tamen*: as St. Augustine writes of another judge. Or, who would have thought, that, evidence should have been considered necessary, to prove that a catholic father leaving a catholic mother belonging to an eminent catholic family guardian of their child, meant it to be brought up a catholic! No: let us expect no reasonable concession, or even equitable dealing. We must depend upon our own energy, upon our union, upon the exercise of our duties as citizens, and working steadily upon principles which no one can blame as factious, or slight as undignified.

ART. XI.—*Flemish Interiors.* By the writer of a Glance behind the Grilles of France. London: Longman and Co., 1856.

BELGIUM has always been distinguished for four things—its devotedness to the Catholic Church, its attachment to the free mediæval institutions, its success in agriculture and manufactures, and the multiplicity of its religious and charitable establishments. These qualities characterized that country even in the last century, which witnessed the religious and political decline of so many Catholic states. It was to Flanders and Brabant the learned and venerable Alban Butler always pointed, when he heard monastic institutes disparaged, as exerting an unfavourable influence on commerce and population. These establishments continued to flourish with more or less vigour, till they were in great part swept away by the revolutionary tempest of 1789.

From this period down to the year 1830, a yoke more or less galling weighed on the Belgian church—a period during which so many memorials of ancient piety, so many sanctuaries of virtue and learning, so many asylums for poverty and wretchedness were destroyed. Some female communities survived the storm, and others spe-

cially adapted to the wants and circumstances of the age, rose up with the sanction even of anti-Catholic governments.

From the year 1830, when a new era of freedom dawned on the church and state of Belgium, religious institutes of both sexes, according to every variety of rule, and designed to meet all the intellectual, moral, and physical wants of mankind, sprang up and spread on all sides with the most marvellous vigour and fecundity. Monastic communities of men, so long suppressed, took root again in that soil, where they had once flourished with such luxuriance. Religious orders and congregations of either sex, some old, some new, some designed to impart religious and secular instruction to the higher, some to the humbler classes of society, some to relieve poverty, some to administer temporal aid and spiritual consolation to the sick and dying; others to tend the more frightful maladies, physical and moral, which afflict mankind, others more especially devoted to the functions of the clerical ministry, and the cultivation of sacred and profane literature; and others again dedicated to pure religious contemplation, now arose to adorn and support the church of that country.

It is these various institutes, religious and charitable, which the able and accomplished author of the work before us has undertaken to describe, and none, we think, will deny that he has executed his task with considerable skill. His research is extensive, his descriptions are graphic, his style is easy and natural. An interesting historic sketch is often appended to an account of some religious community the author visits on his tour; and curious anecdotes respecting eminent individuals, living or deceased, are interspersed in the description of religious or charitable institutes. The British public are abundantly supplied with hand-books describing the churches, the hospitals, and other charitable and religious edifices. But here is a Manual, where the writer conducts us into the secret laboratories of piety and benevolence, and reveals to us the spirit that raised those structures designed for the glory of God and the solace of humanity.

We heartily recommend the present work as one replete with information on a most important topic, and which conveys that information in a very lively and attractive form.

We refer the reader to the brief notice we gave of this book in our last October number, and shall now content ourselves with affording him an insight into it by a few extracts.

The following remarks of the able and excellent Canon Maes, on the comparative state of morality in Belgium and England, will be found well worthy of consideration.

"He maintains that the morality of Belgium exceeds that of all other countries; and carries off the palm when compared with the tone which pervades society of all classes in France. He further remarked, that the portion of the latter country where the highest moral and religious feeling prevails, is the north, which has always been more or less identified with Belgium, once indeed formed part of it, and is still styled '*La Flandre Française*.' The Flemish language is still spoken in this part of France, and many Flemish customs have been preserved there, although it has long ceased actually to belong to the Belgian dominions.

"Compared with England, the purity of manners of the Belgians casts us entirely into the shade, whether we speak of the higher or less elevated grades of society. A glance at the statistics of crime in both countries is sufficient proof of this assertion. To use the Chanoine's own words, and he seems to have been a keen observer of these matters, "*Les crimes qui se commettent en Belgique, ne sont que rarement perpétrés avec cette finesse, cette étude, et par suite, avec cette méchanceté comme on en voit commettre en si grand nombre, en Angleterre.*"

"*Ceux qui sont coupables, en Belgique, de ces crimes, dégradant pour l'humanité, sont généralement des êtres de la plus basse classe de la société; des gens à demi brutes, qui n'ont pas eu d'éducation, ou qui n'ont jamais été aptes, à en recevoir, aussi rencontre-t-on rarement des empoison-nemens ou d'autres crimes pour lesquels il faut un certain degré d'intelligence.*"

"An important circumstance has to be taken into account when considering the state of crime in Belgium, which tells much, in appearance, against it. We must remember that Belgium has no distant colonies to which to transport her convicts, who consequently are perpetually repeating their crimes, and returning on the hands of the law."

"To what causes then," said I, "do you attribute the superiority you claim for the Belgians over other nations?"

"First," answered the Chanoine, "I believe religion has—as indeed it ought—a great share in these happy results. Since the third and fourth centuries, to which period we trace the establishment of Christianity in Belgium, the people has remained attached to it with a fidelity and a constancy which has resisted all attempts to weaken or corrupt it.

“In the second place, I think the character and disposition of the Belgians, as a race, is calculated to form a basis of the most stable and enduring nature. You will find them contemplative, steady, laborious, simple in their habits, and content with little; rarely given to indulge in acquired tastes and fanciful desires, and therefore, in a great measure, ignorant of the luxuries and excesses which in others, have become almost necessities.

“This tranquillity of temperament naturally preserves them from many of those embarrassments in which the rash, the imprudent, and the enterprising are likely to find themselves, and from which it is so difficult to extricate oneself with clean hands.

“And I may add, that it is the peculiarity of the Belgians to be able to pass through life without those pernicious amusements, frivolous distractions, and dissipating pleasures, with which more excitable nations are wont to kill those hours they know not how to value, and to fritter away wealth which might be so much more profitably expended.

“Another cause is suggested by the patriotism which distinguishes the Belgian, and the attachment with which he holds to his Penates, and to all domestic ties.

“This feature, which also marks the Englishman, is carried to excess in the Belgian, who scarcely leaves his native place, even to travel in his own country, and very seldom to visit any other. Surrounded as he is, therefore, by connections and acquaintances, among whose ancestors, his own left an honoured reputation, he is actuated by an innate desire to keep up his family honour, and to transmit it unsullied to his children. I may say, I have universally remarked, that those of my countrymen who have fallen into crime are almost invariably men who had been previously given up to a vagabond and desultory life.”—pp. 55—57.

The following description of the Hospice St. Julien, under the direction of the distinguished ecclesiastic, whose remarks we have been just citing, is very interesting, and we ourselves can vouch for the accuracy of many of its statements.

The Hospice St. Julien is a lunatic asylum, tended by nuns, the *sœurs hospitalières*. A certain number of patients are thoroughly cured every year, and others regain their soundness of mind to such a degree as to enable them, though not to quit the asylum entirely, yet to discharge their religious and social duties, and even to mix from time to time in general society.

The worthy Chanoine has a wonderful tact and skill in the treatment of the insane. A mere look from him awes them into subjection, and stills their agitated bosoms, and quiets their restless movements.

At one of those elegant entertainments to which, among other friends, the writer of these lines has the honour of being sometimes invited, this worthy clergyman once told us, "the servant that is now waiting at table came only the day before yesterday into the asylum." Nothing could exceed the writer's astonishment, for it was not possible for any servant to have waited with more care and intelligence at table.

The Chanoine related to the writer the following anecdote. A poor priest, afflicted with the most awful malady that can befall us here below, was admitted to St. Julien's Hospital, left a good deal at large, and treated with the utmost gentleness. One day he had an attack of frenzy, and began destroying the furniture, and was about pulling to pieces his bed, when the Chanoine, accompanied by two keepers, came into the room, and affecting a look and tone of great severity, addressed the priest as follows:—"Hitherto, Sir, you have been treated with the greatest indulgence, but you have shamefully abused our kindness; you are now acting in a manner most scandalous, most unworthy of your sacred profession." Then turning round to the keepers, the Chanoine still affecting the air and language of stern rebuke, commanded them to throw the priest into fetters, and inflict on him the chastisement his conduct so well deserved. Before the strait jacket could be put upon the unfortunate ecclesiastic, he was perfectly tranquil, and never again fell into these paroxysms of rage.

"Wednesday 5th Sept.—Having arranged to visit the *Hospice St. Julien*, one of Chanoine Maes's admirable Institutions, I proceeded to the Rue de la Bouverie, where I was to meet Father Ignatius at ten o'clock.

"Arrived at the convent, we were shown into the *Salle-à-manger* or guest-chamber, a fine room in the style of the last century, with noble windows, tapestried walls, and substantial furniture. It is here that annual and other meetings are held by the friends and supporters of the Institution: on the occasion of a dinner given to such persons, the guests are waited upon by the convalescent patients, who acquit themselves so well that no one would discover in them any mental indisposition.

"The Mother Superior soon appeared, received us with great civility, and readily consented to show us the Institution.

"The building is extensive, but irregular and rambling, not having been originally constructed for its present purpose. This, as well

as the land on which it stands, is parish property, which occasions much inconvenience to the occupants. Such are the restrictions that they can neither add, alter, nor even repair any portion of it without express permission. There is a farm of about fifty acres attached, which furnishes occupation to the male patients, and contributes to their common support.

"This house contains about 330 inmates of both sexes and all ages; though except in the case of children born idiots, madness seldom manifests itself in persons under twenty years of age. But of this number, about twenty are sent out cured, annually, and about as many are removed by death. There are some patients who have been in the Institution ever since it was founded.

"There are, of course, always a considerable number in the infirmary. A surgeon and two physicians are attached to their service, in this as well as the two other houses founded by the same benevolent ecclesiastic.

"The inmates in this Institution are for the most part '*les indigens de la ville*,' but middle class patients are also received on paying a moderate sum annually, being accommodated with a private room. The former are paid for, by the parochial authorities by whom they are sent. The cost of each inmate is estimated at 75 centimes (about 7d.) per diem.

"To all these houses a separate *corps de bâtiment* is attached for the reception of *pensionnaires*, or boarders, who enjoy the tranquillity, respectability, and privileges inseparable from a residence in such close vicinity to a religious community, at a very moderate expense; and as no 'profits' are sought, the little income thus realized, after paying expenses, goes to increase the fund which supports the poorer inmates.

"The care of the *Aliénés* of both classes is committed entirely to the Sisters; and though there are servants, their duties are confined to the *gros ouvrages*, in which they are superintended by the Sisters, and assisted by such of the inmates as are sufficiently sane to be employed.

"Everything that is personal to the patients is done for them by the Sisters; this, indeed, is part of their vow, and even the cooking for them comes within the province of the nuns.

"They are *Hospitalières* of the order of St. Augustine, sixteen in number, at this house, and eight at the *Couvent St. Joseph*,—a similar Institution for the reception of patients of the upper class at Cortenberg, near Brussels.

"In consequence of the nature and variety of their employments, these nuns have been permitted by episcopal authority to reverse the white habit and black scapular for a black habit and white scapular. They are all Flemish but one, who is a young Englishwoman not yet professed.

"Besides the Chanoine himself, who says mass daily here, there is a chaplain at each house; all the inmates who are in any

degree able, attending the services, and rarely behaving otherwise than remarkably well.

"At Cortenberg, are received one hundred patients, of the higher class, on wonderfully moderate terms, 25*l.* per quarter securing every comfort and luxury. The greatest secrecy is maintained respecting them, and, excepting by special introduction no person is admitted among them. Those of the town itself, or its vicinity, are never, under any circumstances, allowed to visit the wards. A special attendant, always a *religieuse*, can be devoted to the service of an individual patient, if desired. The patients are also removed from one Institution to the other, according to the season of the year, that they may enjoy the advantage of the change; and carriages are provided, in which they daily take the air. In order that their attention may not be too long fixed on any one subject, they are allowed all the various occupations in which ordinary persons employ themselves; vocal and instrumental music, drawing, fancy work, walks in the extensive grounds surrounding the Institution, and other similar *délassemens*. The poorer inmates are provided with suitable occupation in like variety.

"There is another of these Institutions under the same direction, called *Couvent de St. Anne*, near Courtrai. The arrangements are precisely similar.

"Round the *corps de bâtiment* appropriated to the *Aliénés*, runs a cloister opening with arches into the garden which belongs to them. Being fine bright weather, a great number of the patients were seated on the benches which are fixed against the wall, others on chairs, and many in the garden itself; some were occupied with needlework or lace-making, others were conversing together, and some were walking or playing; a few looked wild, and several seemed in a passive state of melancholy tranquillity.

"As we entered, we observed a little knot of the patients collected in one spot, and giving way to rather noisy demonstrations of mirth and hilarity, the cause of which proved to be the costume of a party of Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul who had come to visit the Institution, and whose large white caps, being new to them, had greatly attracted their attention, and appeared to create no small degree of merriment, in which the Sisters of Charity themselves heartily joined. Most of them nodded familiarly as we passed, and seemed pleased to be noticed or addressed. They all appeared conscious of the presence of the Mother Superior, who accompanied us, and saluted her as we walked through the various rooms. Some asked her for snuff, of which they are very fond, and held out the backs of their hands for it; as she always carries a boxful in her pocket, their requests were soon complied with. All these, she told us, were quite harmless.

"In a large room within, was another detachment under the surveillance of a Sister, sitting very quietly, occupied at different kinds of work, but chiefly lace-making. The most part of these

had quite the appearance of sane persons. They seemed gratified when we stopped to admire the result of their industry, which is sold for their own benefit. One among these, who was not employed, called to us to stop, and then asked if we did not know who her parents were, and immediately added, 'Je sais, moi, que nous serons tous jugés par Dieu après notre mort.'

"There were several patients in the infirmary; and many who were idiots, were seated in chairs with a table fixed in front, like children. The dormitories were like those of other hospitals, and two Sisters sleep in each. Those who are given to somnambulism, or who are subject to fits, have a separate dormitory. There are a number of private apartments for the pensioners who pay, and who seem to be respectable middle-class persons. The charge is very moderate. They have also a garden of their own, nicely laid out, and much more extensive than that of the ordinary inmates.

"In one of the private rooms was a melancholy case of a young girl of nineteen, one of two sisters co-heiresses to a very handsome fortune. She had been in the house twelve years, having become insane from a sudden fright when at school. She and her companions were playing at 'hide-and-seek' in a large garden, when, running into a retired corner to conceal herself, she fell into a well which had inadvertently been left uncovered, and of the existence of which she was not aware. When taken out, she was found to be in a fit, from which she never returned to consciousness.

"A Sister, who seemed to take great interest in her, was sitting with her, and said she varied very much; that sometimes she was cheerful and chatty, though quite childish, but that she was subject to periodical attacks, for some days preceding which she remained perfectly silent, immoveable, and unconscious. This, she said, was one of her *mauvais jours*,—that these fits returned more and more frequently; and the medical men were of opinion that one of them would carry her off. She sat in a fauteuil opposite us, looking fixedly, but apparently not in the least aware of our presence, and taking no notice when we addressed her. I never saw a look of such completely unmeaning vacancy.

"They are all treated with the greatest humanity and gentleness, and force is rarely if ever employed. The consequence is, that they are excessively fond of the Sisters, and seem to obey them from motives of love and gratitude. The kitchen is attended to by the Sisters. The farm and gardens are worked by the male patients, under the surveillance of keepers. Those we saw occupied in these avocations looked not only contented but interested in their employment. Two, who were sawing wood, were assisted by one of the keepers."—pp. 71-6.

The subject of insanity is so important, and of such interest, that we are induced to transcribe the following account, where some striking facts throw light on the

causes of the most painful disease which can afflict humanity.

"There is an *aumônier*, and Mass is said daily in the chapel, to which the inmates are allowed access at all times. During the services, however, for fear of interruptions, they occupy a large *tribune*, or chamber, divided off with a grating. While we were in the chapel, one of them stole quietly in, and, having signed herself with holy water, knelt before the altar. This, the Rev. Mother told me, was their constant practice; and they never misconduct themselves at any time while there, generally speaking evincing much devotional feeling.

"Of the lower class of patients, those who are sufficiently sane are employed in various ways in the *ménage*.

"A large number were occupied in washing in the *buanderie*; but the Rev. Mother told me they often did great mischief, and required so much watching, that their assistance was of very little service, and the work was only given them as an occupation, being a real trial of patience to all who were concerned with them.

"Of the second class, about forty were manufacturing lace, and appeared perfectly rational.

"One of them exhibited her work, and remarked, with some satisfaction, that when her eyesight was better she had made some much finer than that.

"This lace is all sold for their own benefit, and the proceeds, as the Rev. Mother observed, serve to supply them with such little '*douceurs*' as the charity cannot afford them.

"In another room were some making clothes for their own wear, while parties of others were amusing themselves with cards or dominoes.

"Of the upper class, many remain in their own apartments, either from choice, or because they are not fit to leave them; but about half-a-dozen were seated in an arbour, formed in their own private garden, which is very tastefully laid out. One or two were engaged in fancy work, two were conversing apparently very rationally, and another was reading. A Sister was with them. The Rev. Mother told me these were all '*personnes de considération*.'

"One case she mentioned to me among the patients of this class, was that of a lady of rank, and a very beautiful woman. She had been married at fifteen, and had had a large family, of whom six children were living. At thirty the malady had manifested itself. It grew on her by degrees, and she was now furiously and hopelessly insane. When she first came to this house she confessed regularly, attended Mass, and neglected none of her religious duties; but now she was indifferent to everything of the kind, and was even exceedingly violent at times.

"Two Sisters remain with her day and night. Her husband,

who is much attached to her, comes to see her constantly, and would make any sacrifice which could contribute to her recovery.

"There is a common dining-room for these patients, where all who are not confined to their own apartments meet for meals, unless, as in some cases, they prefer solitude.

"There is a separate kitchen for this portion of the house, of which the Sisters have the charge, as well as of the others, but are assisted by servants.

"There are several children, of whom some are what is called 'simple,' or, as they say here, '*innocent*,' and others semi-idiotic. One was a remarkably pretty child of five years old, and the pet of the house. She has three sisters, all deficient in intellect, and in a worse state than herself. The parents were first-cousins.

"Another child occupying this part of the house is exceedingly mischievous, but is not placed under restraint; indeed, force seems quite out of date in the management even of the worst cases. Another was rocking herself backwards and forwards in her chair all the time I was there; and they told me she had never ceased this movement since she first came into the house, three or four years ago, but goes on in the same way from the time she is taken up till she is put to bed.

"A third sat in the corner of the room, horribly deformed, and making the most awful grimaces and contortions imaginable.

"Among the worst cases was one of a woman who was brought in yesterday with her throat frightfully cut by her own hand. The wound had been sewn up, and it was thought she might recover.

"She was now quite rational, and, indeed, seemed to have come to her senses the moment she had committed the act. As soon as she was brought into the hospice, she herself asked for a priest. Hunger and distress were the causes of the dreadful act.

"Many of the patients belonging to this department were taking the air in the garden reserved for them, under the care of several nuns.

"Among them was a young girl of about twenty, fantastically dressed in a light-blue, loose, muslin *peignoir*. Her hair, which was very fair, was dishevelled over her shoulders; her head was crowned with flowers, and she also had garlands of flowers on her wrists; she was dancing, apparently taking her own shadow on the wall for another person. One who, the Rev. Mother told me, had a habit of catching and devouring every insect she could find, had her hands muffled; and others, remarkable for unaccountable peculiarities, were walking or sitting within the enclosure.

"Several of them made a rush for the door the moment they saw it opened to admit us, but a firm look, at the same time full of kindness, from the Rev. Mother effectually checked them.

"I understood her to say that out of 300—for the house is always full—about twenty are cured annually, and about as many

die. This is the same average as at Chanoine Maes' Institution. The percentage is less favourable than this at Salpêtrière. She told me they rarely died without a lucid interval, which, of course, is taken advantage of to administer to them the last sacraments of the Church. Besides their own *aumônier*, they are visited by the *Pères Recollets*.

"A nun sits up each night, going the rounds of the wards, and only calling up the Nursing-Sisters if necessary. One curious fact she told me, was that of their having noticed the rule of silence observed by the community, and of their having, in consequence, volunteered—though not apparently in a spirit of penance—to keep a three hours' silence daily, and, what was more surprising, they had religiously observed it. The Rev. Mother told me that, as far as her experience went, need and affliction of various kinds were the ordinary causes of insanity among the lower classes, and among the upper, for the most part, 'la lecture des mauvais livres.'"
—pp. 144-7.

The Béguines were the sisters of charity in the Middle Ages. Clad in a peculiar costume, they went about visiting the sick, and relieving the poor. Frequent allusion is made to them in the mediæval poems of Germany. The reader will find an interesting account of this religious congregation in the work, which the celebrated German Catholic writer, Clemens Brentano, wrote many years ago on the Sisters of Charity.*

One of the most imposing spectacles we ever beheld was the sight of the six hundred Béguines of Ghent, adorned with their white veils, holding lighted tapers in their hands, and chanting hymns before the Blessed Sacrament at Benediction.

This scene the author has described with his usual skill.

"The church was nearly full when I entered, and the effect was most striking. The broad stone floor appeared strewn with hillocks of snow, as the sisters knelt covered with their white *faillies* or veils. The daylight was waning, and the vast space, only illumined by the dim lights upon the altar, had a mysterious and almost unearthly appearance. Presently the vesper-service began, and the united voices ascending in psalms of praise, added considerably to the solemn beauty and strangeness of the scene.

"Benediction being given, after the interval of a few moments, during which each nun extended her arms in the form of a cross,

* Die Barmherzigen Schwester. Coblenz, 1826.

all rose simultaneously, and folding, with most surprising rapidity, and a sudden rustling sound, their white coverings, laid them in a small square on the top of the head, and returned to their homes."—p. 161.

The following is an interesting historic sketch of this community.

"To the *Béguinage*, which stands quite alone on the other side of a bridge crossing the canal, and leading out of the town. It is inclosed within an extensive mural enceinte, and is entered by a fortress-like gateway. It might be considered a village apart, the houses which compose it standing more or less scattered round an irregular plot of green turf, in the centre of which is the chapel.

"The dwellings are very neat, being all scrupulously clean, with whitewashed walls and green doors and window-shutters, surrounded by little gardens. Some of them are small, and are occupied by not more than two or three *Beguines*; while others admit a much larger number, and in that case they are called convents, or religious communities, within the *Béguinage*. They observe a rule, and have private hours of devotion, besides those which find them in chapel.

"They come under the denomination of *Congrégations séculières*, and do not appear to make any actual vows. They are certainly not bound '*usque ad mortem*' to any of the practices they observe or the works of charity they perform, which latter are left to their own discretion. Neither does there seem to be much self-denial, nor therefore much merit, in their adoption of this mode of life; but they are interesting, inasmuch as they are a pure relic of Mediæval times, their observances having undergone no change of any kind since their first institution.

"It is generally supposed that this community and the two at Ghent, known as the '*Grand*' and '*Petit Béguinage*,' are the only specimens remaining of the numerous congregations of *Béguines* with which Flanders was once sprinkled; but this is quite a vulgar error. It is true Belgium is now the only country where *Béguines* exist; but there is scarcely a town within its precincts which has not its *Béguinage*. Some are considerably reduced as to the number of occupants, and others have had their territory invaded, and portions of it—in some few cases the whole—seized and appropriated to other uses; so that these three may rightly be considered the most perfect remnants of the original foundations, though by no means all that are worth visiting.

"Those of Malines and Antwerp, though now not boasting more than about fifty sisters, once were by far the most remarkable in Belgium; the former (about a century back) contained no fewer than 1600 *Béguines*, and at the same period there was still a very flourishing *Béguinage* at Amsterdam. It was no uncommon circum-

stance in early times to find two or more churches within their enclosures, according to the number of their inhabitants.

"Though traced to a very early period, there still seems to hang some doubt over the origin of these communities. Some historians give them *Sainte Begghe*, or *Begga*, for their foundress, which would carry it back as far as the seventh century. Others, again, attribute their existence to Lambert le Bégue, who lived towards the end of the twelfth, and who received this sobriquet from an imperfection in his organs of speech. That which seems most probable is, that the order of *Béguines* existed under another name before the time of Lambert, but that having been reformed by him, they received and retained the name which had been given to him. Certain it is, that it was he who added the vow of celibacy to their other sacred undertakings, and enforced it both by counsel and example. Rikel, in his History of the *Béguines* of Flanders, says: '*Lambertus, le Bégue, quia balbus erat, de Sancto Christophoro dicebatur; a cujus cognomine, mulieres et puellæ quæ castè vivere proponunt, 'Béguines' gallicè cognominantur, quia primus exilit qui eis premium castitatis verbo et exemplo prædicavit.*'

"It is supposed by some, that Nivelles was the spot where existed the first *Béguinage*, and that there was the *Maison Mère* from which sprung all the rest. Aubert le Mire affirms that Lambert le Bégue, who, it seems, was possessed of much wealth, founded at Liège two *congrégations*,—one of men, in 1150, and the other of *Béguines*, in 1173. This statement is confirmed by Coëns, Canon of Antwerp, who wrote in 1630, and who tells us that the former of these were popularly called by derision *coquins*, and that their originator gave them a house and a foundation: '*Sidem Leodienses pios viros, quibus Lambertus noster domum et fundum concesserat, 'Coquinos' appellarunt.*'

"In Belgium they at one time reached as many as 5000.

"Louis XI. introduced them into France; but they did not spread there to so great an extent as is supposed, having been often confounded by writers, not conversant with all their peculiarities, with the sisters of the third order of St. Francis.

"In Germany they likewise became a body of some magnitude, but having fallen into extravagant notions, teaching that it was possible to attain to perfection in this life, to live in a state of impeccability, and to enjoy an uninterrupted sight of God,—in short, to reach so eminent a degree of contemplative sanctity, that abstinence, fasting, and obedience to the direction of mortal men were no longer necessary,—the council of Vienna, in 1113, condemned these errors, and abolished the *Béguines* as dangerous and heretical.

"According to Père Thomassin, Philippe le Bel, who had never been very favourable to the *Béguines* in his own dominions, seized upon this pretext to abolish the order in France, although no similar accusation could be brought against them. Notwithstanding

this persecution, some of them escaped his notice, and survived in that country till the end of the sixteenth century.

"Their regulations are very simple; but although they are not bound with the same stringency as other orders, there is a certain amount of surveillance exercised over them, and their vows are sacred as long as they last.

"There is, in each house, a prioress or mistress, without whose permission they can never go out.

"When they enter the order, they simply make their vow in the presence of the *curé*, in whose parish the *Béguinage* is situated, in these terms: 'I. N.— promise to you, my parish priest, and to the magistrates at this present or any future time being, to maintain obedience and chastity so long as I shall continue a member of this *Béguinage*.'

"The noviciate lasts three years; at the end of which time they receive the habit. Formerly they admitted various colours in the costume; some wearing grey, some brown, and some sky-blue. Now, however, and for more than two centuries past, they have all adopted the black dress.

"The curate of the parish is the *Superieur*; and in deliberations on the affairs of the society no vote is carried without a council of at least eight *Béguines*."—pp. 92-5.

The following passage contains some extremely interesting anecdotes relative to the celebrated preacher, Father Lacordaire.

"On his mentioning Père Lacordaire, with whom he is of course well acquainted, I took occasion to ask what foundation there was for the story I heard last year, in Paris, of his having been banished from that city by the Emperor, on account of a sermon in which he had expressed opinions of too liberal a nature.

"He denied the statement in toto, and added, he had the best authority for his assertion; a friend of his, who was in great favour at the French Court, having asked the Emperor the question in so many words, and his Majesty having altogether repudiated the idea. He further said, that the sermon in which the offence was reported to have been given, was maliciously twisted into that sense by an enemy of the Rev. Father, who wished to make mischief, but who was well aware that he was imputing to it a signification that was never intended. However, the Dominican Father himself admitted that Père Lacordaire was sometimes so carried away by his enthusiasm, that he actually looked '*ecstasié*,' and as if he were giving utterance to inspired thoughts—'*enfin, comme s'il ne se possédait plus*.' That on one such occasion, on a friend observing to him, 'C'était divin, ce que vous avez dit ce soir à propos de telle ou telle chose,' he answered, 'Comment! est-ce que j'ai dit cela? Ma foi! Je n'en savais rien.'

"Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that he should mistrust himself, and avoid such a place as Paris, where there would naturally be so many, jealous of his great reputation, ready to misinterpret his words and to malign his intentions.

"He described Père Lacordaire's preaching as something totally unimaginable. One day, when discoursing on the Blessed Trinity, he remembered to have seen him so *entraîné* by his subject, that the people he was addressing, awed and overcome by what they saw and heard, and altogether forgetting where they were, rose *en masse*, exclaiming, with one voice, '*Il voit Dieu ! il voit Dieu !*' The effect was thrilling, and none who witnessed the scene could ever forget it.

"At another time, when holding forth on the doctrine of the Holy Sacrifice, he began by a detailed statement of all the objections that had ever been made against it, and laid them down with so much perspicuity and power, that the audience, taken by surprise, exhibited visible signs of alarm and anxiety ; and one man, more shaken than the rest, cried out, '*Mon Père prenez garde ; vous n'en sortirez pas, je vous dis, vous n'en sortirez pas.*' Meantime, this extraordinary man, turning to the other side of the argument, brought forward the Catholic doctrine with such a flow of unanswerable lucidity and eloquence, that he completely overturned all he had before advanced, and the audience, unable to restrain their admiration for his powers, welcomed his conclusion with a loud and hearty burst of applause."—p. 181-2.

We ourselves had once the happiness of hearing this great Christian orator ; but it was in the outset of his career. It was in a small, household chapel, where not upwards of twenty persons were assembled, and where he gave us a short extemporaneous discourse. The fine modulations of his voice, the fire that occasionally flashed from his eye, the burning words that darted from his lips, bespoke the great preacher. He was evidently making an effort to restrain his feelings, and to curb his fancy, like an eagle within his cage.

But we little thought then that the youthful orator was destined to reach such a pinnacle of fame.

How highly he has been esteemed by the most illustrious of his contemporaries, may be gathered from the single fact, that on one occasion M. de Chateaubriand and M. Berryer clambered on the roof of the church of Notre Dame, at Paris, to get in at a window, in order to hear one of his discourses.

Note to the Article entitled "The present Catholic Dangers," in the Number for December 1856.

The Editor of the *Dublin Review*, feels it his duty to add a note to this article, in consequence of remarks upon it in the *Rambler* for February. Had these been confined to a contradiction however energetic of the facts stated in the *Review*, or to a denial of the meaning attributed to the writers in the *Rambler* by it, or to any other legitimate criticism on our article, the Editor would not have thought of renewing a controversy, painful from the beginning. But the writer of "the Rambler and the Dublin Review," the critique to which we allude, has allowed himself a line of censure, not usual among those who mutually respect each other, even when they feel it a duty to find fault. And it is really a vindication of our moral, rather than of our literary, character that we now undertake.

1. The article in the *Dublin Review* extends to about 30 pages; yet the Editor defies any one to find a single expression which attributes to the writers criticised in it, the slightest wicked or malicious intention, or a word or thought which is incompatible with virtue in life or principle. They are spoken of as mistaken certainly in their views, and in their manner of expressing them: but they are not treated as guilty of what would be sin.

The article in the *Rambler* occupies four pages, and in the course of it, applies the following expressions to that article, and by implication to its writer. (P. 140.) "Unjust and uncharitable," "misrepresentation;" (P. 142.) "misrepresentation, again," "untrue accusation," "bitter charge," "ironical admission," "representing a thing to be what it is not," "such an interpretation of thoughts, as is both invidious and false," "unfairly treating," "insinuating that their black souls delighted in croaking;" (P. 143.) "perverting meaning," "raking up forgotten controversies," "misrepresentation and cutting irony," "personality and perversion of truth;" (P. 144.) "censuring in a manner to which charity forbids them to make the obvious reply," "holding them up to the ridicule of their brethren, as busybodies—half protestants,—croakers—supine catholics."

It is obvious that the accusations here made are of positive sins and crimes—"perversion of truth—untrue accusation—misrepresentation—holding up to ridicule &c." No one guilty of these things could presume to approach any sacrament, except the one wherein he would be enjoined to make reparation. For throughout the article there is not one palliating phrase, excusing from deliberate and knowing commission of all those grievous crimes; not one hope expressed that there has been a blinding by prejudice, or a false

zeal, or ignorance; not one kind excuse on the ground of good motives, or intentions. In fine, the words, "error, mistake, misunderstanding, misinterpretation," or such like, are never once applied to the writer, but rather "misrepresentation, perversion of truth, representing a thing to be what it is not."

The Editor boasts that this style of criticism will not prevail among Catholics, even if it may be thought to suit elsewhere; but that, however widely apart their opinions may be, they will refrain from attribution, to their opponents, of malicious, wicked, and sinful conduct. And this seems the more necessary, because the limited number of writers, in the catholic body, makes the veil which disguises personality very transparent, in our few periodicals.

2. The writer in the *Rambler* proceeds to explain its article. But while he accepts with pleasure all the explanations that are offered, the Editor feels obliged to say, that he has never met a single individual who understood the article as now explained, nor indeed otherwise than as it was interpreted by the *Review*. Much sorrow and even indignation had been felt and expressed, by those who d'd believe, on reading the *Rambler*, that the literary and intellectual capacity of a portion of the catholic body was therein disparaged. The Editor confesses that even yet, the simple reading of the original passages, justifies that mistaken conclusion.

3. The Editor must deny the assertion that, because the *Rambler* avowed its "inability to write in a masterly manner," "thereupon the Dublin reviewer accuses" its writers, "of charging the 'catholic public with an incapacity of appreciating their productions.'" (P. 141.) Surely not. This confession was not the foundation on which our Reviewer grounded his charge. It was upon very different expressions which the Editor wishes not further to quote.

4. Let us say one word on the use of the phrase "little remnant of catholics in England." It is a scriptural one, borrowed from passages that allude to the few scattered persons or families remaining behind, after the Jewish nation had been carried away into captivity; to those who were like the bunches of grapes left here and there, after the vintage. (Is. xi. 11. 16. xxiv. 13. Jer. xlv. 14.) Hence an analogy not unnatural has caused that word to be applied to the catholics whom persecution similarly spared: and probably nine readers out of ten would so understand it.

5. The Editor thinks it due to the *Review* to observe, that no one, reading the rejoinder of the *Rambler*, would be led to suppose, that in the Article to which it refers there was a single word of kindness about converts, or any estimation of their value and services to religion: nay, still less, that there was a single friendly expression about the *Rambler*, and even of articles in the very number criticised. Is this handsome? Is this a generous mode of dealing with a fellow-labourer in the common field? It is but too probable, that if any one has become acquainted with our article only from the *Rambler's* pages, he will have come to the conclusion,

that it was throughout an ugly, bitter, spiteful attack on a convert party, without a drop of kindness, or a word of sympathy. It was not so: and surely one word of acknowledgement of a contrary impression would have been graceful and true. May it not be asked, if in the article of the *Rambler*, there is one kind, or even courteous expression, towards us, or towards any one?

6. On the contrary there are two charges, to which the Editor feels compelled to reply. The first, several times repeated, is of irony, "cutting irony," in speaking of the writer in the *Rambler*, when he described what he and his fellow-labourers were able to do. He does not believe that the readers of the Review took it as such. In case any did, we have the most solemn assurance of the writer of the article, that nothing was further from his mind and meaning than irony, in what he wrote of them, and that he did, and does sincerely believe them to be possessed of the powers and acquirements, that he considered they claimed for themselves, though he thought them to be misapplied.

7. The most painful and unwarrantable charge of all, however, is that of having attacked those writers personally. It is contained in the following passage.

"There is another sentence of the *D. R.* which we can scarcely trust ourselves to quote: 'the writers (of the *R.*) do not attempt to throw themselves into the true position of Catholics. *They stand aloof, and do not share the real burden of Catholic labour.*' Does the reviewer mean this as an attack upon us as writers, or as private persons?"

Surely when one speaks of "the writers" in a periodical, he must naturally be supposed to speak of them "as writers." In this case certainly the author was ignorant who compose the staff of the *Rambler*. For in fact, between the publication of our article and that of its criticism, it was thought advisable to make known through the papers, that the editorship had changed hands; and this notice was repeated at the end of this very February number; though no names were mentioned. The fact is, that the writer of our article did not know of such a change being possible; for he had not the remotest idea, nor has he yet, of who the editor was when he wrote; that is, he who has given back his wand of office to its original wielder. How then could he have even dreamt of attacking the gentlemen of the *Rambler*, "as private persons?" But the whole of this strange dilemma will disappear if the entire passage be considered; and the Editor of the *Dublin Review* presumes to think, that this course would have been the fairer, because some one, on behalf of the *Rambler*, insinuated in a newspaper communication, that the *Dublin Review* had given a mutilated quotation, and thus led to misunderstanding of its meaning. Removing, therefore, the *Rambler's* italics, the whole passage runs thus:—

"It (the *R.*) may not indeed have exercised any practical influence, nor led public opinion amongst us. But the reason of that is

obvious, and may be found in the very paragraph under consideration. Its writers do not attempt to throw themselves into the true position of catholics. They stand aloof, and do not share the true burthen of catholic labour. They lecture admirably, criticise, find imperfections in what is done; give excellent theoretical instruction on our duties as catholics. But they address us rather as a speaker does from the hustings, from without and above the crowd addressed."

When embedded in its context, and reduced to common type, does the sentence referred to strike the reader as one which a public writer can "scarcely trust himself to quote," because he thinks it possibly meant as an attack on him not as a writer, but as a private person? Does not what goes before the formidable sentence speak of "it," not of "them?" Is not the reader referred to the paragraph in hand for explanation of what is meant by "standing aloof?" and what has that to do with the private life and conversation of the writers? Is not what follows, sufficient to show that it is as lecturers, critics, and *theoretical* instructors that they are spoken of? and does not the comparison with a speaker from the hustings show that their public capacity is alone alluded to?

The Editor will not enter into an explanation, or justification of the faults meant to be found; for it would lead to another, and a useless, controversy. He will only remark with regret, that this becomes the concluding grievance of the *Rambler*. It goes on to say:

"In the second case" (i.e. if he allude to us as private persons) "we beg to ask, what the writer knows of our private life?" (Answer, "nothing,") "and if he knows about it, what right has he to violate its secrets in the pages of a Review?" (Ans. "none.") "If the charge is false, modesty forbids us to expose its falsehood." (Ans. "it has not been made.") "If it is true, surely charity *ought to have* prevented its publication in this form." We have added the italics to show how cleverly, by a series of dilemmas, the positive conclusion is reached, that the sentence above quoted *was* meant for an attack on the personal, private, life of the writers in the *Rambler*!

The Editor leaves others to pass sentence on this mode of reasoning. But after it, was the *Rambler* justified at the close of the article, in assuming one side of its dilemma as proved, and denouncing our writer (with the insinuation that it knows who he is) as one who has held up its writers to ridicule "as such supine Catholics that they refuse to take their place in the body among their brethren, or to bear their fair share of their burdens?"

Let us hope that a better temper, and a kindlier tone will pervade any future strictures in our able "contemporary;" though the Editor of the *D. R.* with every friendly feeling assures it, that, come what may from it, this subject of so much irritation will not again be handled in his pages.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—*Poems*; by Frederick William Faber, D.D. Second edition. Richardson and Son, London, Dublin, and Derby, 1857.

We have always known that Father Faber must be a poet by nature. No one could read his works without perceiving what a flood of light and beauty they derive from the truly powerful imagination, which like all his other good gifts he has consecrated to the Divine service. They are all tinged with it; sometimes in style partaking of the defects which lively fancy brings with it. Often the same fancy,—inspiring deeper thoughts,—breaks out into flashes of striking grandeur. We will give but two instances of our meaning, taken from his most popular works. What awful imagery is in this verse from his hymn upon “True Love.”

“The majesty of God ne’er broke
On them like fire at night,
Flooding their stricken souls, while they
Lay trembling in the light.”

Again, in the “All for Jesus,” how vividly do the following words bring out the holy thought of the writer, lighting it up with words of fire.

“The more we know of God, the more our complacency increases; because, to fill our minds and engross us, the simple thought of God must be multiplied and repeated from a thousand objects. It is like the sun lighting up a mountain chain. He is not multiplied himself, but as his golden magnificence lights up peak after peak, we become more and more surrounded by his effulgence. It is thus with God: each attribute to which we give a name, though His attributes are in truth His simple self, is to us a separate height crowned and glowing with His glory, and so reflecting Him upon our souls; while the multitude of nameless perfections, for which we have neither ideas, words, nor standards, are to us like the consciousness of the glorious sea of mountain tops which are beyond our ken, but which we know to be resting in that furnace of golden light, and adding to the burning splendour which is circumfused over earth, and sea, and sky.”—p. 297.

Those who cannot feel with the Father will still follow him with their fancy ; for he has the true power of genius, to excite as well as to direct the minds of others. It so happened, however, that Father Faber's "Poems" were unknown to us. Although long before the public, it appears that the volume has been for some time out of print, and this new edition, containing a selection and reprint of his poetical works, was to us a surprise as well as a pleasure. We would gladly give many extracts to invite others to share with us in our enjoyment of them, but we have not space to do them justice. What tempt us most are the marvellous pictures of natural beauty of which Dr. Faber has a keen appreciation : not merely with the eye, but with every sense he has drunk in the glory and the charm of nature, and he has studied her in all her fairest scenes ; his wood-painting is exquisite, and as simple as it is elegant. We must give as a specimen the following description, which many will recognize.

" We came unto a river's mouth
Which hath its secret fountains
Away in the unpeopled south,
Among unpeopled mountains.
A sultry haze upon the sea,
And long low shore, lay heavily.
A bar of rocks stretched east and west
The frothy shadows under,
On which the chafing billows pressed
And broke in muffled thunder ;
And further up the misty land
The waves foamed idly on the sand ;
And on the sandbanks in the bay
Sea-dogs and seals together lay ;
As though the hot mist of noon were sweet
After the deep's cold gloom,
They slept like the dogs at the marble feet
Of a Templar on his tomb.
All was still as a place of the dead,
Not a mountain lifts his far-off head,
Not an outline blue was seen.
Grass was not there, nor shady trees,
Not a branch nor a blade of green,
But a row of seaside villages
With low sand hills between.
The bar is bare where the white waves sound,
And tide and stream are quivering round,
But the bark hath crossed, for the river bound.

It lay on the mane of a long green billow,
 As a gull might rest on her ocean pillow,
 It flew, like foam, o'er the ragged bar,
 And shook where the waters quiver,
 But steady and strong the keel stood far
 Up the Asiatic river."—p. 65.

In his more meditative poems there is some obscurity: Dr. Faber's mind is subtle and far-reaching; his thoughts come fast, and it sometimes tasks the mind of his reader to keep pace with his ideas. One of the longest poems in this volume, the *Biography of Prince Amadis*, is singularly brilliant and imaginative. The Prince

"—— cared for no sympathy, living in throngs
 Of his own sunny thoughts, and his mute inward songs.
 And if in the sunset his spirit was weary
 Sleep was hard by him, young health's sanctuary.

* * * * *

"His mind was a fair desert temple of beauty,
 Unshaded by sorrow, unhallowed by duty;
 A dream in a garden, a midsummer bliss
 Was the youth, the bright youth, of Prince Amadis."

At length from the deeps of the Danube there rises before him

"—— the essence of beauty, the spirit of earth,
 The Kosmos that lurked in the marvellous birth
 Of the outlying universe, orbs without number,
 Nothingness waked from its unmeaning slumber."—p. 539.

The Spirit endows him with his own gifts, and the Prince traverses the universe at will.

"Creation so deemed he, was scarcely begun,
 A grandeur in childhood, a race yet to run,
 A hymn that this moment through new space has rung,
 The first strophe of which has yet scarcely been sung.

'He saw rings part from centres in flaming projection,
 Worlds weltering wildly towards their perfection,
 Where the work that was done appeared more like undoing,
 Contraction, explosion, dark deluge, and ruin.

"He met rays of light falling earthward, like tears,
 That had been on their travels thirty millions of years,
 Cleaving like lightning the thin purple gloom,
 Yet would hardly reach earth until after the Doom.

"What is distance but nature's best poem, that sings
As it lengthens its flight, throwing off from its wings
The most magical softness, which veils and discloses,
Bringing out, filling up, wheresoe'er it reposes ?

"It is distance which robes far and near with their tints,
Excites by concealing, and heightens by hints,
On earth blends green forests and indigo mountains—
And above presses star-worlds to single light fountains.

* * * * *

"He watched giant systems break up, and re-form,
Like nations renewed by a popular storm :
It was fearful to see how they cracked, swang asunder
And closed up in new systems of order and wonder.

"He beheld with glad terror our own Milky Way,
At its north and south poles self-unrivet, out-sway,
And some world-groups heave anchor, like icebergs sublime,
Thawed out in the lapse of unwritable time.

"So the clouds of Magellan drifted off and dipped down
Towards earth, as a cloud settles over a town,
Mighty realms of white worlds, their soft tremulous shining
With the sunsets of earth most fraternally twining."

pp. 546-548.

The wanderer descends to earth, viewing all the secrets of nature in her most profound recesses, and these marvels are touched upon with such rapidity and power, and interspersed with passages of such lovely descriptive poetry, that we are carried away by the brilliancy of the narrative. At length satiated with material beauty, Prince Amadis, yielding to human affection, loses his transcendental powers, to find happiness in human duties and affections. But we must conclude a notice which after all must be needless, where the name of the author is so great a recommendation.

II.—*Tales and Legends from History.* Burns and Lambert, 1857.

This work may be considered as forming part of a series with the collection of "Catholic Legends and Stories" already published. Their title of "Tales from History" asserts merely that the stories have a distinct historical foundation, but they belong to the history of the Church, and are taken from the rich stores of her traditions. They are most interesting—incidents connected with the foun-

dation of famous monasteries, or their preservation in troubled times; anecdotes of the lives of the obscure glorious artists whose works abide in the House of God; wonderful interpositions of Providence at different times, and in different countries; we need say no more to indicate the abundance of the source from whence these Legends have been taken, and we must say that the selection is admirable. In all of them there is a deep spirituality, engrafted upon the simple manners of the heroic ages, which gives them a strong hold on the imagination. The style also of the narrations deserves great praise, it neither overloads the subject, nor degrades it by triviality, but has an easy, somewhat stately simplicity that could not be improved.

III.—*The Divine Education of the Church and Modern Experiments.* By Francis Herbert Nash, author of the "Scriptural Idea of Faith." London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son, 1857.

The staple of religious controversy must always be the same, its mode of treatment is fortunately as various as the minds of those who treat of it, or the objections it has to contend with. We have seldom met with a work more acute or powerfully reasoned than the one before us. Written by a man of education, who evidently addresses himself to the same class: it is yet not a learned book, the chief quotations are from the Bible itself, and from Butler's Analogy, with which the author has fortified his chain of argument. Quotations, however, are not numerous; the force of the book lies in the sagacity with which the writer has fathomed the objections of his opponents, his admirable and somewhat original manner of meeting them, and the light vigorous style which gives force to his arguments, and allures on even those to whom the subject long hackneyed offers no attraction. We wish that the work may be extensively known and read, considering it likely to be eminently useful.

IV.—*The Catholic Church in the United States. A Sketch of its Ecclesiastical History.* By Henry de Courcy. Translated and enlarged by John Gilmary Shea. New York: Dunigan, 1856.

Mr. Shea's "Ecclesiastical History of the United States"—partly original, partly translated from the French of M.

De Courcy—is a valuable contribution to the History of Catholicity in America. We are already indebted to Mr. Shea for more than one interesting publication on the different branches of this fertile subject. His “History of the Catholic Missions to the Indian Tribes of North America,” is still fresh in the memory of our readers; and the companion volume on the History of the Organization of the Church within the Circle of Civilization in America, if it be wanting in the romantic interest which characterizes many portions of the former narrative, is certainly a most important chapter in the general annals of the Christian Church.

Its main interest, of course, must lie among the Catholics of America. But we need hardly say that in America English, and still more Irish Catholics, must always regard themselves as almost at home. And even independently of the connection of blood and of religion which must ever subsist between us, the subject is in itself eminently interesting.

We have read Mr. Shea’s volume with much interest, and we commend it to our readers as the only source of information with which we are acquainted on a subject the importance of which is every day increasing.

V.—*Guide for Passing Holily the Time of Pentecost.* By F. Avrillon. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son.

2. *Guide for Passing Holily the Octave of Corpus Christi.* By F. Avrillon. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son.

These translations are made from the editions published at Tours, with episcopal approbation, in 1848. They cannot fail to be acceptable to the pious Catholic during the holy seasons for which they are intended. F. Avrillon’s Guides for Advent and Lent were translated several years ago by Dr. Pusey; but we trust we may soon have Catholic translations of these admirable works.

VI.—*A School History of the United States, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time.* By John G. Shea. New York, Dunigan.

The title of this little work indicates its character; it is a *school* history, the whole of which might be condensed into brief answers to the questions appended in foot notes for the examination of young people. It is just to the Catholics, not grossly unfair to the English, and clear, as far as such a compendium can well be so.

VII.—*Theophania* : or a Scriptural View of the Manifestation of the Logos, or Pre-Existent Messiah, as Contradistinguished from Angelic Personation of the Deity. By Twinrock Elmlicht, Esq. London, Dublin, and Derby : Richardson and Son.

Few questions connected with the relations between the Old and New Covenants have been more warmly discussed than those relating to the Theophany. In the various instances recorded in the old Scripture of Divine communications with men, or of Divine manifestations through some external agency, the question has been raised whether the Presence thus accorded to man is to be regarded as a Personal Presence of the Logos, or as a personation of the Deity by an angel, constituted for the time the bearer of the Almighty Will to man. At first sight the question may seem to be one of pure exegesis, but like many subjects in themselves polemically indifferent, it has received a doctrinal significance from the controversies upon which it has been made to bear.

On the one hand, the acts of reverence and worship which the scripture describes as rendered to the apparition in the several instances which it records, have led Protestants to shrink from the hypothesis that the object of such worship could have been an angel, lest such an admission should embarrass them in the discussion of the Invocation of Saints in the New Law.

On the other the hypothesis which explains all those apparitions as personal manifestations of the Logos has been felt in some instances, (in which the office seems to be described as purely ministerial and subordinate,) to give a countenance to the Arian theory of a pre-existent but subordinate Logos.

Protestant commentators have been much embarrassed by these conflicting considerations ; but on the whole the fear of Popery has prevailed, and the whole weight of authority has been in favour of the opinion which regards those manifestations in the light of a Personal Presence of the Almighty.

To the discussion of this interesting question the author of the *Theophania* has addressed himself with singular industry and erudition. Few Protestant commentators or critics of any eminence have escaped him. He holds the balance between the two classes of opinions with true

Catholic impartiality; and in the examination of each particular instance, he exhibits an amount of biblical learning, of familiarity with the sacred text, and with all the manifold sources of sacred criticism, which we have seldom seen surpassed. Even as a purely exegetical treatise, therefore, the *Theophania* is a work of much value; but the author has given to it great additional interest by the polemical use to which he constantly turns his large and various reading, and by the numerous illustrations of general modern controversy which he draws from the particular subjects which he has occasion to discuss.*

Most of the subjects which are considered in the *Theophania* are matters of free criticism; nor do we in all cases go with the author either in the view which he has adopted, or in the arguments by which he seeks to uphold it. But his work displays so much research, and in many cases so much originality, that even when the reader feels that he cannot follow it, it can seldom fail to prove a source at once of interest and of instruction.

VIII.—*Fables Nouvelles, par Le Chevalier de Chatelain.* 2nd Edition. London, Whittaker, 1856.

These fables are really very clever, full of spirit and humour. They remind us of La Fontaine, whom the Author has imitated, although not servilely. The metre and the style of the Fables resemble La Fontaine, above all they are alike in the power with which he has handled the French language; he has pressed into its service many words and phrases, which certainly would not find favour with the "Academie," and he has done so at some sacrifice of that smooth polish which only was orthodox with that Institution. But for this, the flexibility, spirit and richness of his versification, are an abundant compensation. In matter, M. de Chatelain is more ambitious than "le bonhomme" La Fontaine; he is a satirist and a politician, and has honoured our English politics with a degree of party spirit, and a heartiness of abuse, that surprised us in a foreigner. But M. de Chatelain has lived long in England, and is well acquainted with the country.

* We would refer particularly to a very learned critical discussion of the well-known text, Hebrews xi. 21, pp. 554, and foll.

IX.—*The Catholic Child's Magazine.* London, Dublin, and Derby : Richardson and Son.

This little magazine for Catholic children supplies a want that has long been felt by managers of schools and heads of families. It is published twice a month, and the matter is well selected. The Catholic lady who commenced the undertaking deserves our acknowledgments for her zeal and enterprise, and we trust her endeavours to establish a magazine for Catholic children will meet with success.

X.—*The Roman Catacombs, or some Account of the Early Christians in Rome.* By the Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, M. A., Late Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. London, Dolman, 1857.

There are few of our readers who may not derive information from this account of the Catacombs ; much as has been said and written concerning them. It is the work of a man who has not only diligently studied all the best authorities upon the subject, but who has repeatedly and carefully visited these venerable cemeteries. During this zealous study Mr. Northcote became more deeply impressed with the importance, in every point of view, of a more accurate, and above all, of a more general knowledge of these sacred relics of primitive Christianity : and certainly it would seem as if it were the Will of Divine Providence that the Catacombs should now obtain that importance which has always been felt to attach to them, and should tend to diffuse the faith in the last ages of Christianity, of which they were the asylums and the depositories in its infancy. New excavations and discoveries are being carried on by his Holiness Pius IX., and Cardinal Wiseman has given the first popular impetus upon this new road to learning and devotion. His exquisite 'Fabiola' "has effectually destroyed that indifference to the subject on the part of English visitors to Rome, of which (Mr. Northcote tells us,) he had previously complained." Multitudes of Protestants, as well as Catholics, now visit the Catacombs, with Fabiola in their hands, from which we may judge that their curiosity arises from no unkindly feelings. To supply these enquirers with accurate practical information is the object of the present work, and the Author has perfectly fulfilled it. To our

selves the most interesting part of the work is the complete refutation of the common notion that the Catacombs were the general burial places of Rome, of which the persecuted Christians availed themselves. This is a sad derogation from their sanctity. They were the consecrated work of Christians, their refuge, their Church, their resting-place, to be approached by us with filial reverence as well as holy awe.

XI.—1. *The Blakes and Flanagans*. A Tale of Irish Life in the United States. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. New York : Sadlier, 1856.

2. *Well! Well!* a Tale founded on Fact. By M. A. Wallace. New York : Sadlier, 1856.

3. *Ravellings from the Web of Life*. By Grandfather Greenway. New York : Sadlier, 1855.

The necessities of space compel us to include in one common recommendation these three interesting publications of the Messrs. Sadlier's press. Indeed, although the particular subject of each is specifically different ; the first being intended mainly to illustrate Irish life in the United States ; the second to explain the social condition of Catholics as such in America, and the third being a tale of more general interest ; yet from the community of spirit and of tone which pervades them, they may not inaptly be classed together as emanations of one common movement. We have read them all, especially Mrs. Sadlier's tale, with much interest.

We congratulate our American friends on the new evidences of literary progress which every year brings with it. The Catholic literature of America, young as it is, has one of the best and surest signs of vitality ;—it is of native growth ; it has sprung from the very necessities of the position of the Catholic body in America. We may add that it possesses also the sound elements of study and permanent popularity : it has adapted itself to the wants as well as to the feelings of the community which it represents.

- XII.—*The History and Conquests of the Saracens.* By Edward A. Freeman, M. A. London, Parker, 1856.

This sketch of the history of the Mahommedan power, was originally delivered in lectures to the Edinburgh Philosophical Society, which have been enlarged and revised by the Author. In its present form it is useful, as a rapid bird's-eye view of a portion of history not very generally studied. We object to some of Mr. Freeman's principles, his judgment of the character of Mohammed is far too favourable. Pride—whether temporal or spiritual—is no sin in the eyes of Protestants, and Mr. Freeman leaves it entirely out of view while dilating upon the “moral virtues” assumed at his first outset by this man, who may be considered the very incarnation of pride in every kind.

Mr. Freeman admits that of all the forms of error, Mahommedanism has been most completely antagonistic to Christianity. Such a fact should have enlightened him as to the real character of the man who originated such a system: nor can we help feeling that there is something *ultra* liberal in the extenuating apologies with which he treats of Mahommed's subsequent career, and of the hideous results of his teaching.

- XIII.—*Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses*, by a Lady Volunteer. Third Edition. London; Hurst and Blackett, 1857.

In commenting upon a work which has in so short a time reached its third edition, we must be supposed only to record our own approval of a book which the public has already judged, and appreciated. This narrative has indeed been welcomed with an eagerness greater than was deserved by its inherent merits: nor can this be wondered at, when we carry back our thoughts to the time of its publication. The Eastern Hospitals!—how few in the British Islands heard those words without a thrill of interest. From the sorrowful, or grateful feelings of those whose dearest relatives have been lost sight of within those walls, or had hardly and painfully emerged from them; there arose an eager conflict of opinion, growing into party war; and heavy charges were fiercely repelled, and accusations were bandied to and fro, all the more

bitterly from the increasing difficulty of finding where justly to fix the blame, which no casuistry could conceal, and which no repentance had blotted out. In the tumult of opinion, the going out of ladies to undertake or superintend the nursing of the Hospitals, became the subject of much angry discussion. It marks the vast interval that separates Catholics and Protestants in their ideas, when we find that the duty which Catholic ladies have performed for centuries, completely and heroically,—yet in so simple, steady and practical a manner as to leave it still in the rank of ordinary duties ;—should have excited such a ferment when undertaken by Protestants ; on the one hand coarse, unmannerly contemptuous objections, on the other flattery so fulsome that the ears of the good ladies themselves, had they heard it, must have tingled with annoyance. The same uncertainty of feeling seems to have actuated the treatment they received in the East. Some of the Catholic Sisters on their first arrival at Scutari, had difficulty in procuring needful food, or a place where to lay their heads, so little care was taken for them. From the 18th of December to the end of January, 47 women eager for employment were kept idle, while in the crowded Hospitals there were but 12 cooks for upwards of 3000 sick ; and our readers remember the statements as to the difficulty of obtaining the necessary diets for which this amongst other excuses was alleged. Afterwards the services of the ladies were better appreciated ; and then the writer of the present work had “ half of corridor A, the whole of B, half C, the whole of I, on the third story, and all the wards leading out of these corridors ; in each corridor there were 15 wards, except in No. 1. where there were only six,”—in all about 1000 men—assigned to herself, one other lady, and a single nurse ;—clearly, more work than they *could* properly get through. From first to last there was the same uncertainty as to the disposal of these ladies ; whether they were to go there or stay here ; where they were most wanted, or whether wanted at all, and what in general was to become of them, seemed to be at the disposal either of the Doctors, or of Miss Nightingale, or of their own choice, or of Lady Stratford de Redcliffe—or of chance. Under these trials however, and many more which our authoress rather indicates than complains of, the ladies continued to fulfil their duties bravely and patiently ; and they

resigned them with a dignified simplicity alike remarkable in those whom their country was pleased to honour, as in those whom she was pleased to neglect. One of these ladies has now given to the public a narrative of her own personal experience. Her object in doing so would seem to have been to enforce upon women at home the duty of personal care of the sick and desolate; and to advocate a charity of which she has seen the necessity. Perhaps also to do justice to many good qualities of the brave men to whom she and her companions were so happy as to have been of service; and in this aim she has well succeeded. Her account of the management of the Hospitals is necessarily limited. For as she says,

"It seems impossible to describe Scutari Hospital at this time. Far abler pens have tried, and all, in some measure failed; for what an eye-witness saw was past description; even those who read the harrowing accounts in the 'Times' and elsewhere, could not have imagined the full horror of the reality. As we passed the corridors, we asked ourselves if it were not a terrible dream. When we woke in the morning, our hearts sank down at the thought of the woe we must witness during the day. At night we lay down wearied beyond expression; but not so much from physical fatigue, though that was great, as from the sickness of heart occasioned by living amidst such a mass of hopeless suffering. On all sides prevailed the utmost confusion—whose fault it was I cannot tell—clear heads have tried in vain to discover this: probably the blame should have been shared by all the departments of the hospital."—p. 40.

The tenor of the work is throughout the same.

The writer makes few personal charges; but her observations sufficiently indicate the extent and the nature of the mischief. "Extravagance seemed to be the great bugbear of our Eastern Hospitals."—p. 42. "Amid all the confusion and distress of Scutari Hospital, military discipline was never lost sight of, and an infringement of one of its smallest observances was worse than letting twenty men die from neglect."—p. 47. "To have plenty of articles in store 'nicely packed' seemed to be the highest point of ambition at Balaklava."—Such hints as these are interspersed amongst graver complaints, such as of clean linen unattainable, and fevered patients denied a drink, because there were no means for boiling water, so unwholesome that *unboiled* it produced disease. No

fires, bad stores, imperfect cooking, endless signing and countersigning orders and requisitions before the least comfort, or almost necessary could be obtained? Alas, it is a grievous history; it is scarcely a consolation when at length we find the Hospitals becoming models of order and plenty. For how many a valued life the improvement came too late! Peace be with them! and all honour to their memories;—those who mourn them must seek comfort in deeper considerations than we need here suggest. We must turn to the brighter aspects of the scene, and it has many. We rejoice in the first place to find here another testimonial to the humanity and zeal of the *army* surgeons.

“ Severe things have been said of the medical department of the army; and its members were, apparently, so despised that their work was taken from them in some measure, and put into the hands of civilians. No doubt some of the heads of the departments, who had grown old under the old system of military hospitals, and were unable to realise the necessity of a prompt and immediate change, were obstinate and hard-hearted; no doubt, among such a large body of men, many young and careless ones, unfitted for the awfully responsible charge then placed in their hands, were to be found; but in condemning such, the merits of others should not be overlooked—most ungrateful were it, if the nurses should omit recording their experience of the much-dreaded ‘army surgeons,’ so misrepresented had this class of men been, that it was with far more fear of them than of the horrors of hospital life that the ladies entered the hospital. They were told to expect rebuffs, discouragements, and even insults. During a year’s residence among them, the writer and all her companions never experienced from any army surgeon other than assistance, encouragement, and gentlemanly treatment, and from many of them the most cordial kindness.”—p. 75.

Throughout the narrative instances are given which support these assertions, showing the surgeons, with rare exceptions, to have worked with as much courage as skill, making astonishing efforts to overcome the disadvantages under which they found themselves. The writer will scarcely admit any exceptions in the tribute of admiration she pays to the poor patients themselves; and certainly the many traits she brings forward of their brave patience under suffering, their gentleness, their amenity to all good influences, their *gentlemanliness* when properly treated, induce us fully to sympathise in her feelings. How great will be the satisfaction to many of our

readers to know that they themselves were instrumental in procuring needful comforts for these their brave and chivalrous defenders; they will find it here confirmed to them beyond contradiction; that the fund raised by public gratitude was not only required, but reached its destination, and was well and promptly applied by the men who undertook its distribution, and who were *not* unequal to the task they undertook. "Of course, in Turkey, there were all sorts of difficulties in the way of procuring the usual comforts for the sick; and up to this time every one, excepting the 'Times' Commissioner, looked upon a difficulty as an impossibility." p. 181.

Elsewhere she says—

"There were other visitors to the hospital, who paid their visits once a fortnight or so, attended by a long train of authorities; and though doubtless they were meant for good, yet it was impossible for them to gain a knowledge of the real wants of the hospital, or the sick equal to that gained by Mr. Stow. Great was my astonishment upon being told one day by a distinguished lady, that the 'Times' commissioner was a 'dangerous person;' I made no answer to the remark.

"Living as we then were, amid scenes of sickness and death, tending the wasted forms of those whom want and neglect had brought to this dire extremity—seeing, as we *hourly* did, the flower of the British army cut down in the prime of their youth and strength, finding those cherished in the hearts of their country, lacking daily the common comforts provided for the sick in English hospitals—my heart was too sad and weary to enter into any controversy about the authorities and the 'Times' commissioner; I only knew this—one let the men die for want of things—the other provided them; the one *talked*, and the other *acted*. I could not help thinking how little it signified to us where the things came from, so that we had them for the sick. Therefore, I went straight to the 'dangerous person' who was pacing up and down the barrack-yard, caring very little what people thought of him, and laid a list of our present wants before him.

" 'These things are promised,' I said, 'but we shall have to wait very long for them, even if we do get them at all.' Mr. Stow wrote them down in his notebook; ere twenty-four hours had elapsed, they were in our possession. * * *

"The last visit Mr. Stow paid us was when the fruit was just coming into season, strawberries especially. We told him how the men longed for them, and he gave us leave to buy as many as we wanted. The new Purveyor-in-chief being then in office, Mr. Stow seemed to feel his services were no longer wanted to the same extent. He said he knew Mr. Robertson would see that

every requisite was furnished, and that matters would soon be on a different footing."—p. 91.

And accordingly of Mr. Robertson's ability and kindness and of the improvements he effected many grateful acknowledgments are made. But to Catholics the great and crowning satisfaction must ever be the reflection, that spiritual help was not wanting to our soldiers, and that to many this time of suffering was also one of great mercy.

"The improvement among the Catholics in Koulali was very great. The soldiers had been much neglected, and many had yielded to temptation, contracted evil habits, and forgotten their religion; but the efforts made by the priests and nuns were blessed. Those who had lived for years in sin, once more sought their Saviour—those whose last remembrance of prayers and sacraments had been in days gone by, in the shelter of their homes, now returned to the God of their youth.

"Were these pages the fitting place, many a tale might be told of such; but they are not. It will, however, interest Catholics to hear that the Sisters of Mercy had the satisfaction of knowing, that no member of their church ever left the hospitals of Koulali without receiving the Sacraments, nor did any die without their consolations."—p. 250.

Of the Catholic nuns there seems to have been but one opinion possible, whether it was the *Sœurs de la Charité*, or the Sisters of Mercy, Irish or English; in all circumstances and at every time, their conduct was so up to the mark, so true to the highest point of our expectations, that their names are never introduced but to our entire satisfaction. Our authoress often came in contact with the Sisters of Charity, although their services were not given to the English Army. Two of them were received on board ship at Gallipoli, where the French officers and soldiers evidently looked upon them as their exclusive property, and treated them with affectionate respect. Afterwards the authoress was enabled to see the *Maison Notre Dame de la Providence* established at Galata, by the Sisters of Charity, of which she says that it is in itself a wonder. "Persons of all nations come here to ask information on various points; French officers come about their soldiers' wants. Here through the poor of all descriptions. Every body in trouble, distress, or perplexity seems to come here to be relieved," p. 172. Here the nuns have

store-rooms, a dispensary, an asylum of orphans, schools for all classes ; from this the Sisters go out over all Turkey ; and they have now won the respect of even this unchristian land. On one occasion when a fire broke out in its vicinity, directions were instantly given by the Turkish authorities to save the convent, even though half a street were to be lost in consequence. But all the world knows the Sisters of Charity, and their wonderful organization. With the Sisters of Mercy it was different ; their duties had hitherto lain in another direction ; yet when the emergency came they were equal to it, not in will only or in charity, but in ability. "Sister M—— I—— was an excellent accountant. It was a pleasure to look at her books, and they gained great commendation when they went into the purveyor's office to be checked," p. 196. Their stores were considered to be in the most beautiful order, their cooking the most excellent ; "for," says our authoress modestly, "the Sisters' long experience in all matters concerning the care of the poor and sick, gave them a great superiority over us ; but they were ever ready to shew us their method, and to enter into our difficulties, which in our extra diet kitchen in Turkey, were not few," p. 196. Many and beautiful are the instances given of the influence they obtained over the men ; and the general Hospital left wholly to the management of the "Reverend Mother" and her nuns, was considered to be the "Model Hospital of the East."

XIV.—*Hidden Links, or the Schoolfellows ; a Tale.* London, Newby, 1857.

We regret that the late date at which this publication reached us, makes it impossible for us to notice it as it deserves. We can, at present, only recommend it to our readers by the assurance that we ourselves have derived great entertainment from our hasty perusal of it. It is indeed a very clever novel. Original, full of incident, light, and yet powerful in style. The name of the Author does not appear. We hope to have more of his writings.

XV.—*History of the Christian Church, from the Election of Pope Gregory the Great, to the Concordat of Worms.* (A.D. 590—1122) By James Craigie Robertson, M. A. 8vo. London, Murray, 1857.

It is now about three years since the publication of the first volume of Mr. Robertson's *History of the Church*. It comprised the period from the Apostolic times down to the Pontificate of Pope Gregory the Great. The volume now before us, although issued as an independent work, and although in many respects a complete history, is, of course, a continuation of that general History of the Church.

The centuries of which it treats comprise what is, in some particulars, the driest and least interesting period of the ecclesiastical annals; but they also contain events which, in themselves, or in their consequences, are hardly second to any in the whole range of Church History, in importance as well as in historical significance. It begins with the memorable pontificate of Gregory the Great; and although Dean Milman, in describing him as, after Augustin, the great founder of Latin Christianity, intends to convey an idea which is foreign to all our views of the history of religion, yet there can be no doubt that to him the Church owes much of its more modern organization, and that his active and energetic administration left its impress upon many of the institutions of the Western Church, especially in Churches of which, (as that of England,) he may be regarded as the founder or restorer. The doctrinal history of the period embraces the great Monothelite Controversy; the last stage of the Controversy on the Three Chapters; the Iconoclast Controversy; the Western Controversies on Image-worship; the Eucharistic Controversies of the ninth century; the Adoptionist Controversy, and that on Predestination. The constitutional history of the same period embraces the rise and development of the Sovereignty of the Popes in Italy; the gradual growth of their temporal influence and authority in the affairs of other states and sovereigns; the great contest about investitures and the struggle for the freedom of ecclesiastical elections and presentations. Many of these subjects, it is true, are carried forward into the succeeding period; but there are few important principles involved in them which are not found already

in full action during the centuries which Mr. Robertson's present volume regards.

Although he has not signified any intention of proceeding further in his task, it can hardly be doubted that these volumes are but parts of a projected complete History of the Church, which the next volume will probably bring down as far as the Reformation. The section now before us resembles in everything the first part; nor do we see any reason to modify the judgment which we have already expressed regarding the opening volume of the History. There is the same evidence of careful reading, and of minute study, if not of the original authorities, at least of all the great modern historians and compilers. We gladly acknowledge, too, the absence of those coarse and offensive allusions which have hitherto but too often characterised Protestant historians of the Church, and especially in the ages which Mr. Robertson's volume regards. His History is, in this respect, a great improvement on almost all his predecessors at least in England.

But we must add that his new volume exhibits in numberless instances, the same evidences of bias and pre-judgment, especially in all that regards the Popes and the Papal See, of which we had to complain when we noticed the First Part of his History. One or two examples must suffice.

In his account of Pope Gregory the Great's contest with John the Faster, Patriarch of Constantinople, (p. 8.) about his assumption of the title of Ecumenical Patriarch, he says that though the meaning of this term in Byzantine usage was indefinite, yet "*there certainly* was no intention on John's part of claiming by it a *jurisdiction* over the entire Church." Now, the fact is, that the very proceeding out of which the whole contest arose, and in which the title was assumed by John, was in itself a claim of universal jurisdiction. It was no less than an assumption of a right to judge in his council another patriarch, (over whom he could have no possible title to jurisdiction,) and even to summon to that council the bishops of a different patriarchate, where as Patriarchate of Constantinople he had no authority whatever.

Again, in detailing the conduct of Pope Honorius in the Monothelite controversy, he distinctly avers that Honorius fell into "a personal profession of Monothelism." (p. 39). And in proof of this statement, he alleges the

well-known sentence of that Pontiff. "We confess one will of our Lord Jesus Christ, forasmuch as it is evident that that which was assumed by the Godhead was our nature, not the sin which is in it, our nature as it was created before sin, not as it was corrupted by transgression." Now we need hardly remind our theological readers of what is admitted by all well-informed historians, Protestant as well as Catholic, that in this passage Honorius, in asserting the *one will* of Christ, asserts it simply to the exclusion of *two discordant or contrary wills*. It is plain, indeed, from the argument which he uses, that the second will which he contemplated, was the corrupt and sinful will of fallen human nature.

We might point out several similar misjudgments of the Popes, who figured in the great contest about investitures. Mr. Robertson, indeed, seems incapable of appreciating the position of the Popes in this contest, or of entering into the motives under which they acted.

His history of the Iconoclast controversy, though strongly anti-Roman, is, in some respects, much more impartial than that of the ordinary Protestant historians. He brings out fairly, for example, the strange mistranslation and misapprehension of the meaning of the Decree of the Second Council of Nice, on which the condemnation of it by the Council of Frankfort was founded; and he is far from palliating or disguising the atrocities resorted to by the Iconoclast emperors in the enforcement of their views upon the Church.

We must add in conclusion that, even where we most dissent from Mr. Robertson, it is impossible not to feel that we are dealing with a temperate and scholarlike adversary. This book, both in this and the preceding period, is in this respect a great advance upon the popular church historians of the last generation.

XVI.—*A Popular Ancient History.* By Matthew Bridges, Esq. London, Burns and Lambert, 1856.

We have been too long in noticing this excellent work which has now taken its place in public estimation as a valuable compendium of history, written in a pleasing style, and with great judgment.

XVII.—*Pauline Seward, a Tale of Real Life.* 5th Edition. By J. D. Bryaut, M. D. London, Dolman, 1856.

A religious novel is placed at a cruel disadvantage in respect to criticism. It is required to be a manual of sound, though popular, controversy, and it is also expected, in correspondence with its title, to be a well written and pleasing story. It has undertaken, in short, to unite in itself two most opposite kinds of merit. Now, as to the first and most important of these characteristics, we must say, that in this story, the mode of explaining and enforcing the doctrines of our Holy Religion, of meeting the attacks upon it, and of carrying the war into the enemy's country—all this, so far as we can judge upon a cursory reading, is admirable. And we heartily rejoice in the great circulation of the work, and the great approbation it has met with. Of its merits as a novel—or story—we cannot speak so decidedly; tastes differ. We are told in the prefatory notice that “in Great Britain it has been considered that no prose writer in America has yet penned a more graceful or more unaffected tale;”—it may be so; but we must confess that one tragic scene of the heroine's rejection of a suitor made us laugh heartily. We must say also that the reverses of fortune are too sudden and astounding for anything but the theatre; and that it is not in good taste to make the sole act of charity related, develop into the recovery of an orphan niece,—a lost heiress. We think also that the language is inflated, school-girlish, unexpressive either of easy repose or genuine passion. These are perhaps slight blemishes to remark upon in a work of real utility and value; but they *are* blemishes, and they are easy of amendment, therefore, should not be past over.

XVIII.—*Life of Mrs. Eliza A. Seton*, 2nd Revised Edition, by Charles J. White, D.D. Baltimore, Murphy, 1856.

Some years ago we noticed on its first publication this beautiful and edifying work; and now we gladly invite attention to a new and revised edition of it. No life, we think, can afford a study of more general utility than that of this most holy woman. A convert to the faith, a wife and mother, a woman of such exquisite sensibilities that it is difficult to read her letters without tears,—as endearing

as she was admirable in every relation of life,—lovely in every scene of a long and varied life,—rising step by step in holiness, until she became the foundress and first Superior of the Sisters or Daughters of Charity in the United States. Thus she was made the mother of many daughters, in return for her own little angels whom, with such unspeakable tenderness and submission, she had resigned to Him who gave them, and amongst these her children in religion, she expired full of good works, and in odour of sanctity, leaving the Order which she established to become the admiration and the blessing of the land in which she had lived, and her own name and memory to be held in perpetual veneration amongst them.

XIX.—*The Hidden Treasure; or the Value and Excellence of Holy Mass, &c. &c.* By the Blessed Leonard of Port Maurice. Edinburgh: Marsh and Beattie. London: Dolman.

This small volume comes with high recommendations; it is sanctioned by one of the Scottish Bishops, dedicated by permission to his Eminence, and prefaced by a beautiful introduction by the Bishop of Southwark, at whose express instance it was translated. It is not a compilation, or reproduction of known devotions, but the original work of a great saint, and accordingly it is written with irresistible power and unction; and the good purpose of the writer is accomplished as the hearts of his readers burn within them at thoughts of the unspeakable blessedness of that which lies at their doors, and which is by many so neglected—the privilege of hearing Holy Mass. We should say also, that short instructions and suitable prayers are added, inspired by the same sweetness and fervour, which will be valuable even to the advanced Christian.

XX.—1. *The Love of Mary.* Readings for the Month of May. By D. Roberts, Hermit of Monte Corona. New York: Dunigan, 1856.

2. *Manual of Piety, for the Use of Seminaries.* Baltimore: Murphy and Co., 1856.

Two excellent contributions from the American press. Our transatlantic brethren keep pace with us in their spiritual necessities, and in the abundance with which those wants are supplied. Both these little works are excellent of their kind, and will be found most useful.

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III.—1. Caroli Passaglia e. Soc. Jesu, &c. De Ecclesia Christi Commentariorum Libri quinque. Ratisbon: 1853-1857. Vols. I. and II.	
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